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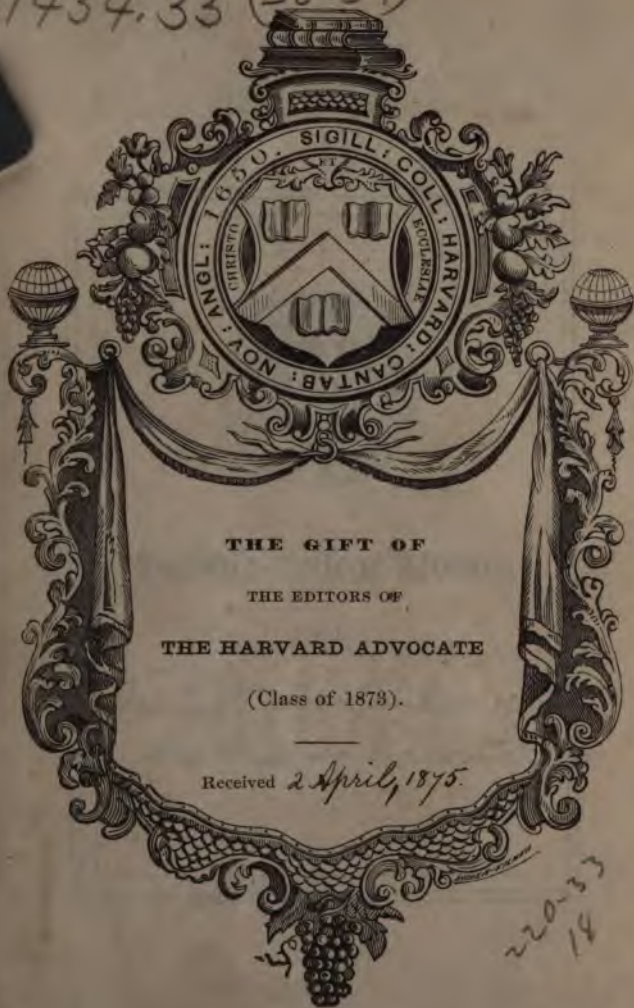
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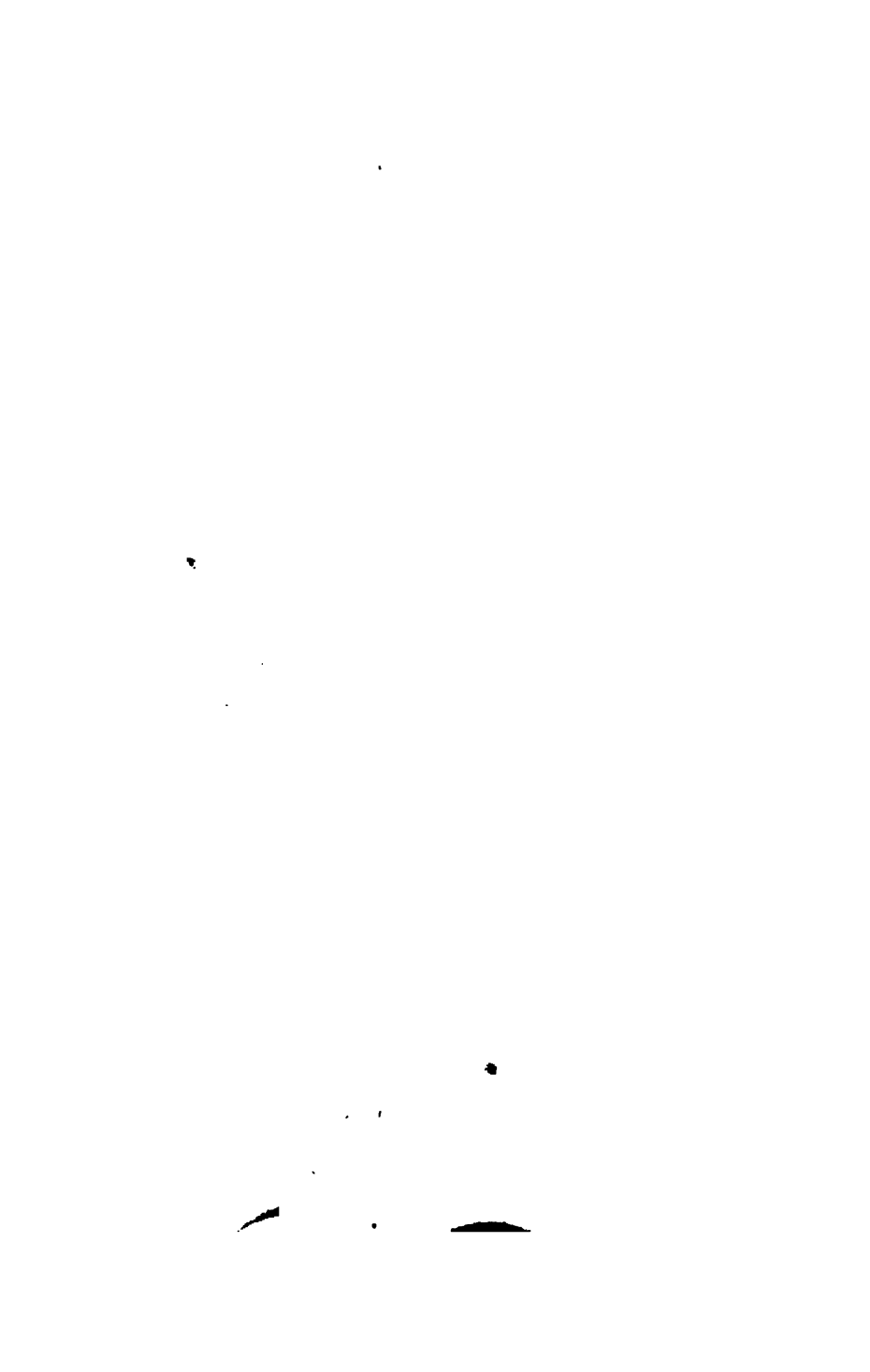
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NO. CCXCVII.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**

*The Acting Edition.*

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**"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS"**

*A Farce, in One Act.*

BY THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

▲ Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

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AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH  
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

*New Royal Adelphi,  
 London, 1859.*

*Wallack's,  
 New York, 1863.*

*Major Regulus Rattan*.....*Mr. Charles Selby*.....*Mr. Norton.*  
*Victor Dubois*.....*Mr. Billington*.....*Mr. Young.*  
*Mr. Spriggins*.....*Mr. J. L. Toole*.....*Mr. Holston.*

*Mrs. Spriggins*.....*Miss Arden*.....*Mrs. John Sefton.*  
*Angelina, their Daughter*.....*Miss Laidlaw*.....*Miss Green.*  
*Julia, Wife of Major Rattan*....*Mrs. Billington*...*Miss Mary Barrett.*  
*Anna Maria, Maid of all Work*..*Miss Kate Kelly*...*Miss Ione Burke.*

SCENE—A fashionable Watering Place.

TIME—Present Day.

# COSTUMES.

MAJOR.—Undress military coat, buttoned up to the chin—a profusion of mustaches and whiskers.

SPRIGGINS.—Blue tail coat, light trowsers, and colored waistcoat.

DUBOIS.—Fancy traveling suit, mustaches and imperial, narrow-brimmed French hat.

MRS. SPRIGGINS AND ANGELINA.—Neat morning dresses.

MRS. RATTAN.—Traveling dress—bonnet, mantilla, &c.

ANNA MARIA.—Housemaid's working dress—cap and apron.

# RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R. means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.



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## ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

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SCENE.—*A Parlor, in total disorder. Door at back—two doors, n., and one l.—a window, with ample curtains—table, chairs, &c.—on a table, l., there stands a glass vase, containing water, and in which flowers are standing—on the wall, various pictures are suspended.*

*At the rising of the curtain ANGELINA is discovered, sewing rings on some curtains—ANNA MARIA is engaged in dusting chairs violently.*

*Anna.* [*Dusting.*] There—and there—and there! Oh, if ever I have a servant, won't I serve her out for this!

*Spriggins.* [*Outside door n., calling.*] Anna Maria!

*Anna.* Yes, sir!

*Spriggins.* [*Without.*] Bring me those window curtains—I'll put them up myself.

*Angel.* Why, pa, I haven't half finished sewing the rings on!

*Mrs. Spriggins.* [*Outside, l., calling.*] Anna Maria!

*Anna.* [*Dusting.*] Yes, ma'am.

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Without.*] Come and help me nail down the stair carpets.

*Anna.* [*Aside.*] What a bother it is, to be sure—I shall never get this tiresome dusting done!

*Sprig.* [*n.*] Anna Maria?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*l.*] Anna Maria!

*Anna.* [*Bawling.*] Now, then, which is it to be? You don't expect me to go two ways at once, surely!

*Angel.* Oh dear—oh dear! This scheme of pa's will wear us all out. How sorry I am that he ever took it into his head to let lodgings!

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, l.*

*Mrs. Sprig.* Well, thank goodness the bedrooms are ready. Why, Anna Maria, what have you been about? I declare, the parlor is not finished yet!

*Anna.* Please mum, I arn't got fifty pair o' hands. I really must have a boy from the work'us to help me!

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Languidly.*] For my part, I declare I'm ready to faint!

*Anna.* Faint! I've been faintin' ever since five this mornin'!

*Enter MR. SPRIGGINS, door n. 3 n. with a double ladder over his shoulder.*

*Sprig.* Now, then, will these curtains be ready to-day, or am I to expect them sometime *next week*?

*Angel.* Pa, I declare I can't work any faster.

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*In a dignified tone.*] Remember, Mr. Spriggins, your daughter is not a hired needlewoman.

*Sprig.* [*Mildly.*] Very true, my dear! That being the case I'll just fill up the time by dusting the pictures a bit.

[*Seizes duster, mounts ladder, and dusts picture.*]

*Anna.* [*Wiping her face with apron.*] I declare I can't stand it no longer! [*Throws herself back into an arm chair, &c.*] I 'spose I've a right to breathe as well as other people.

*Mrs. Sprig.* Anna Maria! You lazy, dawdling creature, go and take the rest of our things to the top of the house.

*Anna.* [*Aside.*] There she goes again! A pretty notion! They're all going to live up in the garret—just to make every farthing they can by letting the rest o' the house! Mean-spirited, covetous creatures!

*Mrs. Sprig.* Well, I must say, Mr. Spriggins, it's excessively disagreeable, for a lady like myself, remotely connected with the noble family of the Fitz-Pentonvilles, to leave my comfortable apartments, and live up in a wretched attic!

*Angel.* And to be condemned to dress in a dark little closet, no bigger than a cupboard.

*Anna.* [*At door.*] And to have to sleep in a willanous back kitchen—all among the nasty rats and black beetles. It's a shame, it is!

[*Exit c. door to L.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*To ANGELINA.*] And all to gratify your papa's absurd propensity for speculation.

*Sprig.* [*Coming down ladder.*] Speculation, Mrs. Spriggins—and a very promising speculation it is, too! Here's the bathing season coming on—a tremendous influx of visitors arriving—no end of distinguished foreigners expected! Why, bless your heart, lodgings will be at a premium!—so I'm determined to make hay while the sun shines—and sub-let every square inch of deal board we can possibly dispense with! I'll wager we shall reap a golden harvest. And I tell you what, Mrs. Spriggins, to compensate for any little inconvenience you may have to put up with, I intend to take you and Angelina up to town, and treat you to the—[*hesitating*], a—a—to the British Museum and National Gallery.

*Angel.* [*Pensively.*] I'd much sooner you'd take us to Paris, Pa. [*Sighing.*] Heigh ho!

*Mrs. Sprig.* There she is again with her Paris! Ever since we allowed her to spend a month with her aunt in Paris, she has thought of nothing else.

*Angel.* [*Somewhat confused.*] The curtains are quite ready now, pa.

[*Lays them on sofa.*]

*Sprig.* That's right, my dear,—now arrange the flower pots so as to impart an air of botanical elegance to the apartment. [*ANGELINA arranges flower pots, &c.*] By the bye, my dear, [*to his wife, producing book from his pocket.*] now that we've a moment to spare, you may as well hear me my French lesson.

*Angel.* French, indeed! the idea of a man at your time of life beginning to learn French!

*Sprig.* How very blind some females are to be sure—don't you perceive, Mrs. Spriggins, that I'm laying myself out to catch lodgers among foreigners of distinction, people who hardly know the difference between a franc and a sovereign, and who, therefore, will agree to pay whatever I think proper to ask them. Are you not aware, madam, that I've got "Lodgings To Let," "ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS," in large type, stuck in my parlor window. I am, therefore, preparing myself for emergencies, by studying that politest of languages, on a remarkably expeditious system, entitled, "French before Breakfast," a system which renders the aid of a master totally superfluous, and enables the student to speak with Parisian purity, in rather less than no time. You'd be astonished at the progress I have made already! [*With an atrociously 'ad pronunciation.*] "*Bongjore mounseer; commong vouz portez vouz, a-a-donnez moi du pain passez moi la moutarde.*" [*Exultingly.*] By Jove! they'll be enraptured on hearing their native tongues spoken with such extraordinary fluency, and I shall double their rent in consequence. [*Bell rings at c.*] Bless my soul, there's a ring! I dare say it's somebody to look at the apartments. Dear, dear! here's a confusion!—quick, quick! put these chairs in order. [*Great bustle and running about.*] Angelina, make your escape with this work-basket—run! *Exit ANGELINA, R. 1 E., with basket.*

*Enter ANNA MARIA showing in VICTOR and MRS. MAJOR RATTAN, C. from L.*

*Anna.* [*Sulkily.*] Please, sir, it's sum 'un to look at the lodgings!

*Exit ANNA MARIA, C. to L.*

*Sprig.* [*Aside.*] Hat and pantaloons evidently foreign. [*Rubbing his hands.*] My "Ici on Parle Francais" has evidently done the business. Now for a little "French before breakfast." [*After a great deal of bowing and scraping.*] Ahem! Monsieur and Madame, venez pore-apartemong! [*Aside to his wife.*] You know one feels a little awkward just at first.

*Victor.* *Quels apartemens avez vous á louer monsieur?*

*Sprig.* [*Utterly dumbfounded.*] Eh?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Aside to her husband.*] Go on! Why don't you answer?

*Sprig.* You were pleased to observe?

*Victor.* *Quels apartemens avez vous á louer?*

*Sprig.* Dear me! how very extraordinary. I don't remember meeting with anything of the sort in "French before Breakfast."

[*Turns over leaves of his book.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Aside to SPRIGGINS.*] Why don't you say something?

*Sprig.* [*Confused.*] A—a—he pronounces so very indistinctly that a—a—I have some slight difficulty in making out what he says.

*Julia.* [*To VICTOR.*] This person evidently doesn't understand French.

*Victor.* [*To SPRIGGINS.*] You no comprehend?

*Sprig.* [*Hastily.*] A—a—oui, oui, oui!

*Victor.* I to make observation—de litle—annonce in de vindow—"Ici on Parle Francais."

*Sprig.* French spoken here? Oh, yes! oui, oui, oui! Ici on parle Francais—to be sure.

*Victor.* I tink it be von leetle hombogs, to attrape de etranger lodger. You no speak French at all, you stupid man.



*Sprig.* [*Astounded—to his wife.*] What's he say?

*Mrs. Sprig.* He says you're a stupid man, and he isn't far out either!

*Sprig.* [*To VICTOR.*] You see I—I'm just a little out of practice.

*Victor.* A leetle, parbleu! Yes, von vere large big leetle, you old hombogs.

*Sprig.* [*Aside.*] Stop a bit, my fine fellow, I'll make you pay for your old hombogs, before I've done with you.

*Julia.* I should require a sitting room and bed room.

*Sprig.* The very thing, these two rooms on the right—[*Obsequiously*]—we shall be delighted to accommodate you. We charge—a—a—four guineas a week, including attendance of the most zealous and devoted description, and—a—a—the view of the sea—a—a—la—la—ocean—compreeny?

*Julia.* Dear me, that's rather expensive.

*Sprig.* Oh, dear, no! Apartments always fetch more when, like ours, they are situated exactly opposite the bathing machines.

*Victor.* [*Aside.*] De old hombogs, charge extra for de *perspectif*.

*Julia.* [*To Mrs. SPRIGGINS.*] Well then, if you will have my luggage brought up, I will take the apartment at once.

[*Sits herself in a chair which VICTOR has handed her.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*With great stateliness.*] I will give my servant the necessary instructions. [*Exit, c. to L.*]

*Sprig.* I'll run and draw up a little memorandum. [*Aside.*] Four guineas! What a fool I was not to ask more—I'm sure I might have had five—mounseer—au—au—*reservoir*. [*Exit, n. d. 1 E.*]

*Julia.* [*To VICTOR.*] And now, monsieur, permit me to return you my heartfelt thanks for the trouble you have taken in my behalf, during the short time we have been acquainted.

*Victor.* De plasir to serve von so charmante lady is its own recompense.

*Julia.* How provoking that I should have been so unexpectedly separated from my husband at the refreshment station—how vexed he will be.

*Victor.* Yes, de poor man, I see him to run—to run—to run after de train, but he not can to run so fast as de locomotif.

*Julia.* What should I have done in this strange town without your polite assistance? I shall now just make a slight alteration in my dress, and go and wait at the station, until the next train arrives; my husband will be sure to come down by it. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Victor.* [*Bowing with great politeness.*] Then, madam, I have de honour to wish you von vere fine how do you do? [*Going.*] I go to walk all over de town in de hope to recontre von charmante demoiselle.

[*Sighing.*] Helas! she live in dis town, and I not know vere. But I have intention to walk up and down all de principale street, and to knock—knock at all de door, until I retrouve mon Angelina, de objet de mon adoration.

*Julia.* [*Laughingly.*] So then you are in love, monsieur.

*Victor.* [*Ecstatically.*] In love, helas! I am in love all over de head, all over de ears, with a beautiful young English demoiselle. I make connainsance with her in Paris at von leetle soirée dansante, three

months ago, and ever since, her lovely image, it stick in my brain. Helas! she tell me that she live in Dipwell, and dat her name is Angelina—and so as I have had affair in London, I take de occasion as soon as he was arrangée to come down here and to cherche for mon Angelina. [*Bowing and preparing to withdraw.*] Adieu, madame.

Julia. [*Laughing.*] Farewell, monsieur! I can only wish you every possible success in your search. [*Exit, into room, R. 3 E.*]

Victor. [*Alone.*] Charmante petit femme, parole d'honneur, but no comparison with mon Angelina, de objet de mon amour!—but I must to cut my stick. [*Goes up, C.*]

Enter SPRIGGINS, R. 1 E.

Sprig. Beg pardon, mounseer, but there's one little matter I quite forgot to mention—a—a—I always make it a rule to receive the first week's rent in advance—comprenny?

Victor. [*Calmly.*] Verfore you say dat to me?

Sprig. Ah, I see! Your wife takes care of the purse—he, he, he!

Victor. [*Gravely.*] Wife sare, I have not sie honor to be dat lady's husband—I am her—her—vot you call—

Sprig. [*Puzzled.*] Her, what you call!

Victor. Her—her—parbleu—her *connaissance*!

Sprig. [*Aside.*] What the devil's that I wonder? I don't remember meeting with the expression in "French before Breakfast;" [*turns over leaves of book.*] however I suppose it's all right—I shall speak to the lady by and bye.

Victor. [*Going*] It is von curious old hombogs!

Enter ANGELINA, R. 1 E.—VICTOR and ANGELINA mutually surprised at unexpectedly meeting each other, utter a simultaneous exclamation—"Oh."

Victor. [*Starting*] Ciel!

Angel. [*Starting*] Monsieur Victor!

[*Crosses to C.*]

Sprig. What's the matter?

Angel. [*Endeavoring to conceal her emotion.*] Nothing, pa, nothing—I—I merely came to—to look for my thimble. [*Aside.*] Monsieur Victor here!

Victor. [*Aside.*] Mon Angelina! can I for to believe my sentences. [*Approaching her.*] My dear mees—

Sprig. [*Not noticing their mutual surprise, and stepping in between them.*] Now, Angelina, lose no time—our preparations up stairs are not half completed.

Angel. Yes, pa. [*Aside, looking at VICTOR.*] I wonder, now, whether Monsieur Victor has come here on my account? [*Significantly.*] I shall be down again, presently.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Victor. [*Aside.*] Helas! she is varnish! And so dis old hombogs is de fader of mon Angelina—ah! von *brilliant* inspiration it to striko my noddle. [*Aloud.*] Sare, I have make reflection in the interieur of myself, have you one oder apartment to let?

Sprig. Oui, monsieur, the little room on the left. [*Crosses, L.*] Three guineas a week.

Victor. [*Gaily.*] I take him dis vére moment. Ah, you viah mon-

ey in advance! de tout mon cœur. I pay you von week tout-de-suite. *[Producing purse.]*

*Sprig.* *[Aside.]* Tout-de-suite! confound it—he agrees to the three guineas at once—what a fool I was not to ask four. *[Takes money—aloud.]* You shall have a receipt directly.

*Victor.* Not nécessaire—you are de fader of she—dat enough for me.

*Sprig.* *[Puzzled.]* Fader-of-she!

*Victor.* Yes, oh, yes—I leave you pour le moment. *[Embracing him tenderly.]* Adieu, fader of she—Adieu! *[Exit into room, L.]*

*Sprig.* *[Puzzled.]* Fader-of-she! can I have met with that expression in “French before Breakfast?” *[Turns over pages of his book as though looking for the expression.]* I can’t find it among the F’s—but let me see now, four and three make seven—seven guineas a week! a very nice little addition to one’s weekly income. My “Ici on Parle Français” certainly was a first-rate notion.

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, C. from L., followed by ANNA MARIA, who is brushing a boot.*

*Mrs. Sprig.* Don’t be impertinent, miss. What do you think, Mr. Spriggins, here’s Anna Maria insisting upon having her wages raised.

*Sprig.* *[Horried.]* Wages, indeed! What unprecedented presumption. *[Bell rings.]*

*Anna.* *[Sulkily.]* It ’ud take six maids o’ all work to do the work o’ this house!

*Sprig.* Stuff and nonsense! a baby in arms might undertake the place! *[Bell rings.]* There, Anna Maria, run! there’s our new lodger’s bell.

*Anna.* *[Going.]* Another person to wait on! I declare if it arn’t worse nor a regular treadmill! *[Exit, R. 3 E.]*

*Sprig.* Well, Mrs. Spriggins, what do you say to my scheme now? I’ve let the little bed room for three guineas a week to the young Frenchman. I was a fool, was I—eh?

*Mrs. Sprig.* *[Insinuatingly.]* You’ll make me a present of a new silk dress, won’t you, ducky?

*Sprig.* *[With dignity.]* I shall see, Mrs. S.—I shall see.

*Re-enter ANNA MARIA, door, R. 3 E., with a pair of ladies’ boots.*

*Anna.* *[Speaking off.]* Yes, mum—you shall have ’em directly, mum. *[Shuts door.]* Here’s a treat! more boots to black, and now the lady wants a basin o’ gravy soup; perhaps you expect me to get that ready, too!

*Mrs. Sprig.* Of course we do, Miss Impudence. *[Ring heard, L.]*

*Sprig.* Oh, there goes the Frenchman’s bell—run, Anna Maria, and see what he wants.

*Victor.* *[Partly opening his door, L., and passing a pair of Wellington boots through.]* Will you have the obligeance to put de polishment upon my Duke de Wellingtons!

*Anna.* *[Sulkily taking boots.]* What, another on ’em?

*Victor.* *[As before.]* And bring von leetle tasse de café, and von beeftake aux pomme-de-terres!

*Anna.* [Sarcastically.] Oho, a beefsteak o' pongdetare, eh? well, I'm sure. [Folding her arms, and holding a pair of boots in each hand—crosses to c.] And do you think I'm going to hexhaust myself in this here manner for a paltry eight pound a year, and find my own tea and sugar?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [Scornfully.] Impertinent menial, of course we do!

*Anna.* Then I solemnly vows, I won't do another individual thing unless you raise my wages!

*Sprig.* Unparalleled audacity! but come now, I'll see what I can do for you. I don't mind giving you an extra ten shillings.

*Anna.* [Eagerly.] A week!

*Sprig.* No, a year.

*Anna.* [Contemptuously.] Not a bit of it! catch me knocking myself up for a parcel of miserly wretches, as go and sleep up in a top garret just to make money by letting their own bedrooms, and slaving the very life out of a poor, unfortunate maid o' all work! why, Uncle Tom's Cabin was a fool to it.

*Mrs. Sprig.* Insolent minx! not another word.

*Anna.* [Placing her arms a-kimbo.] Will you double my wages.

*Sprig.*

*Mrs. Sprig.* { [Bawling.] No!

*Anna.* Then liberty for ever! I resigns my place—here take your boots, and polish 'em yourselves. [Laying one of the boots on SPRIGGINS' arm, and the other on his wife's.] Here's your apron and your brush! [Taking off apron, and giving it and the brush to Mrs. SPRIGGINS.] Take your property, and now go and get your lodger's lunch ready—the gravy soup and the coffee, and the beefsteak o' pongdetare—ha, ha, ha! what fun it will be to see missus a-doing the cooking, and master a-brushing the boots—ha, ha, ha! [Exit, c. D. to L.]

[MR. and MRS. SPRIGGINS remain with the boots, brush, apron, &c., in their arms, contemplating each other in mute stupefaction.]

*Sprig.* Well, now, we are in a precious fix! I never thought the hussey really meant it. What the deuce are we to do? however, as far as our immediate requirements are concerned, I suppose there's no great mystery in broiling a beefsteak and making a cup of coffee?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [Indignantly.] What, sir, do you suppose that I, a distant descendant of the Fitz-Pentonville's, will disgrace myself by meddling with frying-pans and gridirons? Never!

*Sprig.* [Submissively.] Well, my dear, then I'll attend to the culinary department—perhaps you wouldn't object just to take the dust off the lady's boots—somebody must do it, you know, we have let the apartments, "attendance included."

*Mrs. Sprig.* [Angrily snatching boots and brush from her husband.] Mr. Spriggins, I'll never forgive you for subjecting a lady of my aristocratic descent to such shocking humiliation! [Begins to brush boots with evident disgust—a ring heard, R.—she approaches door, and inquires with a violent attempt at gracious manner.] Did you please to ring, ma'am!

*Julia.* [Within.] My boots, if you please; and send the servant to lace my stays.

*Mrs. Sprig.* There! she wants somebody to lace her stays! perhaps you think I'm going to turn lady's maid, too.

*Sprig.* Dear me, what a fuss about a pair of stays! [*As if making a great sacrifice, and crossing to R. D.*] I'll go and lace her stays!

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Hastily placing herself before the door.*] I should like to catch you doing anything of the sort, you wicked old sinner!

*Sprig.* Well, my dear, as I said before, *somebody* must do these little things.

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*In a tremendous fluster.*] Mr. Spriggins, I consent on the present occasion to sacrifice my dignity, but I shall expect a handsome new silk dress, Mr. Spriggins. [*At door, tragically.*] Heavens, to think that a Fitz-Pentonville should live to lace a lodger's stays!

[*Exit into room, R. 3 E.—bell rings, L.*

*Sprig.* [*Alone.*] Halloa! there goes the other bell, I suppose the Frenchman wants his stays laced. No, it's the boots he wants. Well, I suppose I must just give 'em a sort of a rough polish. [*Puts ANNA MARIA'S apron on and begins brushing boots methodically—calmly soliloquising.*] I'm not by any means what's called proud, not being a Fitz-Pentonville myself; but, nevertheless, I'm fully prepared to admit that there are more fascinating occupations than boot-blackening. [*Ring heard at back.*] Confound it, there's the street door bell! [*Calling.*] Anna Maria! dear, dear, I forgot the jade was gone. I almost wish I had doubled her wages. [*Another violent ring heard—bawling.*] Coming!

[*Exit at C. D. with apron on and boots in his hand—ringing continues at back.*

*Enter VICTOR, from his room, L. At the same moment, ANGELINA appears door, R. 1 E.*

*Angel.* [*Not perceiving VICTOR.*] If I could but see Monsieur Victor for a moment, and ascertain his motive for coming here.

*Victor.* [*Calling with his hand on the bell-pull.*] Domestique! servante! [*Suddenly perceiving ANGELINA.*] Ciel! *le* objet de mon amour?—it was not von apparition!

*Angel.* [*Confused.*] You, sir, an inmate of our house!

*Victor.* [*Rapturously.*] Yes, charmante mees—my good angel—he conduck me to your side!

*Angel.* [*Coquettishly.*] I thought you had forgotten me long ago.

*Victor.* [*Still retaining his hold of the bell-pull.*] Forget you! Oh! ma amzelle, jamais! jamais! jamais!

[*Every time he utters "jamais," he thumps himself on the chest with the hand which grasps the bell-pull, not perceiving that by so doing he is also ringing the bell.*

*Angel.* Take care, Monsieur Victor, you're ringing the bell. Ah, here's somebody coming.

*ANGELINA disappears, R. 1 E., and VICTOR, L.; they slam their doors violently, at the same moment.*

*Re-enter SPRIGGINS, C. from L.*

*Sprig.* [*Perceiving the two doors shut simultaneously.*] Bless my soul! What a devil of a draught! here is here.

*Enter MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN, C. from L.—he wears an undress military coat buttoned up to the chin, an enormous pair of mustaches, and speaks haughtily and gruffly.*

*Major.* [*Angrily.*] What do you mean, sir, by opening your street door and leaving me standing on the step?

*Sprig.* [*Coolly continuing to black boots.*] Very sorry, sir, but I heard a ring in this direction.

*Major.* [*Abruptly.*] Are you the shoeblack of this establishment?

*Sprig.* [*Indignantly.*] Shoeblack!

*Major.* Servant, then—*lacky*, if you prefer the epithet.

*Sprig.* [*With offended dignity.*] Not by *any* means, sir—not by *any* means! I'm merely performing the—a—a—the operation in which you see me engaged, out of a—a—politeness to my lodgers. [*Knocks at VICTOR's door, L., and puts down boots, which VICTOR puts out one arm to take.*] Mounseer! *la boots!* [*SPRIGGINS then returns to MAJOR, and majestically throwing off his apron, exclaims*] No, sir, I am the proprietor of this establishment.

*Major.* Then it's you who let these lodgings?

*Sprig.* Yes, but I'm as full as I care to be, under existing circumstances.

*Major.* [*Angrily.*] Then what the devil do you mean by keeping your bill up? Do you think people climb your infernally dark staircase for the mere pleasure of contemplating that unmeaning physiognomy of yours? [*Abruptly.*] Who are your lodgers?

*Sprig.* [*Surprised.*] A lady and gentleman.

*Major.* [*Hastily.*] A lady and gentleman? What sort of a lady and gentleman?

*Sprig.* [*With great dignity.*] Sir, I am a free-born British subject, and I really don't see that I am in any way compelled to answer the question. Besides, you really appear so unnecessarily excited, that—

*Major.* Excited! I should think I was. I've come all the way from the last refreshment station on an engine—an engine, sir, that I engaged at my own individual expense. By Jove, my eyes are full of coal dust now. Give me some water.

*Sprig.* [*Surprised.*] Water!

*Major.* Yes, to rinse the cinders out of my eyes!

*Sprig.* Confound it! the fellow's going to *refit* here!

*Major.* [*Perceiving a glass water-jug on table, filled with flowers.*] Aha, this will do!

[*Takes out flowers—coolly throws them away—pours water into the palm of his hand, and bathes his eyes.*]

*Sprig.* [*Alarmed.*] Mind what you're about! You're spilling the water over my new carpet.

*Major.* [*Coolly.*] You can have it wiped up!

[*Takes up the curtains that are laying on sofa, and dries his hands in them.*]

*Sprig.* [*In agony—roaring.*] My new curtains! Do-o-n't! I—I'll fetch you a towel.

*Major.* [*Coolly throwing curtains away.*] Quite unnecessary! [*Thumping down a chair in front of SPRIGGINS.*] Sit down.

*Sprig.* [*Somewhat alarmed.*] Thank you, I'm not at all fatigued.

*Major.* [*Imperatively.*] Sit down, I say.

*Sprig.* [*Sitting down—aside.*] I feel half inclined to send for a policeman.

*Major.* [*Sitting down.*] Now then. Are you married or single?

*Sprig.* [*Abruptly.*] Married.

*Major.* I'm glad of it. You'll be the better able to sympathize with me. I, unfortunately, am also married.

*Sprig.* Really, sir, your conversation is fascinating in the extreme, but—

*Major.* Don't interrupt me—I was on the point of informing you that I'm a retired Major, late of the Cape Coast Slashers.

*Sprig.* [*Aside.*] He looks his profession!

*Major.* Having got tired of Zulu Kaffirs and wild beast hunts, I sold out, returned to England, and in an unguarded moment, recently married a lovely young lady—the daughter of a brother officer.

*Sprig.* [*Aside.*] Now what the devil is all this to me?

*Major.* Well, sir, wishing to give my wife a treat, I resolved upon spending a month with her at the sea-side; we started this morning per express; in the same carriage was a young fellow, one of those infernal, insinuating, foreign looking dogs! On reaching the refreshment station, my wife complains of hunger—I rush from the train, and purchase three bath buns; no sooner had my wife tasted one of them than she informs me she's thirsty.

*Sprig.* Well, there's nothing so very extraordinary in that!

*Major.* Oh, you think so, do you? Just wait a moment before you give your opinion. Well, sir, forgetting that the ten minutes had already expired, I return to the refreshment room, and was just compounding for a glass of sherry and water, when—zum! zum! zum! off goes the train with my wife and the young Frenchman.

*Sprig.* [*Starting.*] The young Frenchman!

*Major.* Yes, sir—the young Frenchman. They hadn't exchanged a word the whole way—and yet they had connived together to deceive me! [*Angrily.*] Don't you perceive, you old idiot, that my wife's need of refreshment was a mere pretext to get rid of me?

*Sprig.* [*Aside—alarmed.*] A young Frenchman! It strikes me forcibly I've let my lodgings to the identical pair.

*Major.* [*Violently.*] But I'll find them, [*rises,*] and when I do I'll reduce them to atoms! I'll pulverize them to fine dust—I—I'll smash them like— [*Seizing the porcelain vase which stands on the table.*

*Sprig.* [*Alarmed, and seizing him by the arm.*] Gently, sir—that's real.

*Major.* Pshaw! how frightened you seem about a trumpery piece of earthenware! Well, sir, [*resuming his seat,*] I have just received information that persons answering to their description have been seen to enter a house on this side, and in this part of the street. I—I therefore insist upon your producing your lodgers—your female lodger especially.

*Sprig.* Really, sir, this is most extraordinary conduct!

*Major.* [*Rorring.*] Produce your lodger, sir! I'll not leave the house until I have closely inspected your female lodger!

[*Thumps his chair violently against floor, and resumes his seat with a determined air.*

*Sprig.* Confound it all ! don't knock the house down !

*Major* [*Roaring.*] Produce your female lodger !

*Sprig.* [*Aside, trembling.*] If it should prove to be the lady who arrived just now, we're all done for.

*Major.* [*Rising, and upsetting his chair.*] You refuse to produce your female lodger ?

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, R. 3 E.*

*Sprig.* [*Perceiving her.*] Here's my wife, by Jove ! —a bright idea ! [*Coming to R. —aloud.*] Sir, this is my female lodger.

*Major.* What, that individual ?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Aside, offended.*] What does the fellow mean by individual, I wonder ?

*Sprig.* [*Hastily, aside to his wife.*] Say it's you, or it's all up with us !

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Aside, alarmed.*] What does he mean ?

*Major.* Are you the female tenant of these apartments ?

*Sprig.* [*Twisting her dress behind.*] Say yes.

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Bewildered.*] Y-e-e-s !

*Major.* [*To SPRIGGINS.*] Then what the devil did you mean by talking to me of a young couple ? [*Pointing to MRS. SPRIGGINS.*] Is this your notion of juvenility ?

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Highly incensed.*] The impolite ruffian !

*Major.* The sight of you, madam, has appeased my suspicions as far as this house is concerned. [*Comes to C*] I shall try next door, and then return to the White Hart Hotel. [*Relapsing into fury.*] But as to those two, if ever I catch them, I—I'll—  
[*As he is going, he runs against a chair, which he kicks violently to the back of the stage, and exit, C. D. to L., furiously.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Disdainfully.*] And now, Mr. Spriggins, perhaps you'll inform me who this person is ?

*Sprig.* Who he is ? Why, it strikes me he's either the Wild Man of the Woods or the King of the Cannibal Islands. But there's no time to lose ; he'll be back again if we don't look out. [*Knocking hastily at JULIA's door, R. 3 E., and calling.*] Hallo ! Mrs. What's-your-name ! I must speak with you immediately !

*Enter JULIA, from room, R. 3 E.*

*Julia.* With me, sir ?

*Sprig.* Yes, madam—it's really too bad of you to expose a respectable man like myself, the father of a family, to the chance of being devoured alive by a roaring Ojibbeway, like your husband ?

*Julia.* My husband !

*ANGELINA at this moment appears at door, R. 1 E., and assumes a listening attitude.*

*Sprig.* Yes, madam, your husband, from whom it appears you have surreptitiously escaped, under cover of three Bath buns and a glass of sherry and water.

*Julia.* My husband, you say, has been here ? Oh, why did you not tell me ?

*Sprig.* Because I knew better, madam—because he threatened to murder you and the young Frenchman, the partner of your flight.



*Angel.* [*Aside.*] What do I hear? The partner of her flight! How dreadful! [*Disappears hastily.*]

*Julia.* [*Indignantly.*] Flight, sir! How dare you insinuate such a thing? God heaven! what a fearful position to be placed in? And should my husband, naturally so jealous, attribute our accidental separation to premeditated design! I'll hasten to him, and explain all. Where is he staying?

*Sprig.* Let me see—he said he had put up at the White Hart Hotel, at the corner of the next street.

*Julia.* [*Re-entering room.*] I'll put on my bonnet, and seek him immediately. [*Exit, R. 3 E.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* Well, Mr. Spriggins, a pretty mess you've brought us into by this absurd scheme of yours! This comes of pretending you can speak French, and sticking up a palpable falsehood in your parlor window!

*Sprig.* [*Distracted.*] Don't bother me, Mrs. Spriggins! Have you forgotten that the Frenchman's waiting for his coffee all this time? [*Entreatingly.*] Now go and make the kettle boil—do now—there's a ducky!

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Tragically.*] Shades of my noble ancestors! behold not the degradation of your luckless descendant! [*Exit, C. to L.*]

*Re-enter JULIA, from room, R. 3 E., with her bonnet and shawl on—her bonnet is trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons.*

*Julia.* [*Eagerly.*] The hotel at the corner, you said, sir?

*Sprig.* Yes, ma'am, I'll come down to the door and show you where it is. [*Aside.*] There'll be murder done if that Cape Coast Slasher returns and finds her here! [*Aloud.*] This way, ma'am—this way. [*Exit, C. D. to L.*]

*The moment they are gone, ANGELINA rushes in, R. 1 E., and throws herself, in a state of great dejection, into an arm chair.*

*Angel.* Can I believe my senses? Monsieur Victor has run away with a married woman! How frightful!

[*Produces her pocket handkerchief.*]

*Enter VICTOR, L.*

*Victor.* Enfin! they are all gone! Ah, de object de mon adoration! My dear mees—

*Angel.* [*Indignantly.*] Leave me sir—your conduct is shameful—infamous!

*Victor.* [*Astonished.*] Misericorde! vat have I did?

*Angel.* I have overheard all, sir! Can you deny that you came here this morning with a lady—a married lady, sir—with whom you had run away?

*Victor.* Charmante, mees, ma parole d'honneur—I see her for de first time dis morning in de railway. [*Tragically placing his hand on his heart.*] On de honneur of von Frenchman, ma amselle, I love but von lady in dis vide world, and dat is your charmante self. I swear it by dis leetle hand!

*Kneeling and kissing her hand. As he is doing so, SPRIGGINS enters at back, C. from L., with coffee pot and cup, and on perceiving the tableau before him, utters a shout of surprise.*

*Sprig.* Hallo! What's all this?

*Angel.* [*Tragically.*] Heavens! my pa!

*Victor.* Ventrebleau! dat old hombogs again!

*Sprig.* [*Uttering a cry of pain.*] Confound the coffee pot! I've burnt my fingers! [*Puts coffee pot and tray on table.*] I say, mounseer, what—a—a—what *la* devil were you doing at my daughter's feet? Explain, sir, what was your motive for assuming that *shoemaker's* attitude?

*Victor.* [*With much solemnity.*] Sare, se immortal *Shak-es-pere* to say, "Brevity is se soul of wits." I have the honor to ask de hand of your female shild in marriage!

*Sprig.* [*Astonished.*] The devil you have!

*Victor.* Yes—she love me, and I love she.

*Sprig.* What, in five minutes? I must put a stop to all this! I insist upon your leaving my apartments instantly!

*Victor.* Sare, I shall do nothing of de kind. I have pay for von week, and parbleau, for von week I vill remain—so you must permission me to drink my café in tranquillité. [*Aside.*] De old hombogs! he tink he to see some green!

[*Sits himself at table—pours himself out a cup of coffee, which he proceeds to drink with the greatest calmness. He is so situated that his face is turned away from the door at back.*]

*Sprig.* [*In a tremendous passion.*] I—I shall go mad with rage!—and to think that I've brought it all upon myself through that infernal "Ici on Parle Francais!"

*Re-enter MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN, violently, c. from L.*

*Major.* I knew the rascal was deceiving me!

*Sprig.* [*Aside.*] Mercy upon us! Here's the roaring Objibbeway come back again!

*Victor.* [*Aside.*] Ma foi! de husband of de leetle voyageuse.

*Major.* [*To SPRIGGINS—not perceiving VICTOR.*] And so, sir, you thought you'd make an ass of me, did you? But allow me to inform you that it's not to be done, sir—it's not to be done! As I was re-passing this wretched old house of yours, I happened to look up at the bed-room window—and through it, I perceived, lying on the dressing-table, an article of costume which confirms my suspicions that my wife is at this very moment in your house

*Victor.* [*Aside.*] My opinion is, dat sie fellow is tree sheets in sie wind mill!

*Major.* [*To SPRIGGINS.*] Sir, I am naturally of a mild disposition! Up to the present, I flatter myself I have been calmness itself!—but have a care, sir! Dare to exasperate my natural placidity by further prevarication, and I—I—[*in a tremendous fury*]*—damme, I'll pound you to a jelly!* [*Laying hold of him by the collar.*] My wife, sir—hand her over this instant!

*Sprig.* [*Breaking from him.*] Let go, sir, you're rumpling my front!

*Major.* You won't? Then I'll find her myself.

[*Rushes to door, R. 3 E., kicks it open violently—crash, a sd, exit, E.*]

*Sprig. [Dismayed.]* The fellow has broken my lock! To think that wild Indians should be allowed to roam about in this manner! The police are really of no use at all!

*Re-enter MAJOR, R. 3 E., with a lady's bonnet in his hand.*

*Major.* It's remarkably strange!—I've looked under the bed, and in all the cupboards, but no Mrs. Major Rattan.

*Sprig.* Haven't I been telling you so for the last quarter of an hour?

*Major. [Crushing bonnet in his hand.]* And yet, this infernal bonnet is a proof that she must be concealed somewhere about these dingy premises.

*[Punches in the crown of the bonnet.]*

*Sprig.* Why, confound the fellow! That's my wife's new Sunday bonnet! She forgot to remove it with her other things!

*Major.* Your wife's! Then why the devil do you allow your wife to wear cherry colored ribbons, like Mrs. Major Rattan? *[Angrily claps bonnet on SPRIGGINS' head.]* Once more, I say, where is she?

*Sprig. [Violently alarmed.]* She's a—a—a—[stammering,] she's gone out!

*Major. [In a voice of thunder.]* Gone out! Then she has been here?

*Sprig. [Doggedly.]* Well, then—yes—she has! She's just gone to the White Hart Hotel—a—a—in the hope of finding you there.

*Major.* Rascally letter of unlettable lodgings! you're deceiving me again! Here's another apartment—I dare say she's concealed there!

*[Is about to enter Victor's room, L., when VICTOR rises and places himself between the MAJOR and the door.]*

*Victor.* Sap-r-r-ris-ti! You take me for von nincompoop, sare! No von shall walk into my own particular apartment.

*Major. [With a tremendous start.]* Fire and fury! that accursed young frog-eater! *[Roaring.]* Where's my wife, sir?

*Victor. [Calmly.]* Sare, I not know!

*Major.* It's false, sir—you bribed the guard to start without me.

*Victor.* You tell von lie, sare!

*Major.* Rascal! hand me over Mrs. Regulus Rattan!

*Victor. [Throwing himself into a burlesque boxing attitude.]* Sare, I vill box your eye!

*Sprig. [In a violent state of alarm.]* Good gracious! there'll be murder done! Dear gentlemen, if you are determined to cut one another's throats, don't do it over my new carpet!

*Major. [To VICTOR.]* Sir, you shall give me satisfaction on the spot. I never travel without my pistols!

*[Producing pistols from his pocket and presenting one to VICTOR.]*

*Victor. [In a furious rage.]* Sare, you are one *enragé ros-bif* bull dog!

*Major.* Insolent puppy! You shall receive my fire across this table, in the American style! Old What's-his-name shall be second to both of us.

*[VICTOR and MAJOR place themselves one on each side of the table.]*

*Sprig. [Wringing his hands.]* Oh, dear—oh, dear! a duel across my best bit of mahogany! *[Rushing between them—roaring.]* Gentlemen—gentlemen! this isn't Chalk Farm!

*Major.* Now then, sir, are you ready?

*Sprig.* [*In a paroxysm of fear.*] Murder! fire! police!

*Major.* Keep still, you old jackanapes, or—[*Suddenly looking in the direction of window.*] Hallo! can I believe my eyes!

[*Runs violently to window and opens it.*]

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, C. from L.*

*Mrs. Sprig.* Why, what on earth is the meaning of all this noise?

*Major.* [*Looking out of window.*] Zounds and confusion! if there isn't my wife looking in at a bonnet shop! By Jupiter, she's coming here! [*Shuts down window violently, and breaks a pane of glass.*]

*Sprig.* [*Despairingly.*] There goes half a crown's worth.

*Major.* Now, then, I shall discover the truth at last. I'll conceal myself behind these window curtains, and mark me—if one of you, by word or sign, intimate that I am in the room, [*with calm ferocity.*] I—I'll blow his brains out.

[*Conceals himself behind curtain—he occasionally clicks the lock of a pistol as a reminder.*]

*Mrs. Sprig.* [*Alarmed.*] Mercy on us! what a ferocious monster.

*Sprig.* [*Dolefully.*] If I'm not laid up after all this, it's a pity! Oh, what a fool I was ever to let lodgings—and what an idiot I was to stick up "Ici on Parle Français!"

*Enter JULIA, C. from L.*

*Julia.* Dear me, how very vexatious; my husband appears merely to have stopped a few minutes at the hotel, and then to have gone out no one knows where. [*Observing their silence and constrains*] But what's the matter with you all? What do you all mean by staring at one another in this way?

*Sprig.* [*Confused.*] I—I—I don't feel exactly the thing.

*Julia.* Has anything happened during my absence? [*Still strict silence—to SPRIGGINS*] Has my husband been here again? [*No one answers*] Have either of you seen him, I say?

*Sprig.* No!

*Mrs. Sprig.* No!

*Victor.* No!

*Julia.* So much the better. [*To VICTOR*] for if he had found you here, monsieur, there's no knowing what might have happened.

*Major.* [*Who repeatedly wags his head from behind curtains—aside.*] So she was anxious on the tellows account; fire and fury!

*Julia.* [*Continuing.*] My poor husband is so dreadfully jealous. [*To MRS. SPRIGGINS*] If he had even seen the friendly shake of the hand which your husband gave me just now at the door—

*Sprig.* [*Horribly alarmed.*] It's no such thing! I—I—I—didn't give you a friendly anything! [*Aside—wringing.*] I'm certain the monster is taking deliberate aim at me between the shoulders.

*Julia.* [*Appears surprised at SPRIGGINS' manner, but continues.*] I'm sure you monsieur, [*addressing VICTOR*] must have noticed how fiercely he glared at you in the train, every time you happened to look my

way. [VICTOR says nothing, but nods his head violently.] I do believe—ha, ha, ha! I do believe he was jealous of you—of you who confess that you are dying in love with the young lady you met at a ball in Paris.

Major. [Aside, popping his head from between curtains.] A young lady—ball—Paris?

Julia. [Continuing.] A young lady to whom you must indeed be deeply attached, since you have journeyed to this town for the sole purpose of seeking after her.

Major. [Aside.] What's that she says?

[Rushes violently towards VICTOR, and as he does so, drags down curtains.]

Julia. [Extremely astonished.] My husband!

Mrs. Sprig. } [In agony.] The curtains!

Sprig.

Major. [Stumbling over curtains.] Confound your curtains! [Throws them away—to VICTOR eagerly.] Is it really true that you are in love with somebody else?

Victor. Vat you mean, sare?

Sprig. To be sure he is—the somebody in question happens to be my daughter.

Major. Your daughter? why, you never told me you had a daughter! Produce her! produce your daughter, sir!

*Enter ANGELINA, B. 1 E., during the last words.*

Sprig. Here she comes!

Major. Hem! Ah! nice looking girl, not in the least like her father. [To ANGELINA—impressively.] Young woman, is this seductive foreigner in love with you?

Angel. [Glancing archly at VICTOR.] At any rate, he says so!

Victor. [Rapturously approaching her.] And he mean it too—and once more, [turning to SPRIGGINS,] my dear old gentlemen, I pray you to accord to me se hand of your charmante female shield; my father, he vere rich—Dubois et Compagnie, Rue Saint Lazare, Paris.

Major. [Hastily.] Dubois and Co., Rue St. Lazare—bless my soul—know the firm well—got a house out at the Cape! [Aside.] By Jove, then, I've been making an ass of myself all this time! [Abruptly.] Take her, young man—she's yours! [Handing ANGELINA to VICTOR—pathetically.] Bless you, my children!

Sprig. [Hastily.] Hallo! there!—not quite so fast—as I'm only the young lady's father, allow me to have some share in the matter! Mrs. S. and I must talk the matter over, and if, upon inquiry, I find Mr. Dubois' description of himself to be correct, I see no reason why we shouldn't accept him as our son-in-law.

Victor. [Kissing ANGELINA's hand.] Oh, bonheur!

*Enter ANNA MARIA, C. from L. with bonnet and shawl on.*

Anna. [With great dignity.] Please to pay me my wages, and to examine my box, for my cousin, the policeman, has called to fetch it away.

Sprig. My good girl, we'll see about all that presently—Mrs. Spriggins, you were perfectly right—If ever I speculate again, I'll take precious good care it shan't be on my own premises, and, for the

future, my only method of "letting lodgings," will be to "let lodgings alone!"

*Anna.* [*Eagerly.*] Let lodgings alone! then I resumes my place.

[*Takes off bonnet and shawl.*]

*Sprig.* Thankee! [*Continuing.*] And as for French, my dear, I give up all idea of it, whether before or after breakfast, for although my pretensions to that language have brought me a son-in-law, I am firmly convinced I shall never have it in my power conscientiously to say—

[*Tapping himself on the forehead.*]

"ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS!"

ANNA. MRS SPRIGGINS. SPRIGGINS. ANGEL. VICTOR. JULIA. MAJOR.

R.

L.

THE END.



NO. CCXCVIII.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**

*The Acting Edition.*

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**WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?**

*A Farce, in Two Acts.*

**BY CHARLES MATHEWS,**

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

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Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
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# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

	<i>Theatre Royal, London, 1865.</i>	<i>Olympic, New York, 1866.</i>
<i>Abel Tinkle</i> .....	Mr. Chippendale	Mr. J. H. Stoddart.
<i>Jack Raggett</i> .....	Mr. Charles Mathews.	Mr. E. L. Davenport.
<i>Satanella</i> .....	Mrs. Charles Mathews.	Mrs. John Wood.
<i>Hannah</i> .....	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Miss Eliza Newton.

## PERIOD—PRESENT.

*Time in Performance—One Hour and fifteen minutes.*

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R. means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

# WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-Room; table at back, L.; chairs; sofa, R. C.; fireplace with looking-glass over it, R. 1 E.; door, 2 E.; door open, C.; door, L. 2 E.; window, L. 1 E.*

*Enter TINKLE, R. door, with shaving-jug in his hand.*

*Tinkle* [*Calling*] Hannah! Bless my soul, how I've slept this morning; I'm getting a regular dormouse; my shaving water is as cold as ice. Hannah! dear, dear, how slow that girl is! If I wasn't used to her she'd almost put me out, and it takes a good deal to do that; anything for a quiet life, that is my motto. Talking of a quiet life, what a delicious dream I had last night—stupid things, dreams! I dreamt I was fishing in a little round pond with a bit of string and a crooked pin, and I kept catching turbot and codfish as fast as I could pull them out; and I was living in a little white villa with emerald green blinds and scarlet flower-pots; with a little fountain in front, nearly a foot high. Ah! shall I ever see that dream realized? It's the height of my ambition; I don't care about the turbot or the codfish; but a white villa with emerald green blinds and scarlet flower-pots, and above all, a little fountain about a foot high, that's my idea of Paradise! So, as soon as I have married my daughter off—Hannah! Hannah! Bless my soul! Hannah! Hannah! Where the deuce can the girl be?

*Enter HANNAH, R. door.*

*Hannah* Why, here I am, sir!

*Tin* Didn't you hear me call?

*Han* In course I did, sir, I heard you call me; I heard you call me four times quite distinct.

*Tin* Then, why didn't you come at once?

*Han* I was having my dinner, sir. You wouldn't begrudge a poor girl her dinner, sir—would you? Ah! that you wouldn't!

*Tin* Well—no!

*Han* No, but you wouldn't—you're too good-natured for that; you are always so good-natured, and patient, and quiet, it's a pleasure to wait on you.

*Tin* Yes! but you don't wait on me; it's I who have to wait on you. Bring me some more hot water, that I may get shaved; and

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

tell me, Hannah,—there seems to be a most remarkable tranquillity in the house this morning. Isn't my daughter well?

*Han* Oh, yes, sir! Miss Satanella's gone out.

*Tin* Ah! that's it, then. I thought there must be something.

*Han* Young missus makes us jump about—don't she, sir? I never can make out how one so peaceable and quiet as you are should have a daughter so—

*Tin* So stormy, eh?

*Han* Yes, sir; she's a regular hurricane, ain't she?

*Tin* Why, you see, Hannah, it's a singular world, and odd things are always happening in it. If any one had told me, when I was quietly manufacturing muffins in the Minories, that I should ever go and marry a wife in Mexico, I should have exclaimed—"Nonsense, sir!"

*Han* And did you?

*Tin* Did I? I rather think I did! I'd a relation there—a distant relation—and hearing that muffins were unknown in those savage regions I resolved to speculate, and off I went. Oh! Hannah! such a success—all Mexico was muffin mad! You should have seen how the money tumbled in. Why, I'd a dozen little black boys in white nightcaps always at work—and a great bouncing Mexican shop girl, with eyes like blue bottles, and eyelashes—like blacking brushes. I was regularly in for it, and Hymen soon bound me with his fetters.

*Han* What! did you go and marry a blackamoor?

*Tin* She wasn't a blackamoor, Hannah, she was only a lovely copper. And so you see how I accidentally became father to a Mexican daughter—and all owing to muffins!

*Han* Then that's the way you and Miss Satanella come to be so different like?

*Tin* Exactly. The same blood, you see, but warmed up with the climate.

*Han* I see; and Miss Satanella takes after her Mexican ma?

*Tin* Yes, she keeps up the fire, and I let her burn out like her late mother. Why even now doesn't she want to marry that depraved young monkey, Robin Brittle-top—a little imp I can't endure?

*Han* Well, she does love her little Robin—her little "Cock Robin," as she calls him, that's a fact.

*Tin* Of course she does. Her little "Cock Robin," indeed! Yes, and you'll see she'll marry him, too, in spite of me, and I shall consent in spite of myself, I know I shall. It'll be Mrs. Tinkle over again. Whenever I said, "I wont," she said, "I will!"

*Han* And then you said?

*Tin* Nothing.

*Han* And in that way you always used to agree, sooner or later.

*Tin* Yes, always.

*Han* Holloa! what's the matter now, I wonder? [*Going to window, L.*] Only a row with a cab.

*Tin* Of course. That's why I hate cabs—always rows.

*Han* There's quite a crowd at the door.

*Tin* At our door?

*Han* Shall I go and see what it is ?

*Tin* No ; it's no business of ours. Get my hot water.

*Enter SATANELLA from door, c. She walks about the stage in a state of great agitation.*

*Tin* Holloa ! child, is that you ?

*Sat* [*Sharply*] Yes, it's me. Good morning.

*Tin* What's the matter ?

*Sat* Nothing. I'm in a passion, that's all.

*Tin* Oh, is that all ? But what has happened ? What have you been about ?

*Sat* I've been giving a gentleman a box on the ear.

*Tin* A gentleman ?

*Sat* Yes, the impertinent fellow.

*Tin* Why, what did he do ?

*Sat* Do, indeed ! The impudent coxcomb had the impertinence to pop his head under my hat and exclaim, " my wig ! what a pretty girl ! "

*Tin* Bless me ! was that all ? And you took offence at that ? What would you have done if he had called you ugly ?

*Sat* Oh, papa, your apathy will be the death of me. Wasn't your daughter insulted ? and you calmly ask me—however I taught him a lesson—I've taught him never again to—

*Tin* To call you a pretty girl. No ; I think he'll modify his opinion next time. [*Sees HANNAH waiting.*] What are you doing there ? Where's my hot water ?

*Han* Oh lawk ! I forgot the hot water. [*Aside*] Ain't she a peppery one ? [*Exit, R. door.*]

*Sat* [*Suddenly changing her tone*] Oh, papa ! I've got such a lovely arrangement of the " Guards' Waltz." Tra, la, la, la. [*Waltzing.*]

*Tin* [*Aside*] What a child it is—just like her mother ! She used always to dance after she'd boxed my ears.

[*SATANELLA still waltzing and singing.*]

*Enter HANNAH, door R.*

*Han* [*Aside*] Now she's dancing, I do declare. [*Aloud.*] Here's your hot water, sir. [*She begins to dance at door, R.*]

*Tin* That's right. Put it on the mantelpiece. This room's nice and light. You don't mind my shaving here, do you, Satanella ?

*Sat* No [*Aside to HANNAH*] Any letter from Boulogne ?

*Han* No, miss ; and the postman's been by this half hour.

*Sat* [*To herself*] It's very strange ! Three days since Robin went to Boulogne, and not a line— not a word. Oh ! if I wasn't sure of his love—but, perhaps some accident—there are so many on those dreadful railways. [*Goes suddenly up to her father, who is shaving himself at the glass.*] Papa !

*Tin* Eh—what ? You nearly made me cut myself.

*Sat* Don't you think it's odd, yourself ?

*Tin* What's odd ?

*Sat* Three whole days, and not a line—not a word.

*Tin* Who—what? Oh, Robin! [*Aside*] As if I cared. [*Aloud*] He had business, you know, at Boulogne. Give him time—give him time.

[*Goes on shaving.*]

*Sat* [*Pacing the room*] Give him time, indeed. I don't expect him back, but he might write. Three whole days without writing. What can he be about? What can he be doing? Something must have happened.

*Tin* Don't go stamping about the room in that way. You shake the looking-glass.

*Sat* Ah, papa, you don't know what love is.

[*Sits.*]

*Tin* I beg your pardon. I knew what it was before you were born ; and I can assure you, if you'd only reflect coolly and calmly on the subject—

*Sat* Three whole months since I first met Robin! Three whole months have we been kept waiting to be married by these horrid English forms and formalities! Why can't people get married without banns and settlements and lawyers and parsons?

*Tin* Well, some people *do* manage without—[*suddenly*—] but they are very wrong.

*Sat* Well, at any rate, when he does come back, there'll be no obstacle then.

*Tin* Oh, won't there, though?

*Sat* [*Throwing down chair as she rises, and rushing to her father*] What! there will be, papa?

*Tin* [*Cutting himself.*] Ah! there, you've done it!

*Sat* Done what?

*Tin* I've cut myself. I knew I should.

*Sat* [*Seizing his chin with the towel.*] Oh! never m.nd, papa, it's nothing.

*Tin* I know it's not, but it stings for all that.

*Sat* It will soon stop.

*Tin* Now, look here, Satanella, if you want to talk to me, talk to me at a distance. I can always hear much better a little way off.

*Sat* [*Picking up the chair, and giving piece of it to TINKLE.*] Oh! very well, papa. Here.

*Tin* I don't want it.

[*Takes piece of chair.*]

*Sat* Papa! papa!

*Tin* What now?

*Sat* [*Giving the rest of the chair*] Here, papa. But you said there was an obstacle—what is it? What more is wanting!

*Tin* My consent.

*Sat* Your consent?

*Tin* Of course. You can't marry without my consent—that's the law here.

*Sat* I'm ashamed of you, papa. What! because you don't love my Robin, I'm not to love him either?

*Tin* Oh, yes; you may love him—but that's all.

*Sat* And I'm not to marry him unless you love him too?

*Tin* No.

Sat That's the law here, is it—and free and independent electors submit quietly to such rubbish?

Tin [*Wiping the razor and putting it on mantel-piece.*] They do, they do, my child. As to Robin—

Sat Oh, papa, I love him.

Tin He hasn't got sixpence—

Sat Poor Robin!

Tin And passes his existence with a glass of pale ale in one hand and a billiard cue in the other.

Sat And yet I love him.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Tin You'll be wretched together.

Sat What! with Robin—my own little "Cock Robin!" I tell you I love him. [*TINKLE hums a tune.*] Then you won't give your consent?

Tin No.

Sat No? [*Takes up the razor.*] Unnatural father!

Tin What has she got there? Good gracious! my razor!

Sat [*Pacing the room, brandishing razor, TINKLE following her.*] Oh!

Tin Will you give me that razor?

Sat Will you consent?

Tin No.

Sat [*Flourishing the razor.*] No?

Tin Yes, yes, I consent.

Sat [*Throwing the razor on the ground and rushing into her father's arms.*] Oh, thanks! thanks, papa—my good little papa!

Tin Now you want to strangle me. [*Puts the razor in his pocket.*]

Sat But I can't understand his silence, can you, papa? Three whole days, and not a line—not a word. I know what I'll do—I'll write to him at once, and if I don't get an answer to-morrow, off I start for Boulogne. Papa, I'm going to write a letter.

*Enter HANNAH, R. D.*

Hannah, I'm at home to nobody—do you hear? to nobody.

Tin And to think that I should be the father of that flash of lightning. Hannah, my coat and hat. [*Exit L. D.*]

Han Directly, sir.

Tin [*Alone.*] Let her marry her Robin, and be hanged! After all, what does it matter to me? Anything for a quiet life. And now I think of it, her marriage will just fall in with my plans. I have heard of a nice little villa to be let at Tooting, with green blinds and red flower-pots. If it shouldn't turn out too dear, my dream of last night may be realized. [*Exit R. D.*]

*Enter HANNAH, with coat and hat, R. door.*

Han Here's your coat and hat, sir.

Tin Help me on with it, and I will go and live all alone, calm and tranquil.

Han [*Giving hat.*] Shall you dine at home, sir?

*Tim* I don't know ; perhaps I may, perhaps I mayn't. [*Going out.*]  
Calm and tranquil ! If there's a little fountain in front I'll have  
the house at once. [*Exit o. door.*]

*Han* Now, that's a good sort of man—you may lead him by the  
nose like a baby. But his daughter—oh, my stars ! I don't envy  
little Robin, when he comes to be her husband. I know I shouldn't  
like such a wife as that—I'd as soon marry a parched pea ; but it's  
strange how queer some men are, and how they like them kind of  
girls. It keeps them alive. I wonder what took him off so sudden-  
ly to Boulong ? la ! if he should, it wouldn't be the first time it has  
happened. [*Knock*] But no, there he is, that's all right. [*Looking off,*  
*c.*] It isn't him, after all.

*Enter JACK, c. door.*

*Jack* Hilm ? no, it's me.

*Han* Who did you please to want, sir ?

*Jack* Miss Satanella Tinkle ; a Mexican lady grafted on an Eng-  
lish stock.

*Han* All right, sir, it's here.

*Jack* And she's not at home, eh ? so much the better. [*Sits n. c.*]  
It will give me time to prepare for the interview.

*Han* I beg pardon, sir ; but she is at home.

*Jack* [*Jumping up.*] Is she ? so much the better ! Go and tell her—

*Han* Oh, no, sir, I can't do that ; missus is writing, and she told  
me particularly that she wasn't at home to nobody.

*Jack* [*Seating himself again.*] Then, why did you tell me she was ?  
So much the better, I shall have time to prepare myself for the in-  
terview.

*Han* [*Aside.*] I hardly know what to do. Missus is so cantanker-  
ous ; if I don't tell her, perhaps she'll fly into a passion. [*Aloud.*]  
Your name, sir, please ?

*Jack* My name ?

*Han* Yes, sir, to tell missus ; who shall I tell her, please ?

*Jack* Tell her—a bird of ill omen !

*Han* A bird ?

*Jack* No ! [*Aside.*] That won't do, it would be too sudden.

*Han* Well, sir ?

*Jack* Is your mistress nervous ?

*Han* Lawks, sir !

*Jack* Of course she is. Here, look in my face ; now go and tell  
your mistress that a gentleman asks for her with tears in his eyes.

*Han* Lawks, sir ! I don't see no tears.

*Jack* Of course not ! [*Aside.*] That won't do, it's too sudden.

*Han* [*Aside.*] He's a lunatic !

*Jack* What's your name ?

*Han* What do you want to know for ?

*Jack* Exactly ; You're quite right—what do I want to know for ?  
No matter, Mexican or English, it's all the same ; Beatrice or Mol-  
ly, it's all one ! You've the prettiest little waist, and the wickedest  
pair of eyes—  
[*Puts arm round her.*]

*Han* Come, I say, sir, is that what you come here for?

*Jack* Of course not; you recall me to my duty—thanks, Beatrice or Molly.

*Han* Oh, he must be mad! I shall leave missus to tackle him; she'll soon make him speak out. I shall go down to my kitchen.

*Jack* Where are you going?

*Han* Down to my kitchen.

[Exit, *z. door.*]

*Jack* Quite right, Beatrice or Molly. Here I am; then, on the eve of my mission—confound Robin Brittletope; say I; a pretty task he has given me. Yesterday afternoon in the middle of a game of billiards, he suddenly seized my arm, just as I was contemplating a splendid carom. "Jack," said he, "are you my friend?" "For life or death," said I. "For death, then, be it," said he; "if you love me, kill me." "With pleasure," said I, "but why?" "I've been putting my foot in it," said he. "In what?" said I. "You remember," said he, "the little Mexican girl I told you I was going to marry? It's off! and I must be off; too, or I shall be murdered! She's too much for me, Jack, I can't undertake her—she's a thunbolt—a tornado! I know I should faint at the altar to which she wants to drag me. What's to be done? If I don't marry her, I tell you she'll kill me; now, if I must die, I'd rather die by your hand than hers. I told her I was off to Boulogne; but I'm only hiding at Ball's Pond. Go to her—choke her off—tell her I'm dead; tell her I'm buried—anything, only her choke off!" Choke her off! Did you ever hear such an expression? However, I agreed to help him, because—I don't mind owning it—because I think it will rather help myself. I've been looking out for a wife ever so long, and I have envied him his Mexican conquest; so if she's only half as beautiful as he says she is, and only half as spiey, she may turn out the very girl to suit me. I love thunderbolts! I adore tornadoes! Nancy Pottles—pooh! he may have Nancy Pottles; a suet dumpling—boiled mutton without caper sauce! Now, I like capers; I've been cutting them all my life, and I'm used to them. A Mexican, too! I've dreamt of them—splendid creatures! all over spangles and feathers, with eyes like bullets, and petticoats up to their knees. I'll have a look at the young savage, I'm determined, and if her Peruvian blood warms towards me, I'll wed the tornado off-hand and take all the consequences. So, here goes for the conquest of Mexico. By Jove! she's coming! Attention, Jack.

*Enter SATANELLA, D. L., with a letter in her hand.*

*Sat* I've written my letter—now to post it. [Sees JACK] A stranger!

*Jack* Madam. [Aside] Splendid, sure enough!

*Sat* You were asking for—

*Jack* Miss Satanella Tinkle.

*Sat* At your service.

*Jack* [Aside] At my service; by Jove, she's a clipper! [Aloud] Madam, I've an important communication to make to you.

*Sat* A communication?



Jack [*Aside*] I must be very serious.

Sat I'm all attention.

[*Points to a seat. JACK places a chair, L. C. She sits.*  
Jack [*Sitting, R. C.*] Madam— [*Aside*] I don't know how to begin. [*Aloud*] Madam, I have just come back from Boulogne.

Sat [*Jumps up, and in doing so knocks over her chair. JACK, frightened, does the same.*] From Boulogne? [*Crosses, R.*

Jack [*Aside*] I was too sudden. [*Aloud*] Yes, from Boulogne, where I was staying with my friend, Robin.

Sat [*Interrupting*] Robin! Are you a friend of Robin's?

Jack I was—that is—oh, yes, an intimate friend.

Sat [*Angrily*] And why isn't he here with me as he promised—as he swore? Why doesn't he write to me? Tell me why—why? [*Stamping.*

Jack [*Aside*] How grand she is when she's in a passion!

Sat Well, your answer. Will you answer?

Jack [*Smiling*] With pleasure. [*Aside*] I must be very serious. Robin is still at Boulogne, and he charged me to break to you the reason of his absence.

Sat Break to me? Well, go on! Warm up—warm up!

Jack [*Aside*] Her impatience is magnificent. [*Aloud*] Madam—

Sat Go on, sir; go on!

Jack [*Aside*] I mustn't tell her too abruptly. [*Aloud*] Robin told you, I believe, that business took him to Boulogne.

Sat And didn't it? Has he deceived me?

Jack No, no; not exactly. Only as to the object of his journey. There are but two things that take a man to Boulogne.

Sat And they are—

Jack Either to avoid his creditors—

Sat Ruined?

Jack No, no; that's not his case.

Sat Or—?

Jack Or to fight a duel.

Sat A duel! Was that the object of his journey?

Jack It was.

Sat And he's wounded?

Jack Madam!

Sat Slightly—tell me it's nothing—tell me it's nothing at all.

Jack Nothing at all! no, I can't. Ah! if you only knew!

Sat Heavens!

Jack [*Aside*] Now's my time.

Sat Robin?

Jack Robin!

Sat Dead? [*JACK remains for a moment without answering, then turns and buries his head in his hands.*] Ah!

Jack Madam!

Sat Dead!

[*Falls fainting on sofa, R.*

Jack [*Aside*] Holloa! I've been too sudden: she has actually fainted. Oh, by Jove, how stupid that is now! Madam! I'd better call somebody. No, no, we musn't let anybody else into the secret.

Pray, madam, let me beg of you—I ought to cut her stay lace—no I mustn't do that—how pretty she is! Pretty! No she isn't. She's beautiful! How beautiful we all look when we faint. What an ass that Robin must be to neglect such a—her color's coming again—she's reviving—I think I'll be off; no, I won't; I'll see the end of it, I'm determined.

*Sat* [*Reviving*] Where am I?

*Jack* [*Aside*] I wonder why they always ask that. [*Aloud*] Madam!

*Sat* Who speaks? who are you? ah!

*Jack* Be calm, I beg.

*Sat* [*Rising*] That voice, that horrible voice!

*Jack* Thank you.

*Sat* Ah! I recollect now. My dear little Robin—my little Cock Robin—my intended—my life, my soul! Dead! dead!

[*Falls on sofa, sobbing.*]

*Jack* [*Aside*] Confound it; I begin to be quite ashamed of myself. I'll tell her all at once; all—all what? That we've been making a fool of her? No, that won't do. How she does cry! [*Aloud*] Come, come, my dear young lady!

*Sat* [*Suddenly rising, and wiping her eyes*] But enough of this weakness; no more tears. What! a monster has killed my Robin—and I weep instead of avenging him? Sir, you were the second in this duel, were you not?

*Jack* Yes, that's to say—exactly—I did all I could—but alas!

*Sat* Then you know the motive—?

*Jack* The motive—yes—of course.

*Sat* Well, speak—the motive?

*Jack* A foul stroke.

*Sat* A foul stroke?

*Jack* Yes, at billiards; you know Robin adored billiards. I'll explain it all to you. Robin, you see, only wanted two points—

*Sat* Enough—enough. [*Aside*] There's no woman in the case, so it doesn't matter. And his adversary?

*Jack* His adversary?

*Sat* His name—his adversary's name?

*Jack* You want me to tell you—

*Sat* The name of his assassin. Come, speak out.

*Jack* Ah! the name—exactly—yes, yes—but you see I was only Robin's second. I don't know who his adversary was.

*Sat* Nonsense; his second must have known—

*Jack* Certainly—that is—he ought to have told me, but—

*Sat* [*Aside*] He's confused. [*Aloud*] And you, sir, who are you? what's your name?

*Jack* Raggett, Jack Raggett. By profession an only son—living on the paternal crumbs; but I've several uncles.

*Sat* Mr. Raggett, dear Mr. Raggett, tell me his name.

*Jack* Whose name?

*Sat* The name of Robin's assassin.

*Jack* I swear to you upon my honor I don't know.

*Sat* It's false!

*Jack* Madam !

*Sat* It's impossible.

*Jack* Well, that's better.

*Sat* I will know his name. Where did they fight ?

*Jack* Where ?

*Sat* You don't know that either, perhaps.

*Jack* Yes, yes, of course, only—*[Aside]* I'm getting quite bothered.

*Sat* *[Aside]* He's more and more confused.

*Jack* It was on the cliff. Do you know Boulogne ?

*Sat* No !

*Jack* *[Aside]* So much the better. *[Aloud]* The town of Boulogne is situated on the side of a hill ; there are several gates leading—

*Sat* Enough, enough ! never mind the gates. *[Crosses to L.]* What time does the train start for Boulogne ?

*Jack* What time ? Oh, there are several trains.

*Sat* Then we'll go by the first.

*Jack* We ?

*Sat* Yes, we ! You shall conduct me to the cliff—you shall aid me in the search ; and together we'll discover Robin's assassin.

*Jack* Well, but really, madam—

*Sat* You refuse.

*Jack* No, a—a—

*Sat* A line to my father—a small portmanteau, and off we go.

*Jack* You and I alone ?

*Sat* With my father, of course. Swear that you'll wait here for me.

*Jack* Certainly—only perhaps on reflection you may—

*Sat* Swear !

*Jack* I swear !

*Sat* By what ?

*Jack* By the shade of Robin !

*Sat* Thanks, thanks. *[Taking his hand]* I'll not be a minute, then we'll be off to Boulogne, express train. Remember your promise.

*Jack* Yes !

*Sat* Swear !

*Jack* I swear ! *[Exit SATANELLA, door, L. JACK alone, putting on his hat]* I'm off to Ball's Pond, "express train." It's a shabby thing to do, but I can't stand any more of this. What, break my oath ? Pooh ! I only swore by the shade of Robin, so that's not binding. Where's my hat ? She's charming, delicious. But a journey to Boulogne, only to be found out in a lie, hang it all ; and with her father, too ! seventy miles and more, besides the boat. No, that's going a little too far. Where's my hat ? The joke has lasted long enough—where the deuce is my—*[Sees himself in the glass—puts his hand to his head]* Oh, here it is, now I'm off !

*[Goes to C. door, meets TINKLE, who is entering.]*

*Tin* Holloa ! What, Jack Raggett !

*Jack* *[Aside]* My old gentleman at the club ! confound it, I was playing whist with him till twelve o'clock last night, he'll knock over my alibi.

*Tin* Why, what brings you to my house ?

*Jack* Your house—eh? Tinkle? why of course, you are her father—exactly. Tinkle, I congratulate you.

*Tin* That's all very well, but what brings you here?

*Jack* I've just had the pleasure of announcing to your daughter, some very sad news.

*Tin* Indeed! what was it?

*Jack* No, no! I've had enough for one morning, I can't begin again; she'll tell you all about it. [Going.]

*Tin* [Holding him back] Mr. Raggett, recollect, sir, I'm a father.

*Jack* [Aside] So he is, and father of a bewildering daughter. Suppose I sound him as to his views. [Aloud] You know Robin Brittle-top?

*Tin* Know him! I should rather think I did. [Aside] A deuced deal too well.

*Jack* He has just been killed in a duel.

*Tin* [Joyfully] Nonsense!

*Jack* [Assonished] What?

*Tin* No, I don't mean that. Of course I'm sorry—poor fellow—deeply sorry—poor boy! only you see [Joyfully] it suits my arrangements.

*Jack* Really?

*Tin* Yes! He didn't suit me at all; and I'm sure my daughter would have been wretched with him. In my character of individual, I regret it; but in my character of father, I'm delighted.

*Jack* [Aside] The deuce he is; oh, then I may let him into the secret. [Aloud] Tinkle, [Mysteriously] Hush! Robin is just as well as you or I.

*Tin* What, Robin who was killed in a duel?

*Jack* Not a bit of it—there was no duel.

*Tin* So much the worse.

*Jack* In one word, Robin repents the promise he made your daughter; he wishes to break off. You understand?

*Tin* Go on.

*Jack* And to escape her vengeance he induced me to see her and announce his death. I've just done it beautifully—a duel—Boulogne, &c., &c.

*Tin* Good gracious! what a rage she must have been in! [With interest] I hope she hasn't hurt you?

*Jack* No, thank you. She cried a good deal and fainted a little. Her sorrow was sublime. And what do you think? We're going to Boulogne together.

*Tin* Who?

*Jack* Your daughter and I.

*Tin* My daughter?

*Jack* Yes, and you—all three of us.

*Tin* She smells a rat, then.

*Jack* Not at all. She fell souse into the trap. But she vows vengeance on the head of Robin's assassin. She insists that I shall give her up the name of the murderer. [SATANELLA appears listening at door, L.] But as at present Robin's only assassin is myself—

*Sat* [*Aside*] What do I hear ?

*Jack* You may judge of the scrape I'm in.

*Sat* [*Aside*] Scrape !

*Tin* Why didn't you tell her the first name that came into your head ?

*Jack* No name did come into my head.

*Tin* When she asked you " Who killed Cock Robin ? " you should have said, " I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow "—

*Jack* " I killed Cock Robin. "

[*Both laugh.*]

*Sat* [*Aside*] What mystery is this ?

*Jack* You see the scrape I'm in. I nearly betrayed myself a dozen times. I was in an awful fright ; for I wouldn't have had her know the truth for worlds.

*Sat* [*Aside*] I dread to hear why.

*Tin* Why not ?

*Jack* Ah ! that's the point. I heard so much about your daughter from little Robin that my curiosity was aroused.

*Tin* Really !

*Jack* Her eyes have already pierced a hole through my heart. Tinkle, I love that tumultuous child.

*Sat* [*Aside*] What !

*Jack* Yes, I adore these exotic plants ; I adore foreign wares—foreign wines—foreign spirits. I hate your British milk-and-water shops !

*Tin* Really ! you love my daughter ?

*Jack* Passionately.

*Sat* [*Aside*] He loves me ! oh, horror !

*Tin* My dear Raggett ! [*Aside*] His father's rich. [*Aloud*] I feel flattered by your offer ; but—

*Jack* You refuse ?

*Tin* I accept.

[*They shake hands.*]

*Sat* [*Aside*] What a discovery !

*Tin* Well, if Satanella says yes—stop ! a capital idea ! We're all going to Boulong, ain't we ? Well, we all travel together—you pay her attentions—you sympathize with her—

*Jack* I see—capital ! Thanks, Tinkle—I'm the happiest of men !

*Tin* No you're not. I'm the happiest of men ; I've got rid of that horrid little Robin. Oh, how kind of you, to kill him !

*Sat* Ah !

*Jack* [*Seeing SATANELLA.*] Hush ! she's there, attention !

*Tin* [*Aside*] You are right, we must put on an air of sorrow. [*Approaches SATANELLA, putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*] Satanella ! Satanella !

*Sat* [*Who has been standing lost in thought.*] Who calls me ?

*Tin* Nobody—that's to say, nobody in particular ! your father—your poor old father. But let us go.

*Sat* Go where ?

*Tin* To Boulong.

*Sat* To Boulogne—why there ?

*Tin* Why, you know, Raggett—Mr. Raggett—has just told me—

*Sat* Ah! you know all, then?

*Tin* I know all. Wretched fate!

*Sat* And you regret him, don't you?

*Tin* Bitterly! bitterly! and the proof is, that I'm ready to help you in your search.

*Sat* My search! what search?

*Tin* Why, ain't we going to seek out the assassin?

*Sat* [*Crosses to JACK.*] The assassin—Robin's assassin—what's the matter, Mr. Raggett?

*Jack* Nothing! nothing!

*Sat* One would think you were embarrassed!

*Jack* No—not at all! only—

*Sat* [*Aside*] His remorse overwhelms him. [*Aloud*] You were his friend, were you not? I say, were you not his friend?

*Tin* Oh! never mind that now, we shall have time to talk about that in the train.

*Sat* Train! what train?

*Tin* Why, didn't Raggett—Mr. Raggett, tell me that you—

*Sat* Oh, yes, yes! I did at first, but I've changed my mind. I'm not going.

*Jack* What?

*Tin* Not going?

*Sat* Why should I seek out his wretched adversary? It is fate—fate alone that's to blame.

*Tin* Well, there's something in that. [*Aside to JACK*] She has calmed down.

*Jack* It's the rainbow after the storm.

*Enter HANNAH, R. door.*

*Han* Please, miss, breakfast's ready.

*Sat* Hannah! another cup and saucer.

*Tin* Another cup and—

*Sat* Why, of course, papa. You know Mr. Raggett has just come from Boulogne; and after traveling so far on our account—Mr. Raggett, you will breakfast with us.

*Jack* [*Crosses to SATANELLA*] With the greatest pleasure. [*Aside to TINKLE*] The storm has cleared the weather.

*Sat* Papa, show Mr. Raggett the way. I'll follow you, directly.

*Tin* This way, then. You'll find the muffins excellent. [*Aside*] The glass is rising.

*Jack* I hope it's at set fair. [*Exit, JACK and TINKLE, R. door.*]

*Han.* [*Aside*] The lunatic's going to stop to breakfast, after all.

[*Exit, R. door*]

*Sat* [*Alone, suddenly bursts out*] I've got him? He's Robin's assassin! My father knew it all the time. They think that I'll marry him—and I've looked on quietly. I've not sprung upon them like a lioness—like a wounded panther. But the moment's at hand, and—no! it's not by the poniard's point that he must perish. Great crimes call for great vengeance. Die he must, but not by the dagger. No! he must be pricked to death with red hot needles. He

loves me ; would marry me. Well, why not ? [*Savagely*] Why not ? His name—his honor must be mine ! mine ! Ah ! with what rapture will I enunciate the fatal “yes” which gives him up to me. No young bride ever pronounced that word with more joy than I shall do. When they ask me, “Will you take this man for your wedded husband ?” I shall drop my eyes to the bouquet in my hand, and with rage in my heart, and menaces on my lips, I shall answer, “Yes, yes, yes.” Oh, Robin ! I promise you a vengeance unknown to Europeans—a Mexican vengeance. And now, be still, my heart ; be calm, my nerves ; the time is come for action. Revenge dwells in my bosom—but peace sits on my brow. [*Very sweetly*] And now I’ll go to breakfast.

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 ACT II.

SCENE—A bedroom at TINKLE’S. In flat, C., a bed in an alcove. Bell pull near bed, R. Stool in front. R. of stool a boot. L. of stool a slipper ; watch under pillow. Door, L., in flat. R. a boot hung on a nail over a picture. A large vase in corner of flat, L. R. 1 E. ; a chimney-piece with a clock on it set at 10 o’clock. “Bradshaw’s Guide” on the mantel-piece. Door of cupboard, R. 2 E., with a coat and waistcoat inside, and a portmanteau and pistol. A slipper hung from a string at the top of the door inside. Table, R., with sugar case, match box, smoking cup and newspaper on it. Braces on the back of chair. Arm chair, R. 1 E. L., a window, with curtains drawn, and Holland blinds drawn down. L. 2 E., door of SATANELLA’S room. Table down, L., with a dark lantern on it, and a piece of chalk. Small stool near table, L.

JACK discovered lying outside the bed asleep, without his boots. Dressing gown on. SATANELLA is standing on a chair at the back, on the R. of bed, with a ball of white worsted, tying one of JACK’S boots to a picture. She comes down and takes the dark lantern, and turns it toward the boot.

Sat Yes, that will do. I think that’ll have a fine effect. But, perhaps he won’t see it ; stay, this worsted’s the thing. [*Puts the lantern on table, takes ball of worsted, gets on chair, ties the end of the wool to the boot, comes down and draws the wool along the floor to the table, L. With a bit of chalk she writes on the table, speaking as she writes*] “Follow the thread.” [*Jumps up and turns towards the bed*] Is he waking ? No ! [*JACK snores*] Actually snoring—the wretch—after such a day as I made him pass ; and this is all the effect it has had upon him. Never mind, I’ve more needles for him ! Let’s see that I’ve forgotten nothing. [*Sits at table L. Takes out a note book and reads by the light of the lantern*] “1st needle—Loosen screws of bed cornice so that it may fall on nose.” That’s done, and a pretty job it was. While

they all thought I was dozing, and he was running about town to find me a doctor, I was at work. "2d needle—Rip up segars." That's done. "3d—Put pepper in smoking cap." Done. "4th—Sew handkerchief in pocket." Sewn. "5th—Hide one slipper and one boot—put on clock—put back watch—leave only three pence in pocket—and cut springs of braces." All done. "Wake him up with a sudden shock, and frighten him out of his senses." That's still to be done. [*Rises, and goes with lantern to door, L., flat*] Jack Raggett! assassin of the innocent Robin! your fate is at hand! the hour of vengeance has struck! [*On the last word she takes up a large vase and throws it down with a loud crash, and exits door, L.*

Jack [*Jumping up*] Come in! what's the matter? who's there? [*Putting his head out through the curtains*] Nobody! what in the world has happened? I thought I heard a shot, or a sneeze, or something of the sort—I suppose I was dreaming, oh! nobody's likely to sneeze here; and yet I'm married—married ever since yesterday morning; and a pretty day and night I've had of it. All seems quiet—it must have been fancy. I wonder what o'clock it is—still dark—where's my repeater? [*Takes out a watch which is hanging at the side of the bed—it strikes four*] Four o'clock! only four! Oh, what a weary night! I couldn't go to bed—I only lay down in my clothes, in case I had to run for a doctor again—I must try and go to sleep once more. [*Turns round on the pillow—clock on the mantel-piece strikes, JACK counts with it*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ten o'clock! what does that mean? ten o'clock! my watch says it's only four. [*Sitting on the bed*] But if it's ten o'clock I ought to have been called. [*Draws the curtains, which bring down the whole of cornice upon him*] Holloa! what's that? here, murder, thieves! let me go, let me go! How stupid I am! It's myself, I've got hold of the curtains—no it's the curtains have got hold of me. [*Fighting with them*] Well, this is a pleasant commencement of my second day. Where's the window? let's see. [*Opens the window curtains and blind—full daylight comes in*] The deuce! why it's broad daylight. The clock must have been right then. Where are my slippers? [*Puts on one which he finds at the foot of the bed*] Now where's the other? no signs of it; where the deuce can it be? never mind, I'll put on my boots instead. [*Puts on the one he finds at the foot of the bed*] Now where's the other? well that's pleasant; one boot and one slipper! What can Hannah be about? she was to call me at nine o'clock—she must have come in without my hearing her—but the idea of carrying off one of my boots! [*While he speaks takes off dressing gown, puts on one of his braces, it snaps in two*] Botheration! there goes my brace. [*Puts on the other in a great rage, it snaps also*] Confound it! there goes the other. [*Throws them on the floor*] Where's my cap? here it is. [*Puts it on*] Now I can go and call Hannah! stop though, I mustn't wake them if it's only four. [*Sneezes*] What a smell of pepper there is—I must have heard her if she had knocked—It can't be nine o'clock yet—well I won't disturb the house—I must wait patiently. [*Sits at table, R.*] I'll have a cigar. [*Takes a cigar, with match, R., table*] What a bore it is hobbling about



with one boot and one slipper ; a nice pleasant time I've had of it altogether. [*Sneezes*] What can be this smell of pepper. [*Tries to light his cigar*] First of all the courtship ; that was enough to drive any fellow mad ; one day she wouldn't, the next she would, then she wouldn't again, and so on for a month ; till I thought we never should come to an end. However, at last the happy moment actually arrived, and yesterday morning, 'exactly at 11. 30. as Bradshaw would say, with a loud voice, she pronounced the charming "yes" that made her mine for ever. [*Finding that he can't get the cigar to light he throws it in the fire-place and takes another*] Out of church we all came radiant with joy and our eyes full of—[*Sneezes*] Confound it ! what a smell of pepper—our eyes full of tobacco—I mean tears—the carriage was at the door, which was to convey us home to our hasty luncheon. With a bound I sprang out upon the pavement—with another out sprang my wife—a shriek followed—I rushed to her aid and ejaculated. [*Throwing away second cigar*] Deuce take the cigars ! what's the matter with them ? [*Takes a third*] In an agony I ejaculated, "Satanella ! my wife !" She had fainted. In jumping from the carriage she had sprained her ankle, and we had to carry her into old Tinkle's house again, and put her to bed. There was a nice beginning. Off I went post haste for a doctor, and when I brought him, she had dropped off to sleep, and couldn't see him. [*Trying to light cigar*] After an hour's nap she woke, and I ran for another, but she said he was too young, and wouldn't have him. Off I went again and caught a third—with a bald head and spectacles ; she said he was an old fool, and I had to kick him down stairs. At last, with tears in my eyes I exclaimed—Damn the cigars, they're not worth a dump. Can't get one—[*Examines them*] Why they are—[*Sneezes*] My nose is full of pepper. [*Taking off his cap and smelling it*] And sure enough here's the pepper castor ! What the deuce has Hannah been putting pepper in my castor—I mean cap for ? To keep off the moths I suppose—what an idea. [*Throws cap away*] And my cigars too, all—[*Sneezes*] Where's my handkerchief ? [*Trying to pull it out of his pocket*] Why it's sewn in ! somebody has sewn it in like a little child's, when he's going to school. Oh, by Jove ! I can't stand this. It's too bad—and I will find out who has dared to—[*Seizes the bell rope near the bed*] I'll wake them all up. [*Rings the bell*] Hannah ! Hannah !

Han [*Without*] Did you call, sir ?

Jack There she is, at last.

Tin [*Without*] What's the matter ?

Jack Father-in-law, too.

[*Goes and opens the door, L. C.*]

*Enter HANNAH and TINKLE, door in flat.*

Han [*L.*] Ain't you well, sir ?

Tin [*R.*] Shall I send for the engines ?

Jack [*O. to HANNAH*] Come here and answer me.

Han Sir !

Tin Whatever's the matter ?

Jack Never you mind ; your turn will come presently. Now answer me. [*To HANNAH.*] What's o'clock ?

*Tin* What! was it only to know what's o'clock that you—

*Jack* [*To TINKLE.*] Your turn will come presently. [*To HANNAH.*] What's o'clock, I say?

*Han* Half-past eight, sir.

*Jack* Then why does my watch say four, and my clock ten.

*Han* I'm sure I don't know, sir; you must ask the clock-maker.

*Tin* Why, of course; how can the girl—

*Jack* Tinkle, be quiet; your turn hasn't come yet. [*To HANNAH.*] Why did you put pepper into my smoking-cap?

*Han* Me! I put—

*Tin* Pepper! did she put pepper—

*Jack* Why did you rip up my cigars?

*Han* Rip up—

*Tin* Rip up—

*Jack* Why did you sew my handkerchief in my pocket?

*Han* Well, if ever I—

*Tin* What! did she sew the handkerchief—

*Han* I never did nothing of the kind!

*Jack* [*Showing his pocket.*] What do you call that?

*Han* It wasn't me.

*Jack* And my bed-curtains, and my slippers, and my boots?

*Tin* What! did she sew your bed-curtains and your boots?

*Jack* Tinkle, will you hold your tongue? [*To HANNAH.*] Now answer.

*Han* I don't know what you're talking about.

*Tin* No more do I.

*Jack* I have been made a living target, into which some invisible hand has been shooting poisoned arrows. Look here—only one boot! where's the other—one slipper, where's the other?

*Han* [*Looking about.*] I don't know, I'm sure; but we'll soon—  
[*Seeing writing on table.*]—What's this? "Follow the thread."

[*HANNAH walks along, following the trace of the thread, the other two after her.*]

*Tin* Where in the world are we going to?

*Han* Look! there's the boot!

*Jack* Eh?

*Tin* Oh!

*Jack* Now who could have stuck that up there?

*Han* [*Taking down boot.*] Well, it wasn't me.

*Tin* Nor me.

*Jack* Well, but somebody—

*Han* [*Laughing.*] I see! Please, sir, he's joking with us; he's such a merry gentleman.

*Jack* Merry, indeed! Oh, yes, I've reason to be merry. [*To HANNAH.*] I tell you it was you; I discharge you.

*Han* Oh, sir, you're not in earnest.

*Tin* What! discharge Hannah!

*Jack* [*Going to TINKLE.*] If it wasn't her, it was you. I discharge you!

*Tin* Jack, you're mad!

*Jack* Well, there are but three of us; it can't be my wife with her sprained ankle.

*Tin* Oh, talking of that, her ankle's better. I suppose—

*Jack* Better, is it?

*Tin* As if you didn't know it! Do you think I didn't hear you tramping about in the night?

*Jack* Me!

*Tin* Yes; I slept under here; that is, I should have slept if you'd been quiet.

*Jack* Me! why, I've never moved all night.

*Tin* Oh, stuff! that won't do. Didn't you shut the door with a bang that shook the house? I thought it was a cannon at first.

*Han* [*A thought suddenly striking her*] Oh! I see it now! I know who's done all this.

*Jack*—You do—who?

*Tin* Who?

*Han* [*To JACK.*] Why, you yourself, to be sure.

*Tin* What! Jack!

*Jack* Me!

*Han* Oh, yes, bless you! I know all about it. I had a cousin who used to walk about in the night. What was it they used to call him?

*Tin* A somnambulist. She's right, Jack—you're a somnambulist.

*Jack* A somnambulist! me! stuff and nonsense!

*Han* A somnambulist—that's it! Oh! you can't recollect anything about it now; it's always the way. One night my cousin came down into my kitchen and kissed me. As I knew it was dangerous to wake a somnambulist I never said a word; and next morning he'd forgotten all about it.

*Jack* What! Is it possible! Could it have been myself?

*Tin* Why, who the deuce should it be?

*Jack* Good gracious! That explains it all. But do you really mean to say I could walk about in my sleep, and rip up my own cigars—put pepper into my own smoking cap, and sew my handkerchief into my—? No! come, that won't do; I can't sew when I'm awake—how can I do it when I'm asleep?

*Han* Lawk, sir, that's nothing! My cousin never could kiss me when he was awake—he could only kiss me when he was asleep. That's what they call second sight.

*Jack* [*Aside*] What a horrible discovery! [*Mysteriously to TINKLE and HANNAH*] Not a word of all this to my wife. What would she think of me? It's an awful discovery!

*Sat* [*Outside*] Help! help!

*Jack* Mercy on me—what's the matter now?

*Tin* My daughter's voice!

*Han* Missus! [*They all go to the door, L., which opens and SATANELLA appears, one foot bound up in flannel.*]

*Sat* Help! A chair—a sofa—support me! [*JACK and TINKLE support her on each side, while HANNAH draws an arm-chair to the C. of stage.*]

*Tin* Why—you're never up?

*Jack* You are better then?

*Sat* Quite the contrary—worse—much worse.

*Jack* But why didn't you ring your bell? I should have heard you in a moment.

*Sat* [*Sitting in arm-chair, c.*] There—there—gently—gently; Hannah, a stool.

*Han* [*Runs and fetches a pillow*] Here's a pillow, ma'am, that'll be better. [*Places the pillow on stool which JACK has placed near her foot.*]

*Jack* [*About to lift her foot*] Let me—

*Sat* Don't touch it! Oh! heavens! the least pressure—[*Puts her foot on stool*] There—there I am.

*Tin* But what made you get up?

*Sat* Well, I felt a little better, so I thought I'd try; but before I got to the door, my foot gave way under me.

*Jack* [*Aside*] Pleasant! it will lay her up still longer.

*Tin* You were very wrong, my dear. In the first place, I can't stay to nurse you, for I have a particular appointment with my friend, Wilkins. Yes, he has promised to let me have his villa at Ealing—and as I lost the one at Tooting—

*Sat* You are not going to leave us, papa!

*Jack* No, you're never going to leave us. [*Aside*] I wish to goodness he would! [*Aloud*] Oh! father-in-law!

*Tin* Exactly—father-in-law—that's it. A father-in-law has no business in the house of a young couple—he's always in the way.

*Sat* Oh! papa!

*Jack* Oh! don't say so. [*Aside*] He's right enough there.

*Tin* So, I've made up my mind—with much sorrow—to go and live all alone—out of town. It's a cruel necessity—but I prefer it. Hannah, get my breakfast—and if you should want the doctor—

*Sat* I know Jack will run for him.

*Jack* [*Aside*] Jack has done nothing else since yesterday morning.

*Tin* [*Kissing SATANELLA*] Good-bye, darling! Now, don't be ill again till after I am gone—because, if you are, you know, I shall have to stay with you, and that will quite put me out in my arrangements. [*Exit, door in flat.*]

*Jack* [*Calling after him*] There's no hurry, father-in-law—take your time.

*Sat* [*Aside*] Now, then, to hear the result of my red hot needles.

*Jack* [*Seating himself close to SATANELLA, R.*] Here we are at last! What an agreeable surprise this is!

*Sat* [*Laughing*] Dear me! you've got one boot on and one slipper!

*Jack* Yes—it's Hannah's doing.

*Han* Mine!

*Jack* Or my own—perhaps it was my own. I've had such a day and night of it that I hardly know what I've been about.

*Sat* [*Aside*] Why, he actually believes—

*Han* Oh, my gracious! look here! The bed curtains are all torn down, and the cornice—

*Jack* Yes, it was me! I tugged a little too hard, and down it all came. We must send for the upholsterer.

*Sat* [*Aside*] He hasn't the least suspicion!

*Jack* [*Aside*] If she only knew I had been walking in my sleep?

*Han* And what a state the room is in!

*Jack* [*Aside*] I wish that girl would go.

*Sat* [*Looking at the clock*] Half-past ten o'clock! I had no idea it was so late.

*Jack* [*Aside*] There we go again!

*Han* La, ma'am, why it's only nine; but I can't tell how it is—master's clock's two hours fast, and his watch four hours slow.

[*Bringing forward the watch.*]

*Jack* [*Taking it from her*] How it is? why nothing can be simpler. I've turned everything topsy turvy. How could I help it? with my wife's ankle in such a state, my head's quite gone.

*Sat* Poor Jack [*Aside*] The man's a fool. [*To HANNAH*] And look at my beautiful vase broken—now, how came that? Pick up those things, Hannah. [*Pointing to braces on the floor*] What are they?

*Han* Why, it's master's braces, I do declare, broke to bits.

*Jack* Yes, I broke them on purpose.

*Sat* On purpose?

*Jack* They were too short, and— [*Aside*] Why won't that girl go?

*Sat* [*Aside*] It won't do. I must double the dose.

*Jack* Come, Hannah, go and get Mr. Tinkle his breakfast. You know he's waiting!

*Han* Yes, only missus may want me, perhaps.

*Jack* No, no. I'll ring if we want you.

*Han* Oh! very well, sir. [*Aside*] Only think of master's being a somnamniblist! [*Exit, door in flat.*]

*Sat* [*Aside*] Oh! you want a *tille-à-tille*, do you? You shall have it, my friend.

*Jack* [*Aside*] There! At last we are alone. [*Sits B. of SATANELLA*] My own little wife!

*Sat* What, dear?

*Jack* My own little wife, I say—for you are my own little wife, ain't you, dear? And this is the first happy moment we've had together.

*Sat* So it is, dear. I'm all yours, ain't I dear? and you're all mine. Nothing can separate us.

*Jack* Separate us! Don't talk of such a thing. Oh, Satanella! I only wish I had a sprained ankle instead of you! A hundred sprained ankles shouldn't prevent me from—

[*Offering to embrace her.*]

*Sat* [*Stopping him*] Do you like going about so—with one boot and one slipper?

*Jack* Like it? No, not at all! If you'll allow me, I'll put on the other boot.

*Sat* Allow you! What an idea? Ain't you my lord and master?

*Jack* [*Aside*] Well, I don't know; [*Puts on boot. Aloud*] and I think I'll just shave and dress in Tinkle's dressing-room, while I'm about it. A good splash of cold water will refresh me.

*Sat* So it will, dear. Go into the dressing-room and splash

*Jack* I'll get my things out of the cupboard, and—[*opens the door of cupboard, &c., and gets a knock on the nose from the other slipper, which is hanging to a string*] What's that? My other slipper, I declare!

*Sat* Your slipper! Why, how could it get there?

*Jack* 'Twas me—I put it there. Before I go to bed I always—

*Sat* Always hang one of your slippers by a string in a cupboard?

*Jack* No! I mean, I always hang them both up on the floor, at the foot of the bed.

[*Pulls down slipper, and takes coat and waistcoat out of cupboard.*]

*Sat* [*Aside*] It's very odd. He's astonished at nothing.

*Jack* [*Aside*] Confound my sleep-walking. There's my poor port-manteau ready packed for the wedding trip! [*Aloud*] Now, mind, if you want anything, you're only to call me. I shall hear you in the dressing-room.

[*Crosses behind to L.*]

*Sat* Very well, dear; and don't come unless I do call.. I feel as if a little nap would do me good.

*Jack* That's right, dear. Take a little nap. [*Going.*]

*Sat* [*Pouting*] What, sir! Is that the way you're going to leave a? Without even one little—

*Jack* [*Delighted*] What! darling Satanella! you're an angel!

[*Offers to embrace her.*]

*Sat* [*Screams*] Ah! take care!

*Jack* [*Aside*] Confound that ankle.

[*Exit, door in flat.*]

*Sat* [*Listens for a moment, and, as soon as the door is shut, jumps up, removes the bandage from her ankle, and paces the room*] A complete failure! Yes—I must double the dose. First let me secure the bell—I mustn't leave him such a luxury as that. I must find something to cut the wire. [*Goes to the cupboard, and finds a pistol on the shelf*] What's this? A pistol! Oh! he has got a pistol, has he? Loaded, too—and a cap on—all ready. But I can't cut the bell wire with a pistol. How shall I manage? I must break the wire. [*Puts the pistol in the cupboard, and shuts the door*] Let's see! [*Gets on chair, but is unable to reach the wire*] I'll put the chair on the bed. I think I could reach it then. [*Puts the chair on the bed and gets on it, singing as she does so. Takes the wire in both hands, and tries to break it*] How strong it is! Never mind, with a good pull. [*In pulling the wire the bell rings*] Holloa! I've rung the bell. If Hannah were to catch me—

*Enter HANNAH, door in flat.*

*Han* Did you ring, ma'am?

*Sat* [*Aside*] I'm caught.

*Han* Where is she? Why, there she is, I declare!

*Sat* Hush, not a word!

*Han* You, ma'am! Up there?

*Sat* Not a word, I say. I'll pay you for your silence.

*Han* Well, but what—?

*Sat* Wait a minute. There, [*wire breaks*] it's done. [*Bell rings.*]

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

*Enter JACK, door in flat.*

*Jack* What is it? what's the matter?

*Han* Mercy on us!

*Sat* Heavens!

*Jack* [Looks for the chair where he left SATANELLA, and not finding her, looks round the room; at last seen her] Holloa!

*Sat* [Same position.] Is that you, dear?

*Jack* Me! yes, it is me! what on earth are you doing there?

*Sat* My ankle felt a little better, so I thought I'd try a little walk.

*Jack* [Bursting out] A walk! what, on the top of the bed? Oh! I begin to suspect; I see it at last. I wasn't the sleep-walker, after all. [To SATANELLA and HANNAH] You were the sleep-walkers.

[SATANELLA comes down off bed.

*Han* Oh, sir, I assure you—

*Jack* Get out!

*Han* But, sir—

*Jack* Get out, I tell you! I discharge you!

*Han* Discharge me!

*Jack* [Throwing a pillow at her] Get out, I tell you, or I'll—[HANNAH rushes out door in flat, shuts door after her.] And now, madam, let us understand each other. I seem to have come back at an unlucky moment. What farce is this that you've been playing?

*Sat* [Standing at o. side of bed, arms folded] Farce, do you call it? you'll find it a tragedy.

*Jack* What do you mean?

*Sat* Jack Raggett! you've trodden upon a woman's first love—you've spread a black veil before the heaven of my happiness—you've killed my Robin!

*Jack* Me! [Going towards her] Nonsense!

*Sat* Didn't you kill him?

*Jack* Me! certainly not; and the best proof is, that Robin was not killed at all.

*Sat* Robin not killed?

*Jack* [Checking himself] By my hand—by my hand. [Aside] What was I saying? She loves him, and if she were to know that he was alive—

*Sat* Jack Raggett! I have sworn, and in my country oaths are sacred. Listen: I mean that each of your days shall have its catastrophe—each hour its suffering. You will live upon a bed of thorns—upon a gridiron—and every now and then I shall turn you.

*Jack* What! [Advances] Mrs. Raggett!

*Sat* Back, assassin!

*Jack* Mrs. Raggett!

*Sat* Jack Raggett, you've heard your fate!

[Exit door L.

*Jack* Oh, by Jove! this is beyond everything—my head swims round—I'm shut up in a cage tete-a-tete with an untamed lioness. I've no chance with her! [Drops on chair, R.] There, let her devour me.

*Enter TINKLE, gaily, door in flat.*

*Tin* All's going on capitally.

*Jack* The duncie it is.

*Tin* Ah, Jack Raggett, my dear friend, I shall have the house at Ealing : Wilkins has given me ten minutes for my decision. I know he'll take my terms, and I shall live calm and tranquil for the rest of my days.

*Jack* Calm and tranquil ! Oh ! you flatter yourself, do you ? And you've been her accomplice all this time ?

*Tin* Whose accomplice ?

*Jack* The accomplice of the tigress whose father you pretend to be.

*Tin* Pretend to be ! Mr. Raggett—

*Jack* Her accomplice ! own it—let me have, at least, a man to deal with.

*Tin* What do you mean ? Are you walking in your sleep again ?

*Jack* Walking in my sleep ! No more of that nonsense—the vail's torn from my eyes ; I've found out my secret enemy.

*Tin* You have ! and who is it ?

*Jack* Your horrible daughter—your daughter whom you tricked me into marrying !

*Tin* Satanella ! what—with her sprained ankle ?

*Jack* Sprained ankle, indeed ! A pretty fool you've both been making of me.

*Tin* Well, but why should she ?

*Jack* Why ? To avenge her Robin, whom she accuses me of having killed.

*Tin* Oh, you're joking !

*Jack* [Seizing him] Joking ! you shall see whether I'm joking.

*Tin* Help ! help ! murder !

*Enter SATANELLA, in walking-dress, door L.*

*Sat* What's the matter ?

*Jack* [Throws TINKLE from him, who falls upon a chair, near table, R.]  
The matter ? Oh ! [Rushes out door in flat.]

*Tin* Oh, good gracious !

*Sat* What's the matter, papa, you seem agitated ?

*Tin* Agitated ! I should rather think I was.

*Sat* Well, but what is it ?

*Tin* Never mind ; only let me get out of this den.

*Sat* But where's my husband—where's he gone ?

*Tin* Don't ask me, I've nothing to do with it ; settle it among yourselves. Good bye ! [Going.]

*Sat* You shall not go till you've told me all.

*Tin* All ! you want to know all ? well, you shall—it isn't long ; two words are enough. Robin's alive !

*Sat* Alive !

*Tin* He never fought at all—not such an aw. He said to himself, "I've had enough of that Mexican wild cat," and he asked that idiot, Jack Raggett, to come here and announce his death, and Jack Raggett was idiot enough to—

*Sat* Robin alive ! Robin capable of such treachery—no—no—it's impossible ! [Crosses to R.]



*Tin* Impossible, is it? What if I were to tell you that he's already consoling himself with another!

*Sat* Another!

*Tin* Yes; he's at this very moment paying a visit to a fair lady—number ten, Bates' Buildings.

*Sat* Bates' Buildings—number ten! What, in the next street, and not at Boulogne?

*Tin* No—he has changed his residence; but not his morals.

*Sat* It's too horrible for belief!

*Enter JACK, door in flat.*

*Jack* [c.] Mrs. Jehn Raggett; I had five sovereigns in my purse this morning; what have you done with them?

*Sat* [Locks the door of her own room, L., and goes to the door in flat] You shall know when I return.

*Jack* Where are you going?

*Sat* Number ten Bates' Buildings.

[Exit, door in flat.]

*Jack* Bates' Buildings! number ten—why how did she know.

[Turns to TINKLE] This is your doing—Bates' Buildings! number ten! who could have told her? It must've been you—Bates' Buildings! That's Fanny Pottles's! what can she want there?

*Tin* She want's Robin, who is there—I saw him go in not ten minutes ago.

*Jack* [Furious] And you've had the infamy to [Rushes at TINKLE and shakes him and then runs to the door] Locked! Tinkle, she has locked us in! [Rushes to bell-rope, pulling it] Hannah! no bell! broken! everything's broken! my heart's broken!

*Tin* And my appointment broken. Wilkins is waiting for me—the ten minutes are gone.

*Jack* [Rushing at TINKLE] You old scoundrel, this is your doing! [TINKLE runs, tumbling over the furniture—JACK pursuing him—TINKLE sinks into a chair, L. of B. table—JACK into a chair, R. of L. table] You are beneath contempt.

*Tin* I'm glad to hear it.

*Jack* [Calmly] Tinkle, what's o'clock?

*Tin* What's o' what?

*Jack* What's o'clock.

*Tin* I don't know—I don't know anything.

*Jack* Can't you look at the clock? That's of no use! Where's my watch? nor that either—both wrong! everything's wrong! I'm wrong! you're wrong! my wife's wrong! [Goes to window] No signs of her. Tinkle, how long has she been gone?

*Tin* Gone! where? To Bates' Buildings! Oh, I don't know she can't be long—give her time—give her time!

*Jack* Time indeed! Time to my wife to go and see her infernal Robin—She's a nice article.

*Tin* Mr. Raggett, my daughter's incapable of—

*Jack* She's capable of anything.

*Tin* Yes, I believe she is. [Aside] I mustn't contradict; I don't want another shaking.

*Jack* What on earth induced you to tell her where he was gone?

*Tin* I did it for the best—I thought it would soothe her.

*Jack* Oh, indeed! and you thought it would soothe her to tell her that Robin was still alive.

*Tin* Of course I did—my intentions were good—it isn't my fault.

*Jack* [*Calmly*] Tinkle, what's o'clock?

*Tin* I don't know, my watch has stopped.

*Jack* Everything's stopped; there's a cat stopped. [*Lock*] Hush! listen!

*Tin* She's unlocking the door.

*Jack* And she dares return?

*Tin* Jack, be quiet—be calm and tranquil like me.

*Jack* I will! [*Crosses—throws himself into chair, R., takes up a newspaper—puts his legs on another chair*] She shall see how calm I am.

*Tin* [*Aside*] They'll murder each other! If I could only get away to my appointment.

*Enter SATANELLA in great agitation—looks at TINKLE and JACK—takes off her shawl and bonnet, throws them on the bed—comes down and looks again savagely at TINKLE and JACK.*

*Sat* Papa, leave us. [*TINKLE bolts out, door in flat, without a word, slamming door after him—SATANELLA, after remaining a moment looking at her husband, makes a sign of impotence, then bursts out*] I've seen Robin, sir! [*JACK takes no notice*] But not alone—he was with a party in Bates' Buildings—number ten. They were just sitting down to lunch, sir; in an instant I dragged off the table cloth, and broke everything to pieces! [*JACK remains unmoved—she paces the room*] Why did you tell me he was dead? But I know; papa has told me all. It was that little wretch Robin's doing! The monster died from my love and gloried in my sorrow—unheard of cruelty! unheard of infamy! [*Seizes the chair upon which JACK has had his legs, and suddenly sits down upon it, face to face with JACK*] Jack, how shall we kill him?

*Jack* What?

*Sat* We've both been wrong! I thought you were his assassin—I was mistaken. Let us bury the past in oblivion; let us unite our powers for vengeance! [*Jumps up*] Jack! how shall we kill him?

*Jack* You can't be serious!

*Sat* Oh, that I were in Mexico! I wouldn't ask your assistance, there. In this stupid cold climate, a wife's honor belongs to her husband. A coxcomb has insulted your wife; put it out of his power to repeat that insult—kill him!

*Jack* My blood runs cold!

*Sat* If Robin should kill you, I'll not survive you—with one hand I'll kill him, with the other myself! We'll all three perish!

*Jack* You must be mad.

*Sat* Mad!

*Jack* You want me to fight Robin because he refused to marry you. By Jove! I only wish he had.

*Sat* What!

*Jack* Fight him for that indeed! No, no—not exactly.

*Sat* You refuse ?

*Jack* With alacrity.

*Sat* Enough. I only ask the head of Robin to save your own ; you refuse me such a trifle ? We'll say no more about it.

*Jack* What do you mean ?

*Sat* Robin still loves me. [*JACK makes a sign of disbelief—aside*] Will nothing pique him—I'll try. And I love Robin.

*Jack* What do you dare to tell me—? [*Seizing her by the arms*] *Satanella!* Tell me, *Satanella*, how in your beloved country—your adored Mexico—do they treat women of your sort ?

*Sat* You hurt me, I tell you.

*Jack* You refuse to tell me ? Then I'll tell you how we treat them in England.

*Sat* Let me go.

*Jack* We lock them up—we put them on bread and water—we make them ask pardon.

*Sat* Never.

*Jack* On their knees. [*Forces her down on her knees*] Now, listen to me. [*She tries to bite his hand*] Don't bite!—you thought you'd married a lamb—but you'll find out your mistake. *Jack Raggett*, the poor cockney, you'll find more ferocious than all the leopards of Mexico. [*She tries to bite*] Don't bite, I tell you.

*Sat* Oh !

*Jack* I give you one day to live ; but take care—reflect—or tomorrow, I marry again. Now you may go.

[*Raises her and throws her from him.*]

*Sat* [*Remains a moment immovable, looking fiercely around her, on a sudden, she springs towards the cupboard*] Ah ! the pistol.

[*Rushes into cupboard, &c.*]

*Jack* Aha ! [*Rushes after her and locks her in*] We lock them up.

*Sat* Open the door.

*Jack* [*Taking his hat*] I shall be back in three days. It will give you time for reflection.

[*As he is going out, TINKLE enters door in flat—JACK twists him round—he falls on table, L.—exit door in flat.*]

*Tin* I knew it—while I was locked up here—Wilkins closed with somebody else. I've lost the house at Ealing. [*SATANELLA kneels at cupboard door*] What's that ?

*Sat* Will you open the door ?

*Tin* [*Aside*] My daughter locked up ! [*At cupboard*] What are you doing there ?

*Sat* Papa ! papa ! open the door.

*Tin* Why, who locked it ?

[*About to open door.*]

*Sat* My husband !

*Tin* [*Walking away*] Oh ! that's quite another matter.

*Sat* Open, I say.

*Tin* My dear child, a father-in-law must never interfere between man and wife.

*Sat* You refuse!

*Tin* It's a matter of politics—I'm a non-interventionist. I'll go back to the agents.

[*Exit door in flat, running against HANNAH, who enters.*]

*Sac* Papa! What—gone! help—help—Hannah! Hannah!

*Enter HANNAH, door in flat, with tray, cloth, knives, plates, &c. Places them on chair, L. of R. table.*

*Han* What, missus in the cupboard. Is that you, ma'am?

*Sat* Hannah, open the door.

*Han* Yes, ma'am. [*Unlocking door*] Why, how in the world—?

*Sat* Thank you, Hannah, thank you. [*HANNAH lays cloth on table, R.*] Can I believe my senses? Was it really Jack? I didn't think it was in him. He mastered me after all. How grand he was in his anger! [*Turning to HANNAH*] What are you doing there?

*Han* I'm laying the cloth, ma'am.

*Sat* What, here?

*Han* Didn't you say you'd have dinner here, ma'am?

*Sat* Yes, yes—this morning I talked some nonsense of that sort, but now—[*knock at street door*—hark, there's a knock at the door.

*Han* Shall I go and see who it is, ma'am?

*Sat* Of course—fly! Who can it be? [*Exit, HANNAH, D. in F.*] It can't be papa—it can't be my husband! If it should be Robin—yes, the sight of me rekindled his love. Oh! should it be—it must be he!

*Enter HANNAH, door in flat, with a paper.*

*Han* [*Down, R.*] Oh, ma'am, who do you think it is? Mr. Robin himself.

*Sat* I knew it—I knew it. Where is he?

*Han* He's gone, ma'am; ran away as fast as his legs would carry him—but he gave me this paper for you.

*Sat* Give it me, quick. [*HANNAH lays cloth*] I wasn't deceived then: he loves me—I triumph—and will spurn him at my feet!

*Han* What's the matter now, I wonder?

*Sat* What's this? "1865—County Court—Robin Brittle-top—Satanella-Tinkle—the sum of £5 7s. 9d.—broken china, glass, &c." Ah!

[*Drops into a chair, R. table—HANNAH running to her.*]

*Han* Oh, ma'am, ain't you well?

*Tin* [*Coming in door in flat with great precaution, and not seeing SATAN-ELLA*] Hannah, is she still in the cupboard?

*Sat* [*Jumping up and going to him*] Papa! [*TINKLE trying to run away*] Stop!

*Tin* I'll come again, directly.

*Sat* No, papa, stop! Hannah leave us.

*Han* Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, door in flat.*]

*Tin* No; not now, dear—I really can't stay. I've just got news of another villa—at Twickenham.

*Sat* Papa, I'm going to Mexico.

*Tin* What! with your husband!

Sat I've no husband!

Tin No husband! Where's Jack?

Sat I've had enough of husbands. I'm going to live all alone on a desert island.

Tin If you can find one. I wish I could. Desert islands are rather scarce now-a-days.

Sat And you shall go with me, papa.

Tin No, thank you.

Sat Do you refuse?

Tin I do.

Sat Enough—I go alone,

Tin But, my dear child—

Sat You've no child, and I've no father—no husband—no family. I go—farewell. [Exit, door L.]

Tin [Sees her out, then goes on very placidly] Yes; I've just heard of a nice little villa at Twickenham, and if the place isn't too damp, I'll take it at once. I've got an appointment with the agent, and—

*Enter JACK, door in flat. Sees the cupboard door, R. open.*

Jack Oh! they've let her out—so much the better. Ah! there you are.

Tin Yes; I was just going—

Jack And so am I; I'm going.

Tin You—where?

Jack I don't know! Anywhere—everywhere—to the end of the world!

Tin Another desert island wanted.

Jack If you happen to see your daughter, tell her I'm dead.

Tin [Quietly] I will.

Jack Tell her that Robin has killed me. That will please her.

Tin I will.

Jack Now for my trunk.

[Going into cupboard.]

Tin [Goes on with his speech placidly] Yes, it's just at the entrance of Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, close to Hampton Court. It's the very thing for me. Now for the agent.

[Exit, door in flat.]

Sat [With black leather bag, from door, L.] Where's my shawl and bonnet?

Jack [With portmanteau, from cupboard] Where's my "Bradshaw?"

Sat Oh! here they are.

[Taking them from the bed.]

Jack [Finding book on mantelpiece] Oh! here it is.

Sat You here?

Jack [Surprised] There you are!

Sat Are you going away?

Jack I am.

Sat And so am I.

Jack Where are you going?

Sat Wherever you're not.

Jack Just my notion. [Sits at table, R., and marches Bradshaw.]

*Sat* I'm going to Devonshire.

*Jack* Quite right—a warm climate. I'm going to Aberdeen.

*Sat* The best place for you—among the grouse.

*Jack* What train are you going by!

*Sat* The express.

*Jack* Express—Plymouth—there's none till eight o'clock.

*Sat* No?

*Jack* Let's look at the Great Northern. Confound it, nothing till 8.30.

*Sat* What shall I do till eight o'clock?

*Jack* [*Jumping up*] A capital idea! I'll go and dine—that'll fill up the time.

[*Takes portmanteau.*]

*Sat* At the station? So will I.

[*Takes up her bag.*]

*Jack* I wish you a pleasant afternoon.

*Sat* Ditto. [*Both go to the door in flat, bow to each other to pass.*] Oh, sir!

*Jack* After you, madam.

*Enter HANNAH, with soup, door in flat.*

*Han* [*At door*] Here's the soup, ma'am.

[*Takes it to table, &c.*]

*Jack* Soup? It smells nice.

*Han* Oh, it's first-rate, sir.

*Sat* [*Aside*] I shall stop here. [*Puts her bonnet and shawl on the bed.*]

*Jack* [*Putting down his trunk*] I think I'll take a little soup.

[*L. of &c. table.*]

*Sat* [*a. of &c. table*] What! are you going to—

*Jack* Oh, I beg your pardon! were you—

*Sat* Yes; I couldn't very well dine at the station alone.

*Jack* [*Taking up his trunk again*] You're quite right. Take the soup. I wish you a pleasant journey.

[*Exit door in flat.*]

*Sat* Thank you—same to you. What, has he really gone? Never mind, I'll have my dinner. [*Takes soup*] Horrid soup—I'm not in the least hungry. [*Throws down the spoon*] And why should I go to Devonshire?—it's ridiculous! Why should I go at all? Besides, I know Devonshire by heart. Why shouldn't I go to Aberdeen too?—I'm very fond of grouse. Oh! that little wretch Robin! Here have I been doing all this to avenge his death, while he was suing me in the county court—the monster!

*Jack* [*Outside*] Get me a cab, Hannah, as fast as you can.

*Sat* [*Sitting at table, &c.*] It's his voice—he's coming back. I'm so glad!

*Jack* [*Entering door in flat*] I beg your pardon, madam—it's raining cats and dogs. You'll not object to my waiting here while Hannah fetches me a cab?

*Sat* Certainly not, and if you're hungry you'll find the soup excellent.

*Jack* Oh! is it?

*Sat* And if you're not afraid of being poisoned—

*Jack* [*Alarmed*] Eh? [*Laughing*] What an idea!

*Sat* Sit down.

*Jack* With pleasure—that is—no. I've seen too many plays

where husbands and wives who had quarrelled had the imprudence to dine together, and had the folly to make it up with each other before the cheese. Now that's not at all the—cheese for me.

*Sat* [Offering soup] Do you refuse?

*Jack* No, not exactly; but with your permission I'll take my plate a little way off.

*Sat* Where?

*Jack* On this table. [Takes his plate, and sits at table, L.]

*Sat* As you please. Hadn't you better take it on the mat?

*Jack* Thank you, no, I shall do here. But tell me—what are you going away for?

*Sat* Because I can't stay where you are.

*Jack* But I'm going, too, so you can stop.

*Sat* What! all alone?

*Jack* No; with your father and the murdered Robin—

*Sat* Oh! if you mean to insult me—

*Jack* Why, didn't you tell me not ten minutes ago that you loved him still?

*Sat* But you didn't believe me. You know me well enough to guess that I'm not the woman to love a man who insults me. Won't you have a glass of wine? [Pours one out.]

*Jack* Thank you.

[Takes it to table, L.]

*Enter HANNAH, with a partridge on dish.*

*Han* I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; but master sent me to fetch a cab. [To JACK.] It's at the door, sir.

*Jack* [Putting down his glass] Oh! very well. Madam, I—

*Sat* Hannah, leave us.

[HANNAH exits, taking soup tureen, door in flat.]

*Jack* Now, madam, you'll excuse me if—

*Sat* One moment—oh! don't be alarmed, I'm not going to act out the scene of the—cheese; but before you go, some little explanation is necessary.

*Jack* Not at all!

*Sat* Oh, you've plenty of time. What does it matter, whether you dine here or at the station? [Helping him] Take a bit of partridge?

*Jack* I do feel a little hungry—have you any bread? [Carries plate to table, L.] But don't let us have any explanation now.

[At table, L.]

*Sat* [After a short pause] I was a little passionate; but have you nothing to reproach yourself with?

*Jack* Oh, yes, a great deal! I was first to blame—I'd no business to undertake such a ridiculous mission; I confess I was wrong, and am sorry. Were you to say to me, "Prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"—I should reply boldly, "Guilty."

*Sat* You lent yourself to a disgraceful hoax, for the sake of wounding a woman's feelings.

*Jack* No, no—not so.

*Sat* Then what was your object?

*Jack* Well, I confess that Robin said such horrid things about you,

that I'd an irresistible curiosity to see you. The more a woman's abused, the more one longs to know her.

*Sat* What? [*Very sweetly*] Take another glass of wine.

*Jack* With pleasure. [*Crosses to R. table.*]

*Sat* [*Drinking*] Think of the situation you placed me in. I believed you were Robin's assassin, and in that belief, what would you have had me do?

*Jack* [*Ironically*] You should have sent for the police.

*Sat* How should I know that?

*Jack* Instead of which, you say to yourself, "The man's a scoundrel, I'll marry him. If I put him in prison, he may escape; but marriage, there's no escape from that."

*Sat* Oh, yes, there is. You see yourself, you're going to escape it this moment.

*Jack* Escape, do you call it? Can I give to another the name which I've already given to you? Impossible. I may forget you, certainly, though that will take some time. Oh! I know what I'm talking about. Why, this very morning I loved you. Oh! I confess it. The very faults of some women make you love them the more; and that was your case. You wept with rage when I left you, and I wept like a fool, as I was, with regret, with love. Oh! it's stupid enough, but so it was—men are such fools—but it's all over now.

*Sat* [*Without answering him, runs and opens window, L. Throws money out*] Coachman, there's half-a-crown for you—go away.

*Jack* Go away? why that's my cab!

*Sat* Jack, don't go—I love you!

*Jack* What?

*Sat* You mustn't go.

*Jack* What! I mustn't?

*Sat* I ask pardon upon my knees.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Jack* [*Kneeling*] You, on your knees!

*Sat* I was wrong, I own it.

*Jack* No, not at all, it was me.

*Sat* No—forgive me.

*Jack* Forgive you!—and your sprained ankle?

*Sat* [*Smiling*] Quite well.

*Jack* You'll never have another?

*Sat* Never.

*Jack* My dear little wife!

*Sat* My darling husband!

[*They embrace, kneeling.*]

*Enter TINKLE, door in flat.*

*Tin* Good gracious! they're murdering each other.

*Jack* [*Getting up*] No, quite the contrary.

*Sat* Oh, papa! I adore my husband!

*Jack* I idolize my wife!

*Tin* Nonsense.

*Jack* Yes, I think she's quite un-Mexicanized.

*Tin* So much the better; for I just came to tell you that I've settled for Twickenham.



*Enter HANNAN, door in flat.*

*Han* [To JACK] Sir, your cab's driven away; shall I fetch another?

*Jack* Yes, get one for father-in-law; he wants to take away his things.

*Tin* And now I hope we shall be calm and tranquil.

*Sat* Oh, yes, papa, quite tranquil. Eh, Jack—you are not afraid of me, are you? I know I'm passionate, but it's soon over again, isn't it, dear?

*Jack* Yes, and it comes soon over again, dear.

*Sat* [To Audience] Ladies and Gentlemen! don't judge me too harshly. If I've been a tigress to-night, you must blame the author and not me. At home, I can assure you, I'm a perfect lamb. [Turning to JACK] Ask him! No, perhaps he's not exactly the one to apply to; but believe me, in spite of my talk about daggers and pistols, in reality, I should not have the heart to kill even a poor little "COCK ROBIN."

HANNAN

B.

JACK.

SATAN.

TINKLE.

C.

L.

THE END.

NO. CCXCIX.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**

*The Acting Edition.*

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**SIGNING THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE;**

OR,

**SCENES IN CONGRESS,**

**JULY 4th, 1776.**

*A National Sketch, in One Act,*

**BY C. E. B. HOWE, Esq.,**

*Author of "Jacquetti," "Mistaken Identity," etc., etc., etc.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.**

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**DEDICATED TO THE UNION MEN OF AMERICA.**

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[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by C. E. B. Howe, in the Clerk's Office of  
the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

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**NEW YORK:**

**SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,**

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.]

*As first performed at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, California,  
July 10th, 1863.*

<i>Benjamin Franklin</i> .....	Mr. J. H. Taylor.
<i>John Hancock</i> .....	Mr. D. C. Anderson.
<i>Thomas Jefferson</i> .....	Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr.
<i>John Adams</i> .....	Mr. W. Stephenson.
<i>Stephen Hopkins</i> .....	Mr. W. Barry.
<i>Samuel Adams</i> .....	
<i>Richard Henry Lee</i> .....	Mr. J. W. Thoman.
<i>Charles Carroll</i> .....	Mr. C. S. Runnels.
<i>Clerk of Congress</i> .....	Mr. C. L. Graves.
<i>Jack Ireland</i> .....	Mr. F. Woodhull.
<i>Buel</i> .....	Mr. F. B. White.
<i>Otis</i> .....	Mr. H. Macklyn.
<i>First Citizen</i> .....	Miss Hinckley.
<i>Second Citizen</i> .....	
<i>Goddess of Liberty</i> .....	Mrs. L. Mowbray.
Congressmen, Citizens, &c., by numerous auxiliaries.	

## COSTUMES.

*Jefferson*.—Citizen's dress, 1776, black.  
*John Adams*.—Same.  
*Samuel Adams*.—A red suit, out of '76.  
*Hancock*.—Citizen's suit, 1776, rich black.  
*Franklin*.—Same.  
*Hopkins*.—A Quaker's garb and hat—drab.  
*R. H. Lee*.—A Continental General's uniform.  
*Carroll*.—Continental suit.  
*Clerk of Congress*.—Black suit, '76.  
*Jack Ireland*.—Irish suit, '76.  
*Buel*.—Blue overshirt—belt—plume in hat.  
*First Citizen*.—Cut away coat—knee breeches.  
*Second Citizen*.—English suit, '76.  
*Otis*.—Cut away coat—knee breeches. (Others same.)  
*Auxiliaries* (for Declaration scene) in "Continentials."  
*Bellman*.—An old man.  
*Boy*.—Continental dress.  
*Goddess of Liberty*.

*Make up Congress Scene as in Stewart's Picture of "Signing the Declaration" of Independence, July 4th, 1776. The whole must be given with deliberation. No haste or gagging. Fifteen persons can make the full picture.*

Time of Representation—One Hour.

[From the San Francisco Sunday Mercury, July 12, 1863.]

#### GREEN-ROOM CHAT.

The new sensation play dramatized from Miss Braddon's great romance of "Lady Audley's Secret" was produced at the Opera House on Monday evening, and kept the stage until Friday, when it gave place to Mr. Howe's drama of "The Declaration of Independence." In consequence of the exciting war news, play-goers have not given much thought to the affairs of the stage during the week. We have only witnessed about one-half the "Secret," and consequently know very little of its merits. Miss Edwin, Miss Sweet, Miss Mowbray, and Messrs. Taylor, Anderson and Thorne, sustained the leading characters, and, of course, made the most of them. Mr. Howe's drama, or sketch, "The Declaration of Independence," &c., was received with great applause. It is made up of the chief incidents which occurred in the debate and signing of the Declaration, the principal personages—Franklin, Lee, Hopkinson, Carroll, Hancock, Jefferson, the Adamsses, &c.—being represented in appropriate costume, by Messrs. Taylor, Anderson, Barry, Thorne, Stevenson, Alexander and Chase. In this effort Mr. Howe achieved all that he aimed at—giving us a vivid fac-simile, as it were, of that glorious band who placed their signatures to the Declaration. By general request this interesting little dramatic "episode" will be repeated some evening during the coming week.

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[From the San Francisco Morning Call, July 12th, 1863.]

MAGUIRE'S.—We have, in a measure, anticipated our usual weekly record of the performances at this house, by our very full current notices. "Lady Audley's Secret" enjoyed a good run—principally owing to Mrs. Sophie Edwin's excellent rendering of the leading character. On Friday evening a one-act drama, illustrating the signing of the Declaration of Independence, prepared with considerable skill by Mr. C. E. B. Howe, of this city, was produced to a

full house. Mr. H. was rewarded for his share of the work by a complimentary call before the curtain. The delivery of the speeches, which consumes most of the time allotted, tests the patience of the audience of a theatre to an extent that will prevent its long continuance on the boards. It is admirably adapted for High School scholars on national occasions. The tableaux are inexpensive and easy, and the speeches are just the thing for oratorical practice.

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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SCENE I.—*Front of State House, Philadelphia. Open Belfry on State House Bell in sight. Door. C. of E.*

*Enter OTIS and FIRST CITIZEN, L., talking. CITIZENS, BOYS, &c., enter opposite side.*

*Otis* I tell you, sir, this is a momentous day in the deliberations of the Continental Congress.

*First Citizen* And I tell you this day will pass as have the past twenty days, in debating the subject, then they will adjourn to meet and debate again.

*Otis* To-day Congress will adopt a declaration declaring our country free from the crown of England. We are no longer to be tyrannized over by King George the Third and his oppressive laws. To-day our country—do you hear the words—our country will be declared free and independent. I had these very words from Sam Adams' lips.

*First Cit* Free and independent! [*Laughs.*] It will not be worth the talk that's been made over it. George the Third is not so easily deprived of his rights over the Colonies. Let Sir Henry Clinton or Lord Howe get hold of John Hancock, Sam Adams, Mr. General Lee, or any of this Continental Congress, or Mr. General Washington, or any of those Generals, and we will see the greatest hanging since the days of hold Tyburn in Hengland.

*Enter BUEL, followed by CITIZENS, 1st L. entrance. BUEL leans on his rifle and listens.*

*Second Citizen* You kin talk it, you kin, as our old nigger Pompey ses; and your sentiments is mine; cause why, the Continental Congress wants to set niggers free too. I'd sooner be a subject of any George, or Jim, or Jeff, thin to see niggers set free, I would.

*Otis* Well, you are two "pretty" creatures, you are, for freedom! You—

*Buel* Talk it plain, Mr. Otis; talk it plain.

*Otis* [*To FIRST CITIZEN.*] You infernal tory, you love oppression—  
[*To SECOND CITIZEN.*]—and you are a cowboy and traitor. Such as you are as unfit for freedom as a rattlesnake would be to play with children. A tory and a cowboy!

*First Cit* I am a born Hinglish subject, and a Hinglishman is a

Hinglishman forever. You are a whig, and want to ruin the country. Let any of his majesty's officers get hold of you!

*Otis* Get hold of me? If they do, it will be with a musket in my hands, fighting for the Colonies. Mr. Englishman, if you like to live in America, submit to the will of the majority. The stores are all closed in Philadelphia to-day, and the people are anxiously waiting for the announcement of the Declaration. This fourth day of July, 1776, will be a famous one in history.

*First Cit* Famous for the mark it will make for the hangman; I won't close my shop for no day like this. If I'm a tory, there's thousands more like me in this country.

*Second Citizen* Yes, and plenty of cowboys like me; and us tories and cowboys will cause you whigs—

*Buel* To give you more Lexingtons, Concords, and Bunker Hills. [*To First Citizen*] You're an Englishman, that's some excuse for you; you don't know any better. [*To Second Citizen*.] But you're American born. Why, you are one of the vilest of the vile on earth. Now, by the stout Schuylkill's beaver dam, if you dare to show your ugly, tory, cowboy, traitor heads in the streets of Philadelphia, after the Declaration is passed, I'll shoot you quicker than I would a squirrel. [*Raises his rifle*] Take your ugly faces away from here, or I'll give you Bunker Hill! Go! [*Exit 1 s. s.*] Well, there goes a pretty pair of mongrel's whelps. [*Crosses s.*] Here comes some of the Congressmen.

CONGRESSMEN enter L. 1 s. Cross to door in r. and go in.

*Jack Ireland* Buel, me darlint, whos these a coming here now, d'ye mind, up the street there?

*Buel* Them? Sam Adams, the fire-brand, is one, and—yes, Tom Jefferson. George Reed, Dick Lee, Abe Clark, Ed Rutledge, and our Ben Franklin. [*They enter in the above order, and go in door of r.*] Hur-ray for the Continental Congress! hip! [*All cheer.*] Grand things will be done to-day for the Colonies. [*To Ireland.*] Did you see their eyes? They're filled with a determined purpose.

*Jack* I did that, and be the powers of Saint Patrick I heard Tom Lynch, Jr., say there was fifty-six of them, and by me sowl I believe it will be the heaviest fifty-six that an Englishman ever attempted to lift. Whislat, boys, here comes more of them.

*Buel* Stand back, there. Make room to let them pass. [*As they enter.*] That is Stephen Hopkins, the Quaker; there's William Hooper, John Penn, George Melton, John Adams, Richard Henry Lee, and Charles Carroll.

ADAMS enters door and returns to street.

*Adams* Come here, boy. [*Boy comes.*] You're a good whig, ain't you?

*Boy* Yes, sir. Father was at Bunker Hill.

*Adams* Then I know you are the son of a patriot. You see that belfry?

[*BELLMAN looks out.*]

## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

7

*Boy* Yes, sir.

*Adams* I want you to stand by that door, [*points off,*] and when the Declaration is signed we will tell you; then you shout to the bellman to ring, and that will tell the people the Declaration of Independence is passed.

*Boy* I will, sir.

*Adams* Remain firm at your post, for remember you are now a soldier of the revolution.

*ADAMS enters door and takes his seat in the hall.*

*Buel* Hurrah for the Continental Congress! Hip! hip!

[*All cheer, then exit B. and I.*]

SCENE II. — *Scene opens slowly. A low chord by orchestra—Yankee Doodle. Discovers interior of Independence Hall. CONGRESSMEN all seated. HANCOCK just sitting down on right front, the Clerk's table on left raised platform, with desk for HANCOCK. On platform sits SAMUEL ADAMS in red suit. On right sits JEFFERSON, in gent's suit of '76. . . A table below HANCOCK's desk with Declaration on it. HOPKINS in Quaker's garb stands up at rear of room with hat on. Overhead are two English flags crossed. The whole forming a tableaux picture—Stewart's picture. Scene in Congress, July 4th, 1776. Tableaux for a few moments.*

*Hancock* [*Strikes with the gavel*] Representatives will come to order. Clerk, call the roll by States, and let one answer for their delegation.

*Clerk* New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

*Answered Here.*

*Clerk* Massachusetts Bay—John Hancock, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk* Rhode Island—Eldridge Gerry, Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk* Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk* New York—Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, William Floyd, Lewis Morris.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk* New Jersey—Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart, Abraham Clark.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk* Pennsylvania—Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, John Morton, Benjamin Franklin, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, John Wilson, George Ross.

*Ans Here*

*Clerk* Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, George Reed, Thomas McKean.

*Ans Here.*



*Clerk Maryland*—Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone, William Paca, Charles Carroll.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk Virginia*—George Weyth, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk North Carolina*—William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk South Carolina*—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heywood, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., Arthur Middleton.

*Ans Here.*

*Clerk Georgia*—Button Guinett, Lyman Hall, George Walton.

*Ans Here.*

*Has* I now declare Congress in session ; Clerk, read the minutes of yesterday's proceedings.

*Clerk State House, Philadelphia, Colony of Pennsylvania, North America, July 8d. 1776.* Delegates met at 9 o'clock, A. M., Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, in the chair. At roll call, fifty-six delegates answered. Robert R. Livingston, of New York, withdrew from the Convention. Minutes of July 2d read and approved. Congress opened again, in committee of the whole, to consider the Declaration under the following resolution, presented June 7th, by Richard Henry Lee : " Resolved, that these United Colonies are, and ought to be free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the States of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved ;" the same being seconded by John Adams. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Robert R. Livingston were chosen a committee, to whom was referred the whole subject ; General Lee being omitted from serving on the committee, at his own request. The Declaration the committee presented was taken up *seriatim*, and debated at length. Among the many alterations and erasures, the following was last ordered expunged : " He, the King, determined to keep open a market, where men should be bought and sold ; He has prohibited his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce ; and that this assembly of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms amongst us, and to purchase that liberty of which *He* has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them ; thus paying off forever, crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which *He* urges them to commit against the lives of another." At the conclusion of which, Button Guinett, of Georgia, moved to go into executive session, for the final adoption of the Declaration. The house at half past four ordered an adjournment to July 4th, then to meet in regular session.

*Has* [*Standing up*] Gentlemen—you have heard the minutes of yesterday's Journal ; any omissions or corrections ? [*pause*] If not, they will stand approved, as read. [*Lets fall gavel.*] So ordered. [*Sits down.*]

*Charles Carroll* Mr. President—I now call for the reading of that Declaration of Independence, as amended; and sir, I would suggest as our worthy colleague, the Hon. Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, was one of the committee who drafted that instrument, be he requested to read it.

*Han* Will the gentleman from Pennsylvania be pleased to comply with the request?

*Benjamin Franklin* [Steps to table below the President, takes up the document, and reads the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. Size of document must be quite large, written across the whole sheet and length of the paper, with blank spaces below. During the reading of the Declaration, the BELLMAN shows considerable anxiety. The BELLMAN looks anxiously below and around, after Declaration is read.]

*Bellman* [To bell—shakes his head] Old bell, it won't never be, that reading on your rim ain't for us. "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof!" No! it won't never be.

*Richard Henry Lee* Mr. President.

*Han* Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia.

*Lee* I now renew the motion made yesterday, on this floor, by the delegate from Georgia, that the Declaration just read be adopted.

*John Adams* I second that motion.

*Han* [Stands up] It is moved by the delegate from Virginia, and seconded by the delegate from Massachusetts, that the Declaration just read be adopted; are you ready for the question?

[As HOPKINS speaks, sits down]

*Stephen Hopkins* Mr. President.

*Han* Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island.

*Hop* [Spoken with deliberation.] I trust our friends have well considered the importance of the step they are about to take; verily, we are friendless, and have no allies abroad to aid our cause; we may sink beneath the waves on which we are about to embark. This act will call down on us the vengeance of England's King. Would it not be better to defer the Declaration to some future period, for ye well know, in the beginning we aimed not to secure our Independence. Are there not yet hopes that the noble Chatham and Camden have prevailed upon the King and Parliament to extend us a more liberal policy? Ye should all solemnly reflect on the serious importance of this measure; but friends, if ye do vote to adopt this Declaration of Independence, yea, verily, I will sink or swim with ye. My voice, my vote, is for this Declaration.

*Adams* Mr. President.

*Han* John Adams, of Massachusetts.

*Adams* Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at Independence; but there is a divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, until independence is now within our grasp; we have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation

with England, which shall leave either safety to his own life or his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you? What can you be while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone Independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? I know we do not mean to submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times? We promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives. I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed Commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, 'may my right hand forget its cunning,' 'and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,' if I waver or hesitate in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on; why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us; it will give us a character abroad, that cannot be obtained while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against England's sovereign. Nay, I maintain that Parliament will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of Independence, than consent, by repealing their acts, to acknowledge that their whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. The former, England would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Our cause will raise armies! Our cause will train navies! The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and carry themselves *gloriously* through this struggle. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage; instead of a long and bloody war, for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire Independence, and it will breathe in them the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of every army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and solemn vows uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there: let them hear it who first heard the roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed, may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good; we may die Colonists, die slaves, die, it may be, inominously, and on the scaffold. Be it so, be it so; if it be the will of heaven

that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least a hope of a country, and that a free country. But whatever is our fate, be assured this Declaration will stand ; it may cost blood, but it will stand ; it may cost treasure, and it may cost blood, but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day ; when we are in our graves, our children will celebrate it, with thanksgivings, with festivities, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and joy. Sir, before God, believe the hour is come ; my judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I began, that live or die ; survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment. *Independence now, and Independence forever !*

*Lee* Mr. President.

*Hon* Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia.

*Lee* The time has certainly come, Mr. President, for the fated separation between the mother country and these Colonies. It is so decreed by the very nature of things. British injustice fills our hearts with indignation. Shall a foreign soil any longer regulate our domestic affairs ? Experience is the source of sage counsels, and Liberty is the mother of great men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by a few armed men, and their experienced Generals defeated by a few determined liberty-breathing patriots ? The very elements war in our favor. Then why do we longer delay—why still deliberate ? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us. She demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering, under its salubrious and interminable shade, all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens—by our first victories, by the present ardor and union, by the flight of Howe and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people, by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American Legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romu-

lus, of Nurna, of the three Williams, of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been and will be forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens. Sirs, my heart is set on the announcement of that Declaration to-day. The heart of every southern man true to the Colonies, and the whole interest of America, demands *that, as a unit we live, as a unit we die!* Dissolution from England now! *A Nation—one Nation forever after!*

*Adams* Mr. President.

*Han* Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, sir—named the Firebrand of the American Revolution.

*Adams* Mr. President, such is the addenda, by the people, to the gift of my father, and such, I hope, it will descend to my children's children—"Samuel Adams, the Firebrand of the American Revolution—a title of nobility, I hope, that will be made patent by the announcement to-day, that the Declaration of Independence has been unanimously adopted. My escutcheon shall grow the brighter beneath the refulgent glow of a free people's happiness. Our wrongs, my colleagues, you have heard. How they were thrust upon us you well know. A partial account of them is embraced in that Declaration. How are they endured? Groans and cries of misery come up in answer. Now what sounds alarm your ears, and make your hearts beat in hasty throbblings? The peal of musketry, the boom of cannon, and the tramp of a foreign foe. Above all rise the cries of a people that *will be free, Liberty or Death—Death or Liberty!* Liberty from what? A tyranny of oppression the equal of which has not been since Cæsar trod under foot our counterpart and prototypes, the struggling Romans. They had Rome and its forum—we have the modern city of Philadelphia and the State House of Pennsylvania. The people whom we represent are our spectators, and their plaudits will ring 'mid the struggles of the battle-field. The wreaths and bays will come when peace and liberty sit at our people's firesides. Sir, in this struggle I would turn incendiary. Were there a pyramid of thrones to confront me, and were the grandeur of their royalty and the power of their scepters offered me, I would apply the sword of liberty as a torch for their destruction, and watch to see the form of America arise from their ashes, around her the powerful trinity of Liberty, Justice and Unity. Clause after clause of the original draft of that Declaration has been erased or expunged, until the most simple statements of our wrongs remain. The growing evil of the black man's slavery (for all mankind loves freedom) we have consented to omit, for the sake of unity, allowing the course of coming events to work out the evil from among our children. Now that the Declaration sets forth our simple wish of liberty from a foreign thralldom, I feel that you will not fail to *strike*, for the times demand it. Strike, for the people expect it! Strike for *God and Liberty!*

*Thomas Jefferson* Mr. President.

*Han* Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.

*Jefferson* Mr. President: Virginia urges on this Declaration, her vote is for its adoption. Shall I repeat the glaring injuries set forth

in that Declaration, to induce my brother colleagues to vote for its adoption? Do not all the inhabitants, from the snow-clad hills of New York, to the burning plains of Georgia, cry out in agony for release from England's thralldom? Shall I recount the Indian atrocities inflicted upon our people? Those fiends by whom the burning faggot was applied to pioneers' homes while life yet lingered in their lacerated forms, were led by British soldiery. Shall I turn to the mound of Bunker Hill, and bring the bleeding form of Warren, followed by a long train of boys with the down of childhood on their cheeks, and a mother's warm kiss upon their foreheads; the sturdy form in the early glow of manhood, who, but a few months since, sat at the home's fireside, with children at his knee, to love and protect; the white-haired and tottering form of eighty years, the father of this line—shall I bring these forms, cold in death, from the carnage of Bunker Hill, and pile them here in ghastly cords, and have them ask you to vote for this Declaration? No! I feel I need not. I see the cheeks of Northern men grow white, and their hands clench with iron energy. I see the warm blood flush on the glowing brow, and the fiery power of a slumbering volcano light up the dark eye of Southern men, as if eager to start the laborious work of building up this Temple of Liberty. It may cost the blood that flows in our veins to cement the joints of its workmanship. Let it cost it. The Temple is worth the sacrifice. A noble advocate for our cause has truly said: "Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of Liberty, in such a country as we possess, are invincible." Pass this Declaration, that the people may know for what they shed their blood, and they will draw a giant's power from the very soil on which they tread. Is there a heritage so great on earth as the heritage of liberty? Is there any blessing so great as this, to bequeathe to our children? No! Sirs, there can be none. For ages to come, our descendants will teach it to theirs, and the foundation stone of this temple we lay to-day will grow to a massive pile, and every crown that has tyranny for its scepter will grow pale when the sun shines from the West, and casts its shadow at their feet; it will face the East and West, the North and the South; the verges of the Continent will alone be its boundaries; at its portals, standing guard, will be our sons; and their watchword will fill the heavens—*eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty!*

*Franklin* I call for the question!

*Other Members* Question! Question!

*Han* The question is, upon the final adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Clerk will call the yeas and nays by States.

*Clerk* New Hampshire.

*Answers* Yea.

*Clerk* Massachusetts Bay.

*Hancock* Yea.

*Clerk* Rhode Island.

*Hopkins* Yea, verily.

*Clerk* Connecticut.

*Ans* Yea.

## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Clerk New York.

Ans Yea.

Clerk New Jersey.

Ans Yea.

Clerk Pennsylvania.

Franklin Yea.

Clerk Delaware.

Ans Yea.

Clerk Maryland

Ans Yea.

Clerk Virginia

Ans Yea.

Clerk North Carolina.

Ans Yea.

Clerk South Carolina.

Ans Yea.

Clerk Georgia.

Ans Yea.

Clerk Mr. President, the vote is unanimous.

Sam'l Adams [To Boy at window.] It has passed.

Hun I declare the vote unanimous, for the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Clerk, hand me the document. [*Signs it in a bold hand*] There! His Majesty. King George the Third, can read that without spectacles. Let him double his reward of a thousand pounds for my apprehension. I defy him!

Voice [*Outside*] It has passed!

Boy [*Outside—shouts to BELLMAN*] Ring! ring! ring!

BELLMAN strikes bell: *six times, as on shipboard: Bang! bang!—Bang! Bang!—Bang! Bang! Repeat* People outside cheer. As the bell strikes, several Delegates come forward and sign. STEPHEN HOPKINS comes forward and signs.

John Adams Stephen Hopkins, you write with a trembling hand.

Hop Ah! but John Bull will find I haven't got a trembling heart.

[ADAMS signs. JEFFERSON signs. CARROLL signs.

Franklin Charles Carroll, you will escape, seeing there are so many of your name.

Carroll [Adds, "*Of Carrollton.*"] Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. If his majesty has any desire to find me, he can do so.

Franklin [*Signs*] Now that we have signed this Declaration, we must all hang together, or—we will all hang separate.

[BELLMAN strikes the bell two strokes three times. Congress sits in Tableau, as in the picture of Signing of the Declaration of Independence. The opening scene forms the same picture, only broken by the speakers. In Tableau, BELLMAN stands with hammer raised. People gather at each street with hats raised. The two English flags at end of hall part, showing Goddess of Liberty. Red or blue fire. Music, "*Hail Columbia.*" Slow curtain.

THE END.

NO. CCC.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

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# HEADS OR TAILS?

*A Comedietta, in One Act.*

BY J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"POOR COUSIN WALTER," "ONLY A CLOD," "VERY SUSPICIOUS,"  
"THAT ODISIOUS CAPTAIN CUTTER," &c., &c.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.



# CAST OF CHARACTERS—[HEADS OR TAILS].

<i>Wrangleworth</i> .....	MR. EMERY.
<i>Harald Dyecaster</i> .....	MR. ALFRED WIGAN.
<i>Christopher Quail</i> .....	MR. F. ROBSON.
<i>Rosamond</i> .....	MISS MARSTON.
<i>Winifred</i> .....	MRS. ALFRED WIGAN.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## HEADS OR TAILS?

SCENE.—*Apartment in WRANGLEWORTH'S house; door C. F., opening on verandah and garden; door, L. 1 E.; windows, R. and L. 3 E.; door, R. 1 E.; fire-place, R. 2 E. Near the fire-place a round table, upon which is a tapestry frame, books, &c., flowers. Writing table with pamphlets, writing materials, &c., L. Good furniture.*

WRANGLEWORTH *discovered seated at table L., writing. ROSAMOND working at the tapestry frame by R. H. table. SERVANT enters C., and gives letter to WRANGLEWORTH; he opens and reads it.* [Exit SERVANT.]

Wrangleworth [Throwing down letter with anger, after reading it.] Confound it! I never expected it!

Rosamond How you startle me, papa! Why, what's the matter now?

Wran Injustice is the matter—chicanery is the matter—villainy is the matter. Only think, my chancery suit has been going on steadily and comfortably for the last ten years—

Ros Like another siege of Troy.

Wran And now, here's my lawyer actually advising a compromise. The rascal! But I'll put the affair into the hands of another agent, who'll ruin me before he'll budge an inch, though the suit last ten years longer; and if I die before it is terminated, I'll leave it as a precious legacy to you, my Rosamond, for you and your children, and your grandchildren, and—

Ros [R., rising and leaning over his chair.] Thankye, papa. As you are to take another counsel have me—I'll plead for nothing—I'll look for no fee but your happiness. What was the original sum in litigation?

Wran [L.] A couple of thousand pounds—not half what I spent on it; for I've spent some three thousand, four thousand, perhaps five thousand, for aught I can tell; I shouldn't mind were it my whole fortune.

Ros Of course not. You don't care. Mr. Wrangleworth is well known by everybody to be one of the richest manufacturers of the county; but what everybody doesn't know is, that he isn't a happy man for all that.

Wran How should I be, when the obstinacy of my brother-in-law worries me out of my life?

Ros Well, then, we won't reckon the costs in money, but in the wear and tear, the daily uneasiness, impatience, ill-humor, and the consequent headaches and indigestions; and then, tell me, please, as a good man of business, whether the sum total of all this, added up on the debtor's side, will strike a balance with the gain of the sum in dispute, if you do gain it.

Wran But I'm in the right! I won't give way—I won't permit old Dycaster to triumph over me! Never, never, never! Come out of it what may!

[Rings.]

*Ros* To be sure; he may be ruined, too: and what a pleasant satisfaction that will be!

*Wran* Why, when I brought the action against him, did he support it? Why didn't he say at once, "I'm wrong." I'd have given him up the two thousand—three, or four—if he had needed it.

*Ros* Come! That's more like my good papa!

*Wran* But he was always as obstinate—as unyielding—as litigious—as—

*Ros* [*Silly*] As any other member of the family.

*Wran* A thousand times more.

*Ros* He must be clever to be *that*.

*Wran* Don't provoke me, child, by taking his part.

*Ros* Oh, I can't forget that uncle Dyccaster always gave me my prettiest dolls.

*Wran* And that his scamp of a boy, your cousin Harald, always broke them, too.

*Ros* But we were very good friends for all that: and 'tis no such easy task to learn to hate, instead of loving.

*Wran* You've had plenty of time, at least: as you've never seen him since your childhood.

*Ros* Perhaps—

*Wran* What do you mean by "perhaps?"

*Ros* Well, smooth that angry brow of yours, and I'll tell you, papa—come, that's right! You remember the ball at Mrs. Vernon's, when we were last in town. I didn't know a soul, and sat despairing of a partner, when I saw a young man hovering near; at last he was introduced. Of course, we neither of us heard the other's name. They were pronounced about as distinctly as the names of the stations by a railway-porter. But he was so amusing, so gay, so clever, and polkad so uncommonly well, that, though I am not curious, you know, I couldn't help asking Mary Vernon his name afterwards. Judge of my surprise, when she said, "Mr. Harald Dyccaster." It was my cousin, whom, for ten years, I had been taught to hate, and now—

*Wran* [*Angrily*.] Ah!

*Ros* [*Quickly*.] Oh! I didn't forget my lesson—I thought of you, and I hated him as much as ever I could—on the spot. I begged Mary to give her word she would not mention my name to him; and when he again addressed me, I coldly turned my head away.

[*Sighs*.]

*Wran* That was right.

*Ros* It was uncommonly heroic, I can tell you! The poor fellow looked so miserable, and never danced again all the whole evening; for I watched him: [*Sighs*] and that's how I saw and hated my detested cousin Harald.

*Wran* Detested! Umph! Rosamond! Rosamond! what does this mean? Ever since you've come from town, you've turned a deaf ear to every man who has shown you a preference.

*Ros* Because there was not one to whom I could show any myself.

*Wran* Pshaw! What objection, now, can you make to our rich young neighbor, Mr. Christopher Quaille?

*Ros* [*Smiling*.] I was not aware that Mr. Quaille had paid me his addresses.

*Wran* No, perhaps not—directly and openly—because he is a

prudent man, who always deliberates before he takes any important step. But I've an idea—

Ros And so have I—one which might contribute to your happiness. papa—for of course I'm not thinking of my own.

Wran Well, out with it.

Ros My idea is, that, in the case of a chancery suit, that worries you out of your life, there couldn't be a greater happiness than to lose it—at least to throw it up.

Wran [*Ironically.*] Indeed! What next?

Ros And next, to write to your adversary, and beg him to send his son here in order to come to an amicable settlement by—by—

Wran By making a match between that son and daughter, I suppose.

Ros [*Smiling.*] Who could ever think of such a thing?

Wran [*Angrily.*] Not I, for one! [*Sits L. H.*]

Ros [*Coldly.*] Nor I. There are a hundred ways of ending a feud between Montagues and Capulets, without Romeo and Juliet interfering. Come! think it over, and without so grave a face. [*Going up to him.*] You look as black as the sky without.

[*Looking towards window; rain heard.*]

Wran Which threatens a storm! Confound it!

Ros Then don't follow its example. Sunshine smiles become you better.

Wran Wheedler!

*Enter WINIFRED, hurriedly, C. D.*

Win [*Speaking off.*] Shut all the windows—quick!

Wran Why! what's the matter, Winifred!

Win It's raining buckets-full, and there's a hurricane enough to blow out all the windows of the factory.

Ros [*At window L.*] And look! at the turn of the drive-up, a gig "steering 'gainst wind and tide."

Wran 'Tis our neighbor, Christopher Quaile. [*Looking off, L.*]

Ros Ha! ha! ha!

Wran Don't laugh, Rosamond, but receive him like a dutiful daughter. I must go and write to this confounded lawyer. That will occupy me a long time.

Ros And I to arrange my hair, and that will occupy me a longer.

Wran Then Winifred must ask Mr. Quaile to wait.

[*Bell heard, R. H.*]

Win [*At window, R.*] There's a young man at the other gate, on foot, asking for shelter, I think. Yes, the porter has let him in.

Ros Another visitor! I fly! One can't look quite a fright, even to a pedestrian.

[*Exit ROSAMOND, L. H.*]

Wran Let the stranger come in here and dry his clothes. If he wants food, see to it, Winifred!

Win To be sure, sir. That's like my good-tempered master.

Wran Nonsense! I'm not good-tempered at all. I'm devilish ill-tempered just now.

Win Oh gracious! what with?

Wran With you—with my daughter—with myself—with everybody. I wish them all at the—

Win Bless us!

Wran Never mind who! [*Crosses to R.*] I'll go and expectorate my bile on my lawyer. He may charge it in his account.

[*Exit WRANGLEWORTH, R. 2 L.*]

Win Well! of all the good-tempered, most villainous, cantankerous kind masters, he's the oldest I ever came near. First the good, then the bad—up and down—like buckets in a well. Bad luck to the bad temper, for that's uppermost to-day.

*Enter HARALD DYECASTER, R. C.*

Haral Bad luck! No such thing; can't be where I come. I've lived on good luck all my life! [*At door C.*]

Win Come in, sir, please—master has ordered me to do all I can to make you comfortable. [*Crosses to R. H.*]

Har [*Coming down, L. C.*] Has he! An uncommonly comfortable notion of his—I'm obliged to him.

Win We likes to be agreeable to strangers, 'specially when the weather's bad without. I hope you won't take cold.

Har [*Taking her hand.*] I always take things as they come. 'Tis bad weather to day, more likely to be fine to-morrow. And thanks to all these new impermeable inventions, whose crackjaw names are the worst of them, you see—

[*Takes off his coat and wide-awake, and places them on chair up L. H.*]

Win Gracious! If he isn't as dry as old Hobbie's wooden leg!

Har Is your master in?

Win He's in his study. He's got law letters to write.

Har And your mistress? if you have one—if you haven't, never mind.

Win Young missus is a dressing her hair.

Har Then they are both likely to be long. Come here. You are good-tempered and willing.

Win Sir! one does the best one can.

[*Wipes her mouth.*]

Har There's ribbons for you.

[*Gives her a piece of money.*]

Win Gemini. A crown piece! from a traveler on foot! You can never tell where the crowns are to be had now-a-days.

*Enter CHRISTOPHER QUAILE and SERVANT, C. D., who takes his wet cloak, &c. SERVANT goes off L. C.*

Quaile [*Coming down, L. H.*] If my gig had been a shower bath, in which I had been perpetually pulling the cord, with a perpetual supply, it couldn't have done its work better.

Win [*C.*] Well, I must say, sir, you do look in a pickle.

Quaile It's not the pickle, young woman, that I make sour faces at—it's the consequences of the pickle.

Win Oh, yes! The sneezems all day, and the snorems at night.

Quaile Not exactly. [*Aside.*] But the very day I had at last made up my mind to pop the question—I can't say I look to my best advantage. [*Aloud.*] Tell your young lady I'm hero.

Win She's a dressing her hair.

Quaile But can't she dress her hair, and be told I'm here at the same time? The two facts are not incompat—compat—comp—

[*Sneezes.*]

Win He's got the sneezems already.

[*Crossing to L.*]

Quaile Incompatible. Meanwhile, I think, without further and more mature deliberation, it might be advisable for me to—[*Sneezes.*]

**Win** To have your sneezems out.

**Quaile** No, to dry myself. [Sees HARALD.] But there's some one already at the fire.

**Win** Such a nice young man, sir, I dare say he'll make room. [Aside, looking at the money.] I should think he is a nice young man. T'other gives me nothing—not even—[Wipes her mouth]—he can only—[QUAILE sneezes.]—I thought as much! [Exit WINIFRED, L. H.]

**Quaile** [Uneasy.] A nice young man! Umph, umph! What can he be doing here? Can he be come with the same intentions as myself? Now that would be abominable, after I have employed three whole years in mature reflection before pop—pop—pop—[Sneezes] popping the question.

**Har** [At fire-place, turning round.] Good luck to you, wherever you are. What! my old school-fellow, Kitty Quaile!

[Coming down, R. C.]

**Quaile** Oh, well; without any great reflection, I hazard the suggestion that you are Harald Dycaster.

**Har** I thought you'd recollect me, old boy.

**Quaile** I have certainly a lively remembrance of our interchanges of feeling, as master and fag; I was the fag. Those interchanges are engraved indelibly on—on— [Sneezes.]

**Har** On your heart?

**Quaile** No; not exactly on my heart—

**Har** Well, I'm glad you've anything lively about you at all, for you were uncommonly slow then; and I certainly did try to quicken your movements sometimes, old fellow, by an occasional—

[Makes gestures of a kick.]

**Quaile** Oh, didn't you!

**Har** Quicken them? No; I never succeeded, in spite of all my laudable efforts. But I trust the impressions I then gave have not been wholly effaced, and that you've bustled through your way in the world.

**Quaile** Oh, my father left me a considerable fortune; but, after mature reflection, I arrived at the conclusion that man, in his social condition, ought to take an active part in the constitution of society. I was determined to act in this intent, as a man of s—s—s—[Sneezes.]

**Har** Of spirit. Bravo!

**Quaile** No; of sense. Resolved not to decide upon my course with any degree of levity or imprudence, I passed only six or seven years in severe, but deliberate study, upon the various professions, positions and public posts in which I could best distinguish myself. After this profound and philosophical appreciation of the present state of things, I at last came to the resolution to—to—to— [Sneeze.]

**Har** [Seizing his arm.] To do what, man? You stop just at the interesting moment, like a chapter of a serial novel.

**Quaile** [Balked of his sneeze by HARALD.] Nothing at all.

**Har** There's a denouement for you!

**Quaile** Still I had not forgotten my resolve that it was the duty of man to use his utmost efforts to secure the good of humanity, by personal exertion at any sacrifice; and so I came to another conclusion and determined to—to—to— [Sneeze.]

**Har** Found a philanthropic institution for orphans.

**Quaile** Orphans! No, no; quite the reverse; I determined to marry. But here, more than ever, the utmost precaution was

necessary. It was impossible to take any step without enormous reflection, and so I—

*Har* Good! that'll do—I see it all—the young lady of the house here. Ah! Don Juan!

*Quaile* [*Aside.*] I was right! I see by that grin—he's a rival!

*Har* Is she pretty—ch?

*Quaile* [*Aside.*] He doesn't know her by sight—I'll put him off the scent. [*Aloud.*] No, no! I can't say she's pretty, but on the contrary, her disposition is—is—

*Har* Is amiable—delightful—seductive.

*Quaile* How you go on! No! anything but creamy!

*Har* But, after all your mature deliberation, if you haven't hit it off better than that—

*Quaile* Oh! oh! Family arrangements—contiguous estates—I—I—  
[*Sneezes.*] Confound this cold in my head! [*Aside.*] I can never pop the question in a sneeze; and he might be beforehand with me.

[*Aloud.*] And you, my old friend—for I was your fag, and I don't forget the—[*Makes signs of a kick.*] So you see you can confide in me—you have come here, too, for the solemn purpose of—

*Har* Drying my boots.

[*Going up to fire again.*]

*Quaile* Oh! ah! [*Aside.*] He's prevaricating! [*Aloud.*] So, you only came—

[*Goes up and sits B. of fire-place.*]

*Har* Led by chance, to whom I always confide the direction of all my mundane affairs.

*Quaile* You don't mean to say you leave everything to chance?

*Har* Don't I, though!

*Quaile* And you never reflect?

*Har* Never—thank my stars!

*Quaile* It's impossible!

*Har* Oh! Is it? Just you try.

[*L. of fire-place.*]

*Quaile* I! Never! I should be—be—

[*Sneezes—B. of fire-place.*]

*Har* No, you wouldn't.

*Quaile* But you don't know what I was going to say.

*Har* Never mind. Just listen to me; and then call chance a jade, if you dare! My father has been cramped for many years, half ruined by a law-suit.

*Quaile* Do you call that cha—cha—cha?

[*Sneezes.*]

*Har* Chance? No, that's chancery—a very different thing. He consequently had nothing to give me; and I was forced to make my own way in the world. I did not reflect six minutes—I staked my future fate on "Heads" or "Tails." Instead of bothering myself with deliberation, I tossed up "Heads" Yes, "Tails" No. So I tossed up a halfpenny for Australia; Australia came heads—so off for Australia! Two vessels were advertised to sail: the "Safety" and the "Expedition." Each one promised more than the other; and each, probably, meant to keep less. In this embarrassing choice, about which you would have deliberated until both had sailed, I tossed "heads" for the "Safety," and "tails" for the "Expedition;"—tails won it. The Expedition arrived in port seven weeks after date by advertisement.

*Quaile* [B. c.] There you must admit that—that—that—

[*Sneezes—they rise and come forward to table.*]

*Har* [L. v.] No I don't. The "Safety" never arrived at all. What do you say now? I tossed up for my road to the gold diggings; and

I escaped being murdered on the other. I tossed up for a hole; and I got a concentrated California. The nuggets lay as thick as part-ridges' eggs. A certain yearning to see old England seized me—goes the halfpenny—"Heads," old England—"Tails," the diggin's—heads won it. Here I was again! A great part of my earnings went to pay the expenses of poor old dad's eternal law-suit; and it was necessary to make the best of what was left. A hundred speculations promised mines of wealth out of mines of anything you please. How choose among the many? I couldn't play "Heads or Tails" with them all through.

*Quaile* Ha, ha! At last you were forced to reflect.

*Har* Devil a bit! I wrote the names of all on separate slips of paper; and, after carefully turning them all over—

*Quaile* In your hand?

*Har* No, in my hat. I drew forth from this dark ballot-box of fate the words, "Australia Land Company." In less than a week there was a fabulous rise in the shares. I was a rich man in less than a week—think, old boy—in less than a week.

[*They come down c.*]

*Quaile* So you resolved on continuing a speculation so advantageous.

*Har* No, I didn't! I tossed up as usual—heads, keep—tails, sell. Egad, tails had it this time; so I turned tail, sold out, and realized—Just in time! Being on a pedestrian tour in this country, which I had not seen since my childhood, I this morning determined on visiting the Abbot's Rocks—the spot of many a boyish pic-nic. Arrived at the cross-roads, not far from here, I found I had forgotten my way—up goes the halfpenny!—Heads to the right—tails to the left—it came tails.

[*Crosses, R.*]

*Quaile* [L.] Ha, ha, ha! your divinity has jilted you at last! The Abbot's Rocks lie to the right, ha! ha! You've gone all wrong. At last you've put your foot in—in—

[*Sneezes.*]

*Har* I've put my foot in a very snug house; and I've met an old friend who would be a devilish good fellow, probably, if he were not so confoundedly slow.

*Quaile* I confess I am slow—I am proud of being slow—slow and sure! "Slow and sure" is a good old proverb.

*Har* Like many a good old proverb, grown musty by age.

*Quaile* No, no. A hare-brained fellow, like you, who never reflects, is—is—is—

[*Sneezes.*]

*Har* Is nearer his mark than a wise man who reflects too much.

*Quaile* But, goodness gracious! you never take a minute to decide.

*Har* [*Mimicing.*] But, goodness gracious! you never decide at all. Did you never hear of an animal—[*makes signs of long ears*]—which, however, I will not specify just now—that between two paniers of hay died of starvation, because it couldn't choose?

*Quaile* Stay!—let me reflect. I think—surely—yes—it was a donkey! You see, the comparison doesn't hold good.

*Har* [*Laughing.*] Doesn't it?—ha, ha! Oh, of course not!

*Enter WINIFRED, L. D. 2 E.*

*Win* Miss Rosamond says she'll have the pleasure of seeing Mr.

*Quaile* in the drawing-room. [*Aside.*] For my part, I can't see any pleasure in the sight of him.



*Har* Then good bye, old schoolfellow! The weather has cleared up. Chance beckons me in a sunbeam; and I'm off.

*Quaile* [*Surprised.*] You are going?

*Har* After thanking the master of the house, whom I don't know.

*Quaile* You don't know him?

*Har* Any more than his daughter, to whom my old friend Kitty Quaile shall take my respectful compliments—unless he drop them by the way in his hesitation.

*Quaile* [*Aside.*] Then I was wrong—he's no rival. [*Aloud.*] Good bye! [*Going to L. H.*] I have a strong notion—[*A little sneeze*] and, upon reflection, I think I may affirm—[*A little sneeze*] in fact I—I presume I may say without hesitation—[*A little sneeze*] that I decidedly have a cold.

[*Gives a loud sneeze. Exit QUAIL, L. D. Bell rings, R. H.*]

*Win* [*L.*] That's master's bell! [*Bell again.*] And he's still in his tantrums. I know the pull—clatter, clatter, clatter! The storm ain't blown over in-doors yet. [*Peeps at door R. H.*] What did I say? it's as black as thunder.

*Enter WRANGLEWORTH, R. D., with a letter.*

*Wran* Is everybody deaf in this house?—eh?

*Win* [*Aside.*] I am not, at all events. [*Aloud.*] I was with Miss Rosamond, sir, and I was a coming to come.

*Wran* Tell Bob—[*WINIFRED is going*] now where are you going? don't stir! Tell Bob to saddle the pony, and then send to my room for this letter to the post. Well, why don't you go?

*Win* You told me not to stir, just now.

*Wran* The girl's an idiot.

*Win* Well, am I to go, or ain't I to go?

*Wran* Go, I tell you! [*WINIFRED goes up C. He follows her up angrily.*] And if in ten seconds he isn't ready—

*Win* Well, I'm a-going to go! When masters don't know their own minds, how should servants know 'em for them, I should like to know? [*Exit WINIFRED, C. D.*]

*Wran* I—I—[*Seeing HARALD, who bows*] I beg pardon, sir!

*Har* 'Tis I have to beg pardon for my intrusion.

*Wran* On the contrary, I ought to have received you, but a pressing letter to my lawyer—[*Aside*] to bid him fight it out to the last.

*Har* I'm glad, before my departure, to be able to thank you for the warmth of your hospitality. [*Pointing to fire.*] The rain has now ceased. [*Bowing to go.*]

*Wran* [*L.*] But that's no reason your visit should, unless you are in a hurry.

*Har* [*R.*] I'm never in a hurry. I always take things as they come.

*Wran* Then take dinner with us. Pot luck, sir.

*Har* Luck! that word alone is enough for me.

*Wran* [*Gives his hand.*] That's all right, then. You stare; but 'tis our old-fashioned way of doing things in this part of the world. None of your town invitations to town dinners, which you are asked to eat just when you ought to be thinking of going to bed, but a frank hospitality. Have you lunched?

*Har* Not yet.

*Wran* You shall lunch here directly. [*Crosses to bell, R. H., and rings.*] You are a traveler, I see—led by curiosity, I presume?

*Har* No, by chance. I take it all as it comes. The picturesque, the jolly, the sentimental, *a la Sterne*; the possible impossible, *a la Dumas*; the rough and the smooth, the pleasant and the unpleasant. I've decidedly stumbled on the pleasant just now.

*Wran* Gad, you're a capital good-tempered fellow! I like you for that, for I'm a good-tempered fellow myself. [*Rings violently.*] Where are all the servants? Your luncheon—

*Har* Oh, I can wait.

*Wran* But I can't. We'll try your patience, though; for you'll have to buy your welcome, by looking over my establishment, my machines, my new inventions. I'm proud of them, in my own little quiet way. [*Rings again violently.*] Confound them all!—I say, in my little quiet way.

*Har* [R. c.] I shall be delighted. [*Aside.*] What a jolly testy old fellow he is, in his little quiet way.

*Wran* [*Crossing to L.*] I'll make you accept one of my pamphlets on my late improvements in machinery; and what's more, I'll make you read it. [*Taking pamphlet from table L., and giving it to HARALD, crosses back to R.*] There, you see, you'll not get off cheap, though I'm no tyrant. I like to be indulgent and mild. [*Rings again.*] I'll turn every man Jack of them out of the house; and every woman Jenny too.

*Enter WINIFRED, L. 2 E.*

*Win* Lawk, sir, don't.

*Wran* Then bring luncheon quick for this gentleman.

*Win* Yes, sir.

[*Going.*]

*Wran* [R. c.] Stop! What's the girl in such a confounded hurry for? Wouldn't one think, now, I wanted to fluster her.

[*Gives orders low. WINIFRED afterwards takes the embroidery frame from table c. and puts it on table L. H. and exit during the following.*]

*Har* [*Up at fire, R. H.*] New system; latest improvements; by Walter Wrangleworth, Esq., [*Stupefied.*] Walter Wrangleworth! my uncle Walter! Holloa! Madame Chance, here's a pretty business you've made of it! You've driven me in a drenching shower into a house closed against me forever, and made me shake hands with a man who all my life has done me an injury.

*Wran* [*Come back to him L.*] I shall drag you off your legs, I can tell you: so you'd better make a good luncheon first.

*Har* Impossible!

*Wran* How impossible? Haven't you an appetite?

*Har* An excellent one. But, whatever pleasure I might have in accepting your hospitality, I feel myself obliged to decline it, and take my leave.

*Wran* [*Surprised.*] Why, you accepted it just now!

*Har* I did. But now, farewell, sir.

*Wran* [*Pulls him back.*] No, no; and a thousand times no; I won't let you go: I'll detain you by force, handcuff you, if needs must, to prove to you that I know the duties of hospitality.

*Har* To prove to you I know other duties I go; for since, from this pamphlet, I have learned your name—

*Wran* What the devil is yours, then, sir?

**Har** The best return I could make for your kindness and generosity would be to leave you without informing you.

**Wran** But, sir:

**Har** You insist—so be it! I am your nephew, Harald Dyecaster.

**Wran** [*Stupefied*] My nephew!

**Har** Pardon me, uncle, my involuntary visit. You must lay the blame upon that capricious divinity, chance; though I must say she has done me a kind turn in thus forcing on me so cordial a reception and so hearty a shake of the hand from you. [*Bows.*]

**Wran** One moment, sir! [*After a struggle.*] I can understand your eagerness to quit the house of one you have been taught to hate.

**Har** Hate! Oh, sir, you do me cruel wrong! No; there are recollections of childhood not easily effaced from the man's heart; the merry game of romps, the joyous ride upon the knee, the first bat and ball, the sovereign slipped into the parting school-boy's hand, the pinch of the round cheek, and the hearty slap upon the back that said, "you have done well, my boy!"—all this—[*checking himself in emotion.*] Pardon me; I was forgetting myself. Farewell, sir.

**Wran** Stay. You disappointed, then, of your father's obstinacy.

**Har** I approve his resolution to support a cause in which his honor is concerned; and I shall aid him with my whole power to the last.

**Wran** [*With a mixture of anger and delight.*] He, too! he too! He's as obstinate as any of the family—he's got the true blood in him!

*Enter WINIFRED, L. H.*

**Win** Sir, Bob's ready, and so is the pony; and so if the letter and you is ready too—

**Wran** Confound the wench! What does she want? bothering just at this moment. There's no hurry—be off with you!

**Win** [*Going aside.*] Now he will, and now he won't! Oh! if masters were the servants, wouldn't they give themselves warning every day of their lives?

[*WRANGLEWORTH stamps impatiently. Exit WINIFRED, L. H.*]

**Wran** Sir, will you give me your word of honor you will never repeat what I shall now say to you, not even to your father?

**Har** I will.

**Wran** Have you any inclination to marry?

**Har** Marry! You've hit me a knock-down blow.

**Wran** Which you didn't expect, hey? Well, then, I don't want an immediate answer; I'll give you a few weeks for reflection.

**Har** I don't need them—I—

**Wran** Well, in half-an-hour, if you like, you may answer by letter—a simple "yes" or "no." If it is "yes," I have a second proposition to make; I have a daughter—I don't mean to sing her praises! you shall see her.

**Har** You don't mean to say—

**Wran** Yes. I do; I mean to say that the best way of settling family discords would be by a family union. I leave you to your reflections. [*Crosses R. H.*]

**Har** But, uncle, I never—

**Wran** Thought me so easy a fellow! Ha! ha! Then I've sur-

prised and deceived you—that's some revenge. In half-an-hour, your answer, my boy. *[Exit WRANGLEWORTH, R. D. 2 E.]*

*Har* But uncle, I never reflect—I always—true, I can't exactly toss up for his daughter before his face! Well, I always heard that Uncle Walter was an original—but of all original ideas!—it isn't a bad one, after all, though. A long and ruinous Chancery suit, terminated by a brief and happy love suit—Hymen versus the Lord Chancellor! But didn't Quaille insinuate that the girl wasn't pretty? and had none of the sweetest tempers? Aye! aye! And my charming little unknown of Mrs. Vernon's ball, who is always playing the spirit of mischief in my heart! Must I give her up too? Holloa! Holloa! What's this? Pardon me, God-less Chance! I verily believe I was insulting thee by something having a remote likeness to reflection. Up goes the half-penny! *[Pulls out half-penny.]* Umph! I can't exactly call "Heads" bachelor—"Tails," my cousin. It wouldn't be precisely decent towards her. Ah! I have it! He told me to write—so here goes! *[Goes to table, L. H., and writes:]* "My dear uncle,—After much serious deliberation and reflection. I have come, with deep regret, to the conviction that I have no desire to marry at all at present." That's delicate, at all events. It isn't the girl I refuse in retail—it's marriage I reject in wholesale. Good! *[Folds and seals the letter.]* That's decided! Now then for a similar document, as dissimilar as possible! *[Writes.]* "My dear uncle,—Without any further reflection, I decide at once upon accepting a proposition which—etcetera, etcetera—your loving nephew, Harald Dyecaster." Come, that's decided, too! *[Folds and seals second letter.]* Now then, chance, look down upon me! *[Shuffles the letters together.]* There! one right—one left. *[Lays the letters apart on L. H. table.]* Egad! I don't know myself now, which is which. That's all right! So up goes the half-penny! Heads, letter on the right—Tails, letter on the left. *[He is about to toss up the halfpenny, when WINIFRED enters with the luncheon tray, L. H.; she pauses.]*

*Win* Oh, do it again, sir! Please do it again!

*Har* Do what?

*Win* You were conjuring, like the fellow at the fair. And I do so like to see it—it's so funny!

*Har* Pshaw! it's only a way I have of amusing myself when I'm alone! *[Crosses to R. H., whistling and putting the halfpenny into his pocket. Aside.]* Hang it! I can't be caught in the fact of playing "pitch and toss" for the "young missus"—the girl might tell.

*Win* *[At L. C. of table.]* I've brought your luncheon by master's orders. *[Puts tray on table.]*

*Har* Your master's a brick!

*Win* Is he, sir? I suppose that's why he looked so red in the face as he went across the lawn just now.

*Har* *[Seating himself L. of round table.]* Oh, he looked red in the face, did he?

*Win* *[Above table, R. C.]* So flustered like. I knows what it is. I'm always red in the face myself when I'm flustered.

*Har* I shouldn't be surprised if you were. *[Eating.]*

*Win* And then he turned on me quick, and says he, "If the gentleman has anything to send me, after he has made up his mind,

you can bring it. I shall be in the factory," says he. "Have you made up your mind, sir?"

*Har* Long ago.

*Win* And what have you got to send?

*Har* I haven't the remotest idea.

*Win* Then how am I to take it?

*Har* You may take it all the same. [*As WINIFRED changes his plate, aside.*] Upon my word I don't think I ought, in conscience, to be sitting here eating the luncheon of a man who may be my enemy; but he may be my friend—may be my father—according as the latter decides. "When in doubt, win the trick," says Hoyle. Good? so is the luncheon, too. There! [*Rising from table.*] You may take it away!

*Win* You've done, sir!

*Har* [*B.*] Long ago.

*Win* [*L.*] Before you began, then.

*Har* Yes, all's right! Now for the decisive throw. [*Turns his back to WINIFRED, and pulls out halfpenny*] Up goes the halfpenny! Heads, letter on the right—Tails,—

*Win* [*L.*] Are you going to conjure again, sir?

*Har* Confound the girl! [*Aloud*] You may go!

*Win* Without whatever it is for master?

*Har* Yes. [*WINIFRED is going when he with a sudden thought says*] No!

*Win* [*Stops.*] He's as like a weathercock as master himself.

*Har* A capital thought! Come here, my dear.

*Win* [*Going to L. c., and wiping her mouth.*] Yes, sir!

*Har* How's your luck?

*Win* My luck?

*Har* Yes. Is it good, bad, or indifferent?

*Win* Why, as things go, so-so.

*Har* In love matters, for instance?

*Win* I've got a sweetheart, if that's what you mean; and he's the best looking, and the best off for milcs round.

*Har* Well, that's luck, as things go.

*Win* It's Peter Pother, the young miller, who lives in our village. All the girls are pulling caps for him. And there's Martha Muggins, you know, sir—she with the red hair and the snub nose—she's always, always after him; the forward, impudent hussey! So says I to her, "Martha Muggins," says I, "if I sees you a going along the Alder-lane—" for Peter, you know, sir, lives down the village, just ayond the green, and near—

*Har* Oh, never mind Peter's venue.

*Win* Oh, he hasn't got one, sir; he's only got the house, and the mill, and the cow-house, and the out-house, you know, sir—and so says I to Martha Muggins, says I—not that I am a bit jealous-tempered, though Peter is—law, sir, he is awful jealous!

*Har* That doesn't matter to me.

*Win* [*Wiping her mouth again.*] No more it does to me when he ain't by—but when he is—

*Har* That's your look out, of course. Now, I promise you a wedding present if you'll do me a civility, and never say a word about it.

*Win* [*Wiping her mouth again.*] I likes doing civilities, sir, and I never says a word about 'em, never—and as Peter ain't by—

*Har* [*Fetching letters from L. H. table and returning to R. C., holding out both letters.*] You see these two letters?

*Win* Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] Oh, that's all.

*Har* Upon my soul the girl looks as if—and she's pretty! Shall I? [*Takes out his halfpenny.*] Heads, kiss; tails, don't. [*Tosses.*] Heads! [*Kisses WINIFRED.*] That's all right!

*Win* [*L. curtseying*] Yes, sir.

*Har* Now, without reflection, draw—[*Seeing QUAILE coming, L. D.*] Quick! put the letters in your pocket. [*Gives both letters, she puts them into her apron pocket; he then crosses quickly to C.*]

*Enter QUAILE, L. D.*

Ah, my dear Quail, I'm glad to see you again, Quail; you are looking charmingly, Quail.

*Quail* [*L.*] I'm delighted to find you; for after considerable reflection, I have decided upon speaking to you, in a manner at once "private and confidential."

*Har* [*R.*] Directly, Quail, directly. [*To WINIFRED.*] Where did you say your master was?

*Win* [*R.*] In the factory.

*Har* Good! You've got my two letters?

*Win* [*Patting her apron pocket.*] Safe and sound.

*Har* You'll take one of them to "Master"—

*Win* Which of 'em?

*Har* Whichever you like—and then bring me back the other as fast as you can.

*Win* But, how am I to know?

*Har* You don't want to know; I don't; that is, not beforehand. Your wedding present depends upon your promptitude and discretion. You understand?

*Win* Perfectly! I don't understand in the least. Well, if he isn't the oddest young fellow! He beats master! [*Exit WINIFRED, C.*]

*Har* [*R. of table.*] This time chance has got it all her own way again; and she shall decide for me. [*Aloud.*] Now, then, old boy, what have you been deliberating about?

*Quail* [*L. of table.*] I have been considering that your conduct is at once doubtful and perplexing. You pretended to be a stranger here; and I am now credibly informed, and upon an authority which leaves but little room for doubt, that you are one of the family.

*Har* So I am. But I was ignorant of the fact when I saw you. This pamphlet told me, or rather, chance, chance! great guiding spirit of my existence, [*Looking after WINIFRED*] who is working away at my business just now, if ever she did.

*Quail* Your explanation is open to many points of doubtful reflection.

*Har* Spare the points!

*Quail* Now, when a man has taken three years to make up his mind to ask a young lady's hand in marriage, and at last, by a great effort of resolution, determined upon popping to—to—to—[*Sneezes.*]

*Har* The young lady, of course.

*Quail* No, to the father, as I have boldly done to-day.

*Har* To-day! Bravo! after three years of mature deliberation, to-day, good!

*Quaile* I don't understand, "to-day, good!" and when the father says to me, "I can't give you an answer at this moment."

*Har* Of course not.

*Quaile* Of course not! I don't understand again, and when he adds, "My nephew, Harold Dyecaster, must be consulted first."

*Har* I should think so.

*Quaile* You should think so? I still don't understand. "His answer must decide mine."

*Har* Naturally.

*Quaile* Naturally? That's the very thing I don't understand. Then, you see, I determine to ask that nephew his deliberate views, and whether he is inclined or not to use the influence he possesses, in support of the claim of an old friend, fag, I mean, whose friendship has been sealed by so many—

*[Making signs of kicking.]*

*Har* Then you make a great point of this marriage?

*Quaile* As you may suppose, after three years' mature deliberation. Besides, there's the contiguous property, and the large fortune, and—

*Har* Yes, that makes up for the want of other charms.

*Quaile* But she's adorable.

*Har* And her temper—

*Quaile* Everything that's amiable and charming.

*Har* But then, what the devil prompted you to say the contrary?

*Quaile* Oh! oh! prudential precautions. I thought you looked like a rival. 'Twas a clever idea to put you off the scent. I can be bright, you see, very bright.

*Har* *[Aside.]* Confound his prudential precautions! This makes a wonderful difference.

*Quaile* *[Looking out L. D.]* But silence! Here she comes!

*Har* *[E.]* A pretty foot! A charming figure! a—heavens! what do I see? my little unknown at Mrs. Vernon's ball?

*Quaile* *[C.]* What do you say now? She's worth three years' deliberation, I think?

*Har* *[Aside.]* I shouldn't need three minutes! Here's a chance again! But the letters! Should chance have taken a fancy to choose the wrong one! No, no! I must get them back at once! Ah! *[Runs up towards C. D., but meets ROSAMOND, who enters L. D.]*

*Ros* *[L.]* What! does my presence drive you away, cousin?

*Har* *[C.]* Yes; No, no! of course not! How could you think so? Avoid you? you whom, without knowing, I never could have hoped to know, and little suspected, in my wildest dreams, in fact *[Aside.]* Oh! this will never do! I feel I'm making an awful fool of myself! *[Aloud.]* But that's the very reason for being delighted at making acquaintance. What do you say, cousin? *[Shakes hands.]*

*Ros* *[Smiling.]* I don't wish to contradict you, cousin!

*[She goes up to tapestry frame at table, L. H., and begins to work.]*

*Quaile* *[A. pulling HAROLD.]* Suppose you speak to her at once! Pop the question to her in my place. That will save me an awful effort of resolution.

*Har* *[C.]* On one condition, I will: that you run immediately after the servant girl, whom I have sent to the manufactory. There, look, she's just now at the end of that walk, and tell her on no account to execute my commission, but to bring back what I gave her directly.

*Quaile* But, once more, I don't understand.

*Har* And as you never do, you see, you can get on very well without it. [*Pushing him towards C. D.*]

*Quaile* But allow me to ref—ref—ref— [*Sneezes.*]

*Har* To sneeze, if you like, as you run; but not to reflect. Quick! not a moment is to be lost. Deliberate, and I won't say a word.

*Quaile* I fly! I fly! It's astonishing how lively they all are in this family! [*Exit Quaile, C., forced out by HaralD.*]

*Har* [*Coming down R. H.*] Who shall dare to say now that chance is not the best of friends? [*Gets to C.*] Miss Wrangleworth!

*Ros* [*L.*] Just now you called me "cousin."

*Har* Oh, I haven't the smallest objection, "cousin" far from it, "cousin;" I'll say the word as often as you like, "dear cousin!"

*Ros* Not that you deserve the privilege, after not recognizing me at that ball. Where was the voice of nature? Dumb? Oh, fie! fie!

*Har* Certainly, whatever the voice of nature may have said to me, I didn't much attend to her. My feelings were in no way those of cousin, they were something stronger, something better, something more—more—

*Ros* [*Rising.*] Hush! hush! we must have nothing more than cousin, even if so much; for when my father knows—

*Har* He knows all, and, what's more, he proposed—

*Ros* What?

*Har* [*Aside.*] Hem! my word of honor! [*Aloud.*] Lunch, cousin.

*Ros* I could scarcely have hoped this, after our conversation of this morning.

*Har* Ha! you talked of me, then?

*Ros* Oh, only of my desire to see our family peace restored; your Montagues and Capulets are out of date.

*Har* But Romeos and Juliets never are. Think of Romeo meeting Juliet at a ball, admiring her, asking her hand, dancing the polka with her.

*Ros* Did Romeo dance the polka?

*Har* Of course he did, or something equivalent; and from that moment Juliet became his guiding star above. [*Points upwards.*]

*Ros* I don't know what Romeo did; but I know that you, cousin, are a better adept at the polka than at astronomy.

[*Pointing upwards in mimicry.*]

*Har* Not a whit! I know that "Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens, having some business, do entreat her eyes to twinkle in their spheres till"—[*Seeing Quaile, who has entered on tiptoe during the last words.*] He's come back!

*Ros* [*L., aside and re-seating herself at table.*] I'm half afraid of these lectures in astronomy.

*Har* [*R. C. to Quaile, who comes down R.*] Where are they? Hand them over, quick! You've seen the girl?

*Quaile* [*R.*] Why, to tell the truth, I stopped a little time to deliberate—whether to catch the girl up, it would be better to cut across the little bridge, or go by the plantation walk—and while I hesitated, and maturely calculated the respective distances, Winifred, all on a sudden, somehow or other got out of sight; and when she was out of sight, it was no use reflecting how I could see her, and so—



*Har* [*Aside.*] Confusion! [*Low to QUAIL.*] And so you missed her—and I was here—

*Quail* Speaking up for me—thank you—thank you. I won't disturb you—I'll go away very quietly. [*Sneezes violently and exits, c.*]

*Har* [*R. much agitated.*] She must have given my uncle the letter by this time—but which?—but which, ye gods? Perhaps the good one!

*Ros* [*L.*] Why, what's the matter with him?

*Har* But perhaps it's—the—the—other—

*Ros* You appear agitated, cousin!

*Har* No, no,—not in the least—or, rather—yes, yes—extremely; for I fear that your father, who received me at first so generously—I may say as a son. [*Aside.*] Which of the two has he got, good heavens! [*Aloud.*] I fear, I say—that is, I'm afraid—

*Ros* Afraid of what?

*Har* That he may change his mind—in fact, that his mind may be changed.

*Ros* [*Smiling.*] Oh, you little know him! He is as obstinate in his friendship as in his hate. To be sure, it is hard to get him to make the first advances; and, if he has done so, he would never—never pardon the rejection.

*Har* You don't say so? As obstinate in his friendship as his hate! But is it hate—or is it friendship? Pardon me! I dare say I am rather incomprehensible—but then, you see—[*Aside.*] That girl doesn't come back?—[*Aloud.*] my position you are of course unable to comprehend—

*Ros* Explain and let me try.

*Har* Explain! Oh, yes! When it's an equal chance, you see, you may win or lose. The bets are perfectly even; and so you see, my uncle may fall "heads," or he may fall "tails."

*Ros* [*Laughing.*] A very lucid explanation, certainly!

*Enter WINIFRED, C. D.*

*Har* [*Seeing WINIFRED.*] Ah! here she is! charming!

*Ros* [*Not seeing WINIFRED.*] Who? Chance?

*Win* [*L.*] Oh, Miss: there's a carriage *druv* up with Mrs. Brunton and Mrs. Bush. I know them by their Thomas behind.

*Ros* [*c.*] Cannot my father receive them? I am engaged on business of importance—an explanation—[*Turns and smiles at HARALD.*]—and rather a complicated one.

*Win* Master's shut himself up in his study, and can't be disturbed, he says—business of importance—

*Ros* Well, and mine—[*Crosses to L.*] But I suppose I must go. They are awful bores. I mean to have a dreadful headache; so I shall soon be back. [*Exit ROSAMOND, L. D. 2 E*]

*Har* [*Watching ROSAMOND off, then seizes WINIFRED by the hand with the utmost vivacity, and brings her down, c.*] Well!

*Win* [*R.*] Well! [*With an air of triumph.*] I've gone and done it!

*Har* [*L.*] Heavens and earth! You haven't given the letter?

*Win* Haven't I, though? Beautifully, as you told me.

*Har* But which?

*Win* How should I know? The first that came out of my pocket.

*Har* It's all over, then. [*Trembles with anxiety.*] Come! give me the other [*Aside.*] At least, I shall know my fate! [*Aloud, violently.*] Why the devil don't you give it me?

*Win* Give you what?

*Har* The other, to be sure.

*Win* [*Embarrassed.*] The other!

*Har* Yes, the other letter, where is it?

*Win* I can't exactly say, just now.

*Har* What, just now?

*Win* Why, d'ye see, sir, just after I had giv the letter to master, I met Peter Pother, my sweetheart, you know, who is going to marry me, you know, and who lives just down the village, you know.

*Har* If I know, what do you want to tell me for? She'll drive me mad with impatience!

*Win* He was just going to mount old Bess, that's his old mare, sir, to ride over to market, and so I dropped him a little curtsy, just so, sir, and giv him a little smile, just so, sir, to see what he'd say. But he's as jealous as a tiger, not that I ever seed a jealous tiger, but they say as how tigers, [*HARALD makes a gesture of impatience.*] Well, sir! he, sir, sees the other letter in my hand, and snatching it away, says he: "what's that, a letter for you?" says he; "no," says I "tisn't;" "yes," says he, "'tis;" "no," says I; "yes," says he; "no," "yes."

*Har* Oh, patience!

*Win* I told him 'twas for master, but he wouldn't believe me.

*Har* [*Bawling.*] But why didn't you show him the direction!

*Win* [*Bawling likewise.*] Because he can't read!

*Har* Peter can't read! Fatality!

*Win* And that makes him so suspicious! "I'll have it read in the public market-place," cries he, in a rage, "to prove what a fool you make of me."

*Har* And he's off to prove the fact.

*Win* At full gallop. But don't distress yourself; I dare say he'll be back in an hour or so.

*Har* An hour of so! I could blow my brains out. [*Up and down L.*

*Win* [*E.*] For a bit of paper as you writ yourself. Can't you write yourself another, sir?

*Har* [*With a sudden thought comes down to WINIFRED.*] Ah! when you gave the other letter to your master, tell me, what did he do?

*Win* Why, he tuk it, to be sure.

*Har* No, no—what did he say—how did he look? Tell me all.

*Win* From beginning to end? Why, sir, he was a coming back to the house. And so, says I, "Master," says I, "here's a letter for you, from the strange young gentleman," says I. "Ah! from my nephew," says he. And that's how I knowed you was his nephew, you see.

*Har* [*Impatiently.*] Well, well, go on!

*Win* Then he's Miss Rosamond's cousin, thinks I, whom she often talks about. Well, thinks I—I should never have thought—to look at him—for thinks I—

*Har* [*Seizes her arm impatiently.*] Will you go on?

*Win* Well, ain't I going on?

*Har* But the letter—your master?

*Win* Oh, yes, where was I? Oh! master takes the letter, and he looks so curious, and so flustered like—and then he begins calling for his spectacles. "Where are my spectacles?" says he, just

so ; for master can't read a bit without his spectacles, d'ye see, and he's always a losing them, and always a looking after them.

*Har* Confound the spectacles !

*Win* That's what he always says<sup>e</sup> himself, sir. " Ah ! " says he, just so, enough to make one jump out of one's skin, sir. " They're in my study. " Just then we hears a carriage driving up. " I'm not at home ; I won't see anybody, " says he—toddles into the house—I follow—he turns suddenly upon me. " I'll kill any one as disturbs me, " says he, and bangs the door in my face, and locks it inside ; and that's what he did, from beginning to end.

*Har* Run, knock at the door, and tell him—

*Win* No, thank ye. He'll kill me, or perhaps do worse—turn me away.

*Har* [*Walks up and down uneasily.*] Well, then, let me know as soon as that confounded Peter returns, if he ever means to return.

*Win* [*Alarmed.*] If he ever means to return ! Lawk, sir, what do you mean ?

*Har* Go—leave me.

*Win* But don't think, sir, as how he'd go—

*Har* Go to the deuce.

*Win* I had better go after him.

[*Exit WINIFRED, C.*]

*Har* A pretty mess I've made of it ! There was my happiness in my own hand, and I've chucked it over to chance, to play " Heads or Tails " with.

*Enter QUAIL, C.*

*Ah !* Here's this fellow now.

*Quail* [*Down R.*] I have executed your commission with accuracy. I found the girl just now.

*Har* [*L.*] Well, and she gave you—?

*Quail* Nothing at all, for the very good and sufficient reason that she had nothing at all to give me. But I hastened to you at once with this information ; and I think you'll say that, this time, I was not long doing it. But, now, have you spoken up for me ?

*Har* For you ? I never dreamt of it. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Quail* [*L.*] Surely it didn't require much mature deliberation. May I ask why ?

*Har* [*R.*] Because I love Miss Wrangleworth myself.

[*Crosses to R.*]

*Quail* [*R. astounded.*] Oh ! it can only have been all in a moment ; but I have been three years ; I ought to be first. Do you mean to say you have popped the question ?

*Har* Would that I had !

[*Crosses to R.*]

*Quail* Then you haven't ?

*Har* I can't tell.

[*Crosses to L.*]

*Quail* But surely you can inform me, without much deliberation, whether you have or whether you haven't.

*Har* At this moment it is utterly impossible for me to say.

[*Crosses to R.*]

*Quail* [*L.*] What ! a mere matter of fact, whether you have—

*Har* I haven't the least idea.

*Quail* Or whether you haven't ?

*Har* I don't know if I have.

[*Crosses to L.*]

*Quail* [*R., exasperated.*] Oh, oh, oh ! Do you take me for a fool ?

*Har* [*R.*] I tell you I always take things as they come !

*Quaile* As they come—take things! Does he mean an impertinence? Upon reflection, I am rather inclined to opine he does.  
*[Aloud]* Mr. Harald Dyecaster!

*Har* I see what it is; you seek a quarrel with me; so much the better. I'm ready just now to quarrel with myself, with all the world, and with you in particular; so, since you insist upon a challenge—

*Quaile* Goodness gracious! How you go on! I never had any such intentions. I never insist.

*Har* But I'll be generous. I'll leave you the choice of weapons.

*Quaile* Choice of goodness gracious! But a choice of any kind requires the most mature and severe deliberation. How am I to choose?

*Har* Try "heads or tails." I've given it up. Here's my half-penny.

*[Gives him money and goes up L. H., gets round at back to fire-place, R. H.]*

*Quaile* *[R.]* What! Could you raise your hand against an old friend?

*Enter ROSAMOND, L. D., hastily.*

*Ros* *[Crosses to c.]* What do I hear? A dispute, gentlemen!

*Quaile* *[To ROSAMOND.]* Upon reflection, I may hereafter deem it advisable to lay before you the bearings of the case. In the meanwhile—*[Sneezes.]*

*Ros* *[L. c.]* You shall have time for reflection, Mr. Quaile. But now, there are Mrs. Brenton and Miss Bush waiting to see you before they go; they have a little quarrel to settle with you.

*Quaile* Another quarrel! *[Aside]* Thank goodness, the ladies can't challenge me! *[Crosses to L.]*

*Ros* *[c.]* And ladies must have precedence. Meanwhile, your male adversary shall not escape you; I will detain him. *[Smiling.]* At least I'll try. Go, quick.

*Quaile* I fly! *[Aside]* Upon reflection, I don't like leaving them together at all. *[Aloud, in answer to a gesture from ROSAMOND,]* I fly.

*[Exit QUAILLE, L. D.]*

*Ros* *[Goes up to round table and sits R. of it.]* And, now, cousin, we'll talk a little sense.

*Har* *[By fire-place]* If it be possible.

*Ros* I don't comprehend you! In the whirl of a ball-room, you were calm, collected, unembarrassed—

*Har* No, I wasn't.

*Ros* While here, in our quiet country retreat, you are agitated, uneasy, incoherent—uncommonly incoherent. One might almost ask, what has become of your reason?

*Har* You may ask, certainly; but I can't exactly tell. What would you say if I told you I cannot live without you? *[Kneeling.]*

*Ros* *[Casting down her eyes.]* I should say, there is no reason you should die.

*Har* *[With joy]* Do I understand aright? You love me—love me, Rosamond! Oh! I am the happiest of men—*[With rage]*—No, I am not! I am the unhappiest mortal upon earth!

*Ros* *[Astonished.]* Unhappy! What do you mean?

*[Coming down to front.]*

*Har* *[R.]* I mean—I mean that the felicity you have bestowed on me is the greatest punishment of my folly.

Ros [L.] Felicity a punishment!

Har Oh! if I could but tell you all!

Ros Why not tell me all?

Har You'll never pardon me.

Ros That's to be seen. I certainly never shall, if you don't confess at once.

Har [Looking off L. D.] But Quaile is coming!

Ros No matter. I have the family failing. I am obstinate; and know I must—

Har Well, then if you must—

[Goes up R. H., and speaks low with ROSAMOND.]

Enter QUAILE, L. D.

Quaile [L. C.] The women will be the death of me between them! That Mrs. Brunton made quite a scene, because I hadn't taken any tickets for her lottery in favor of the regeneration of the Mormons; and, when I told her, that, perhaps, after mature deliberation, I might decide upon reflecting upon the condition of these benighted polygamists, and then see, she wasn't content! She insisted on my taking twenty tickets directly, and made me pay for them too! A regular case of female footpaddery! and all because she says I'm a bachelor; as if that were a reason. But I'll marry—I am resolved upon that important step at last, if it were only for economy.

Ros [Who has been talking aside with HARALD.] Perhaps now, sir, you can tell me whether you have or whether you haven't?

Har [C.] I have told my fondest wishes to my cousin.

Ros [R.] But that is no reason I should listen to them.

Har [With grief.] Ah!

Quaile [Aside.] Master Harald is distanced! Bravo!

Ros [Aside to HARALD.] So, thanks to this folly, this—this want of all consideration for us, which my father never will, never ought to forgive, you are even still ignorant—

Enter WINIFRED, C. D.

Har [Going up to meet her.] But here comes my messenger; and at last I shall know my fate. [QUAILE gets up L. H.]

Win [Coming down between ROSAMOND and HARALD, aside to HARALD.] Peter is come back. I told you he would. They assured him at market the letter was not for me, but for master. Didn't he look small. I mean Peter, not master.

Har But where is the letter? Give it here; quick!

Win [Taking letter from her pocket.] Here it be! [He takes it from her, and is about to open it, when ROSAMOND snatches it from him, opens and reads the letter, without showing emotion in any way, while HARALD observes her with the greatest agitation.]

Har Well, well? Speak! Tell me, Rosamond! Do not keep me in this fever of suspense. [Seeing door R. H. open.] Ah! my uncle! [Enter WRANGLEWORTH, R. D., two letters in his hand, and spectacles on top of his head.] So stern! so gloomy! Ah! he has the wrong one!

Wran [R. To ROSAMOND.] Have you anything for the post, child? Bob is going directly with my letter to my lawyer. [Looks at HARALD.] I have written to bid him remove all thoughts of a compromise and co— my suit to the last, and ever afterwards, if necessary.

Ros [R. c.] Father!

Wran [Crosses to R. c.] Mr. Harald Dyecaster, whom I will no longer detain in this house, may carry this intelligence to his father.

Quaile [Aside.] Yes, Master Harald is distanced! I said it, and I am never wrong upon reflection—never! [Up stage L.]

Ros [Aside to WRANGLEWORTH.] But, father, what has my cousin done, that you should turn him out thus inhospitably?

[Wran What has he done? There! read! [Gives one of the letters he has brought in] and then, I expect, you'll not stand up for him again.]

Ros [R. Takes the letter from her father with the right hand, and, while pretending to read, changes it for the other, WINIFRED'S letter, in the left hand, and gives the latter one to her father, concealing the former. Coldly.] I see nothing that could wound your feelings, my father, in a letter so full of respectful consideration.

Wran [Angrily.] Respect! consideration! what do you mean?

Ros [Reading the letter WRANGLEWORTH now holds.] "My dear uncle, without any further reflection, I decide at once upon accepting a proposition which—"

Har. [L. c.] Good Heavens! [WRANGLEWORTH looks surprised.]

Ros [Makes a motion to HARALD to be still.] "Which puts a stop, so happily, to our family discords, and permits me to exchange for that of your son, the title I have hitherto borne of your loving nephew, Harald Dyecaster."

Wran [C., stupefied and rubs his eyes.] You mean to say that is written there?

Ros Word for word.

Wran It won't do—I know what I read.

Ros You read wrong, perhaps, papa. Prejudice often blinds a man, you know.

Wran Nonsense! I'm not to be humbugged! [Feels in his pockets.] My spectacles! Where are my spectacles? Confound the spectacles!

Win [Up c. c.] I knew he'd say it.

Wran Winifred, fetch me my spectacles; they are—they are somewhere or other; go and get them there directly.

Win Yes; if I only knew where somewhere or other was.

[Exit WINIFRED, R. D.]

Wran [Crosses to L. c.] No, no; I can do without them. [To Quaile who comes down L.] You shall read the letter for me, neighbor. You are an honest man; and you won't deceive me. There

[Hands him the letter.]

Quaile [Taking letter, reads.] Certainly! "My dear uncle, without any further reflection, I decide at once upon accepting a proposition which—"

Wran [Snatches the letter from him.] You are as bad as any of them. You are in the plot! You are a—a—a—

Quaile Goodness gracious! Reflect on what you are saying.

Har [c.] Those are the words I wrote. I can safely swear to that, uncle.

Ros [R.] They are the counterpart of those my cousin has been saying to me. I can safely swear to that, papa.

Quaile [L.] They are the very echo, certainly, of what I heard him repeat just now. Without much reflection, I think I may safely swear to that, neighbor.

Wran [c.] You are all in a conspiracy to call me an old fool!

Re-enter WINIFRED, R. D. 2 B.

[Seeing her.] Now, WINIFRED, give me my spectacles.

Win [R. c.] But I can't find them nowhere.

Wran Because you haven't looked in the right place—you idle, careless, stupid—

Win [Bursts out laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Well, sure enough, I hadn't—but I have now—why, if they ain't a-top of your head, sir.

Wran [Finding them pushed back on his head.] Goodness gracious! so they are! Now to confound you all [Wiping spectacles; puts them on] now you shall see [Rocks] “My dear uncle, without any further reflection, I decide at once upon accepting a proposition which—”

Ros Papa, you are in the conspiracy, too!

Wran I'm confounded! But that's not what I read—read with my own eyes!

Ros What, papa? Will you believe your own eyes rather than my cousin's assurances, Mr. Quaile's deliberate affirmations, and your daughter's entreaties?

Wran I really don't know what to believe—or what not!

Har [R. c.] You may believe my eagerness to accept the happiness you offered me.

Win [Comes forward R. c.] That you may, sir; for I am witness that, for fear you shouldn't take him at his word at one go, he gave it twice.

Wran How twice? [HAROLD motions to WINIFRED to be silent.

Win Once to young missus, and once to me. That makes twice.

Wran [Shakes his head.] Somehow or other, I feel I am humbugged, though I don't know how.

Har [R. c.] You shall know, uncle, if you will—

Wran [c.] Ah, at last!

Har The day after my marriage with my cousin Rosamond.

Wran Well, then, I suppose I must give you my blessing, if it be only to gratify my curiosity.

[Smiles at ROSAMOND and hands her to HAROLD.

Ros [R.] No more Montagues and Capulets, then.

Har [c.] But Romeo and Juliet for life!

Wran [L. c.] My poor friend Quaile! it seems you deliberated a little too long.

Quaile [L.] Three years. No, not at all, only others went too fast. But I think I know another young lady not to be sneezed at, and I'll I'll [Sneezes] reflect upon it. [WINIFRED hands him his hat.

Ros And now, Harold, will you play “Heads or Tails” with your happiness again?

Har No. When I say “up goes the half-penny,” it shall be to fling it into the river! And yet I should like—just once more—to see how matters stand—“Heads,” approbation—“Tails! d—the other “ation.” [Throws up then pinches, as if afraid to look. The others crowd around him, as if anxious to see.] No, no—I can't venture to look. [To audience.] Pray tell me is it HEADS OR TAILS?

No. 3012

# THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

Translated and Adapted from the German.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.



# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.]

*Theatre Royal, Sadler's  
Wells, February 21st, 1883.*

<i>Mr. Harwood</i>	[Harford's Father-in-law.]	-	Mr. Barrett.
<i>Mrs. Harwood</i>	[Harford's Mother-in-Law.]		Mrs. H. Marston.
<i>Henry Harford.</i>	- - - - -		Mr. F. Robinson.
<i>Jessy Harford</i>	[His wife.] - - - - -		Miss T. Bassano.
<i>James</i>	[Harford's servant.] - - - - -		Mr. Lewis Bell.
<i>Lucy</i>	[A servant.] - - - - -		Miss Eliza Travers.

SCENE.—A VILLA AT RICHMOND.

COSTUMES OF THE DAY.

*Time in Representation, Forty Minutes.*

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.

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SCENE.—A Room in HARFORD'S Villa, with windows to the ground, leading on to the Lawn, with view of the country beyond—A table partly laid for luncheon, C.—Side-table with newspaper, L. C.—Sofa, R. C.—Eight chairs—Doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.—As the curtain ascends, JAMES is discovered humming an air, and placing the chairs round the table.

Lucy [Without, L. H.] James, James, open the door!

JAMES opens the door, L. 2 E. and LUCY enters with a dish in each hand, L. 2 E.

James Allow me to assist you.

Takes a dish from her, and, as she places the other on the table, he passes his arm around her waist and kisses her—She crosses to R.

Lucy [R.] James, fie, sir! What if any one should see you?

James [L.] Is there any chance of that?

Lucy Yes, master may pop in any minute from the garden.

James But consider, Lucy, my name is Bunks, and that you facetiously call me the busy B; consequently, in my fittings about, I'm privileged to sip the honeyed sweetness from off those lips.

Lucy I've no objection to that, James, but if master saw you—

James Well, what if he did?

Lucy I should expire for very shame, James.

James Why? he kisses his wife often enough, for he has only been married three months.

Lucy Yes, his wife. Now, if you were my husband—

James Ah, how long will it be before I am?

Lucy [Sighing.] Goodness only knows.

James [Embracing her.] At all events, longer than you have any desire to wait. [Placing his arm around her waist.

Lucy [Breaking away] Don't speak so certain of what you know nothing about.

Both arrange the table, fetching glasses, &c. from side-table. HENRY HARFORD comes from the lawn, remains at the window unperceived, and listens.

Lucy Master's father and mother-in-law are coming to luncheon.

James Yes, and to rejoice in the happiness of the young couple.  
Lucy, I can't say that I can give you a father-in-law.

Lucy That is of no consequence.

James Besides, I think we should find ourselves quite sufficient for one another, without fathers or mothers-in-law. There, *thank goodness the table is spread!*

Lucy Yes.

James What?

Lucy Nothing. I said yes.

James Well, that is nothing. [*Aside.*] I'll come the authoritative.  
[*Aloud.*] You must also say that— [They come forward.

Lucy Say what?

James "Thank goodness the table is spread."

Lucy Why?

James Why—be-cause—be-cause—you must.

Lucy How stupid.

James When one has finished anything, it is customary and proper to say—thank goodness that is finished.

Lucy Go along with your nonsense.

James It is not nonsense. You must not have such a will of your own, Lucy. [*Softly.*] Now, there's a dear, do say thank goodness the table is spread.

Lucy No!

James If you love me, do!

Lucy I won't.

James [*Getting angry.*] You won't?

Lucy I won't.

James When I ask you to do anything, can you say no?

Lucy Yes, yes! and if you were to ask me ten times, I'd still do so.

James What am I to think of that?

Lucy Whatever you please.

James Allow me to ask ten times and still be answered in the negative!

Lucy Yes, if you were to ask anything so foolish.

James It is not foolish, but that is not the question now; you shall say it simply because I wish it!

Lucy I won't say it.

James [*In a threatening tone.*] Lucy!

Lucy [*Imitating him*] James!

James Now, you must say it.

Lucy I must, must I?

James [*Decidedly.*] Yes! I command it.

Lucy Why, surely the man is dreaming, or got out of bed wrong foot foremost this morning!

James No joking—I'm in earnest. You shall say, "thank goodness the table is spread."

Lucy I shall and must, eh?

James Yes! you shall and must.

Lucy Now, then, I won't do it.

James [*Trying to keep down his anger.*] Lucy, I beg you will.

Lucy I won't.

*James* For the last time I ask you.

*Lucy* I won't—I won't, no, not even if you were to stand upon your head and ask me.

*James* We shall see! [*They walk across the stage angrily.*]

*Lucy* [*Folding her arms.*] Well, we shall see!

*James* [*Angrily shaking his finger in her face.*] You will refuse my request, and will perversely persist in your obstinacy.

*Lucy* Yes, yes!

*James* Let's try. [*Takes hold of her wrists.*] Now, then, say it—say, “thank goodness the table is spread!”

*Lucy* Oh, oh! [*Breaks away.*] Oh, you brute—to squeeze me so! but, I haven't said it.

*James* Well, consider everything at an end between us!

*Lucy* Very well, sir!

*James* And can you give me up so easily?

*Lucy* Yes, if you are such a stupid.

*James* [*Scornfully.*] But, you can yet prove yourself to be more than woman, by not continuing obstinate, and saying it!

*Lucy* But, I won't! I won't I won't! There then.

*James* [*Passionately.*] Then go to—[*Bell rings.*—your mistress's room, for that is her bell!

*Lucy* [*Going.*] I've not finished with you yet, my gentleman.

*James* [*Runs after, and takes hold of her dress.*] Now Lucy, “thank goodness the table is spread!”

*Lucy* [*Stamps her foot.*] No! [*Exit R. 2 E.*]

*James* Obstinacy—as I think a distant relation of the King of Denmark says in the play—“thy name is woman.” Request! entreaty! threat! force! all, all in vain! If I was to tell her that I would never, I wonder if she would say it!

*Henry* [*Coming forward.*] Whether she would or no, pray let her live.

*James* Sir, I did not think —You've heard—

*Hen* Something of your and Lucy's dispute, yes. She is an obstinate girl, James.

*James* Yes, sir, but otherwise she is an uncommon nice young woman. But I can't tell what is in the girl's head to-day.

*Hen* That is a problem that the wisest have been unable to solve, so don't bother yourself about it; but go and see to the wine.

*James* [*Crosses to L, aside.*] I must be firm, she shall and must say it, “Thank goodness the table is spread.” [*Exit L. 2 E.*]

*Hen* I think that was my wife's bell, so she must have come in from her walk. Ah, here she is!

*Enter JESSY, R. 2 E.*

—Your walk has done you good, love; you have got quite a color, and look charming.

*Jes* Flattery? but Henry you must really give it up. Recollect, we have been married for three months, so that it is time you should appear in the character of a husband, and give up p'aying the part of a lover.

*Hen* Do you desire that?

*Jes* Why, all the world says that you men change with marriage, and I must make up my mind to put up with it, and the longer you delay making this change the greater difficulty I shall have in reconciling myself to it when it does happen.

*Hen* But you shall never find any difference in my conduct, dear wife. I shall never change, precious!

*Jes* And I will never give you cause to do so, darling! [*Shaking hands very cordially.*]

*Hen* I believe you are the dearest creature on earth, and you fulfill my every wish almost before I give them utterance.

*Jes* And do you not the same for me? [*They seat themselves, she takes up her work.*] I wonder where my father and mother can be, I have not seen them for nearly a fortnight, and I so long to see them.

*Hen* [*Playing with her work.*] Do you miss them, my dear?

*Jes* You never thought when you asked that.

*Hen* No, no!—I was thinking of—[*Laughs.*—something that happened just now.

*Jes* Well, what was it?

*Hen* Something comic in the extreme! As I stepped in from the lawn, I heard Lucy and James amusing themselves with the great conversational powers with which they are gifted—out of curiosity I listened. When they had finished laying the table, James, in a self-satisfied manner, viewed the whole arrangements, and made use of the natural expression, "Thank goodness the table is spread," and as Lucy had also been engaged in the work, he desired her to show her thankfulness for the completion of the task, by making use of the same expression.

*Jes* Rather imperious!

*Hen* Lucy refused to say it—James insisted on it—and out of this arose a quarrel—James endeavored to compel her—while she continued peremptorily to refuse. Very obstinate of Lucy, wasn't it, dear?

*Jes* It is rather difficult, dear, to say which of the two was most obstinate.

*Hen* But he begged her to do it.

*Jes* But it was such a foolish request.

*Hen* But so insignificant—that no justification can be found for her obstinate refusal.

*Jes* [*More warmly.*] Even as little as one can find for his obstinately persisting in requesting her to say it.

*Hen* Now do not let us quarrel about it! nothing of the kind can ever happen to us—for I am sure if I was to request anything of you—you would not refuse me!

*Jes* [*Doubtingly.*] Hum, hum!

*Hen* [*Decidedly.*] I am quite convinced you would do whatever I asked you—

*Jes* But what if I did not?

*Hen* What if you did not? why, that is without the verge of probability, so I won't speak of it. I would bet anything—

Jes Do not bet.

Hen Let us put it at once to the test.

Jes [*Quickly.*] Pray don't! Pray don't!

Hen Pooh, nonsense! Dear Jessy, I request, that you will say—  
"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

Jes Do not be so childish.

Hen Now, dear wife, I beg you will! do say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

Jes [*Struggling with herself.*] What a—what a foolish request! [*Hesitatingly.*] No, no! I will not say it.

Hen Do, do say it.

Jes No—no.

Hen [*Rather warmly.*] You won't say it?

Jes [*Decidedly.*] No!

Hen [*Rising slowly from the table.*] And can you refuse what I request?

Jes [*Rising.*] But it would be so childish to say it!

Hen Childish or not, that's not the point,—it is, whether you will or will not fulfill my request?

Jes You are wrong in making such a request.

Hen And you act wrongly in refusing to do what I request

[*They become more firm and decided.*]

Jes I act wrongly? That is the first time that you have ever said such a thing!

Hen It is also the first time that you have refused what I requested!

Jes And it is the first time that you have ever requested anything so thoughtless and childish!

Hen Thoughtless—childish! Is that the language of love?

Jes Can he loves entreat anything so foolish of her he loves?

Hen Entreat, Mrs. Harford? I have only requested!

Jes Well, if you should entreat—

Hen Then—

Jes If you should entreat—

Hen Then, of course, you would not refuse me!

Jes Yes, even then I would; for if you entreated such a thing of me, you would lessen me in my own esteem. No, I will not say it.

[*Goes up to a side-table and rings bell.*]

Hen Good gracious, how angry you have become! How decidedly you oppose yourself to me! Is this the tone that a wife should use to her husband?

Jes Is such a foolish request such a one as it becomes a husband to ask of his wife?

*Enter LUCY, R. H.*

Jes Lucy, I left my handkerchief in my bedroom.

[*Exit LUCY R. H.*]

Hen Jessy, do not drive this, which was at first a jest, too far.

Jes Do I do so? No, sir; it is you who change jest into earnest.

[*Sits herself, and hastily snatches up her work.*]

*Enter JAMES, L. H., with decanters, which he places on the table. LUCY enters R. H. with handkerchief, which she gives to JESSY; she then passes JAMES,*

who, in pantomime, asks her if she will fulfill his request; she, in pantomime, refuses, and exits L. H.—JAMES follows quickly, after shaking his fist.—JESSY continues working, with her back to the table.

Hen [Who has been looking onto the lawn, comes forward, seats himself, and takes up the newspaper, reads for a short time, then looks over it at JESSY, throws it down, goes to her and gently says:] Well, have you thought over it? Will you give up being obstinate?

Jes [Quickly throwing her work away.] How, Mr. Harford, obstinate? You know if there is any word that I detest it is that! I am not obstinate—and most especially not so in the present instance—but you are, for so obstinately persisting in so foolish a request.

Hen But, Jessy dear, understand me; it is not on this foolish request I lay any stress, but only on your fulfilling my desire.

Jes Well, if it is so, I request you will not mention it again.

Hen But my request was first made, and therefore must first be attended to. I should not have thought it possible that you could have refused me anything—

Jes [Rising.] Indeed! I must never say no—always yes, yes, yes. I see, you are like all the rest of your sex; you do not desire to have a loving wife—a tender, true, and impartial helpmate—no, you desire that your wife should be your slave.

Hen My dear, you surprise me. What exaggeration is this?

Jes No, no, sir, with your demand for implicit obedience commences our *subjection*. But I never will be made a slave—no, never! I haven't read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for nothing. I will assert and defend my rights, and neither threatening nor force shall bring me under subjection—

Hen And "he shall be thy master."

Jes There, there, sir, was I not right? You will be me the *master*, I the *slave*—you will command, I must obey. I understand and perceive your desire to lord it. I will obey you in all that is reasonable, but not in that which is unreasonable.

Hen [L.] Those are expressions never used to one whom we esteem.

Jes [R.] Such requests are likewise never made to one whom we esteem.

Hen Yes, but a jest—

Jes You have made bitter earnest of it. [Cries.] Not a quarter of an hour ago you said you would never change, and now there you stand as cold and indifferent as if we had been married for twenty years.

Hen Now, now, don't cry—you know how that irritates me.

Jes [Sobbing.] I can't help it if your conduct forces me to cry.

Hen [Ironically.] Ah, goodness! what a villain I have already become! I force you to cry! Oh, wretched and much-to-be-pitied woman, in that your fate has linked you to such a brute!

Jes Go on! go on!—add mockery to your cruelty. Who would have thought this an hour ago? I was so joyous—felt so happy—and now—

Hen Do you think there are no unfortunate women in the world besides yourself?

[JESSY continues crying.]

*Hen* [*Aside*.] Oh, this confounded crying! If her parents should come what will they think? [*Aloud*.] Now, wife, now, Jessy, now dearest—come, come, let's make it up.

*Jes* [*Taking her handkerchief from her eyes*.] What, make it up?

*Hen* Yes, it is foolish that we ourselves should mingle the bitter with our happiness.

*Jes* [*Softly*.] Do you indeed think so?

*Hen* No one can have less cause to quarrel than we.

*Jes* [*Gently approaching him*.] And yet you were so cruel.

*Hen* Well, well! Now here's my hand, let's make it up?

*Jes* [*Slowly placing her hand in his*.] Well, there—you cruel fellow for tormenting me so.

*Hen* [*Gently embracing her*.] You know, darling, I wouldn't torment you for the world; but now, dear, as you love me, do, now, it's all over, just say those few words.

*Jes* [*Quickly withdrawing herself*.] What! again?

*Hen* You won't?

*Jes* [*Gently*.] But, Henry—

*Hen* I was the first to give way, now you must complete it.

*Jes* You will insist on it? You will commence this quarrel again?

*Hen* And you, I know, will put an end to it. Say those few words and I'm content.

*Jes* [*After short hesitation*.] Once for all—no!

*Hen* No! Good, good—very good! You know that this trifle would please me; but no, you won't do it. It may be obstinacy on my part to persist in it; but love would put up with such obstinacy and give way to it. You will not do so. These two or three stupid words are nothing in themselves; but by saying them you would give me a proof of your love. Go, go, and never more say that you love me. [*Walks angrily up and down*.]

*Jes* You accuse me of obstinacy, and with what right? You, yourself, admit that your request is foolish, and yet you insist on it. [*Gradually relaxing her decided tone*.] Is that love? You see that your request pains and grieves me, but that does not affect you. Your cruelty has made me cry, and yet you are indifferent. On whose part, then, is there most obstinacy and want of love?

*Enter JAMES, L. 2 E.*

*James* Mr. and Mrs. Harwood have come, sir!

[*He then goes and prepares to wait at table*.]

*Hen* [*Uneasy and softly*.] Now, hide your tears, or what will they think?

*Jes* I'm sure I do not care if they know what has taken place. I am quite innocent.

*Enter MR. and MRS. HARWOOD, L. 2 E.*

*Hen* My dear sir, I'm delighted to see you.

*Jes* Dearest mother!

*Mrs. H* I must scold you, daughter, for it is nearly a fortnight



since you've been to see me. I had a great mind not to come this morning.

*Jes* Dear mother—

*Mrs. H* Yes!—rest easy—I know a young wife has something else to do than to think of her old mother.

*Har* The way of the world—old lady, the way of the world—a wife must leave her father and mother, eh? But you do think of us sometimes, don't you, my girl?

*Jes* Always, father, always!

*Hen* [*Anxiously watching JESSY.*] Now, shall we seat ourselves?

[*Mrs. H. takes a chair between HENRY and JESSY.*]

*Har* I've nothing to say against it, for I'm very tired and very hungry. [*Sits L. of table.*]

*LUOY enters and places a dish on the table—JAMES takes hold of her, and asks, by signs, whether she will say what he has desired—She knocks his hand away, by signs refuses, and exit L. H.*

*Har* Ha, ha, ha! Wife, you have put yourself betwixt the newly married couple. That's right, for if they sat together it might be pleasant to them, but very unpleasant to the rest of the company. Now, fill your glasses, and here is—many such days as the present.

*Hen* Hem!

[*JESSY R. of table, wipes her eyes and sets her glass down.*]

*Har* What's the matter? You do not seem inclined to drink that toast; and—eh, girl?—a tear? I see, a little tiff!

*Hen* James!

[*Motions him to withdraw.*]

[*Exit JAMES, L. H.*]

*Mrs. H* [*Behind table, R.*] How can you ask? Let them settle it themselves.

*Hen* [*Behind table, L.*] Oh! it is nothing, a trifle, not worth mentioning—and dear Jessy is something too sensitive.

*Jes* [*Bursting into tears.*] Something else—accused of being too sensitive now!

*Hen* At least in the presence of your parents—

*Mrs. H* Restrain yourself, Jessy, dear.

*Jes* I know it is wrong to give way to one's feelings, but I have had too great a cause, and cannot help it.

*Mrs. H* What! Son-in-law! Son-in-law!

*Har* [*Who has continued eating.*] Wife, do not interfere in this, it concerns the children only.

*Hen* From Jessy's appearance it would seem as if I had deeply injured her. Now, you yourselves shall judge—for I'll tell you the whole affair.

*Har* Don't son, don't, we have no desire to interfere in the quarrels of married people. [*Eats.*]

*Hen* But I must justify myself.

*Har* [*Eating.*] It ain't necessary.

*Hen* You might believe—

*Har* We do not believe anything.

*Mrs. H* But pray let him; perhaps it may lead to a reconciliation.

*Hen* I heard James, this morning, when he and Lucy had laid the cloth, desire her to say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!" and they had a quarrel because she would not. I told Jessy this, and laughingly added that she had not such a will of her own, and in jest asked her to say it. She refused with such decided obstinacy and provoking perverseness, that at last we had angry words about it.

*Jes* [*In tears.*] There, you hear—obstinacy, perverseness, sensitive-ness, reproached with all this. Now, you can bear witness for me, that I never was obstinate.

*Har* Why—no girl—I can't exactly do that.

*Mrs. H* Now, husband, how can you wrong the poor child so—she was never obstinate. Be calm, Jessy, dear—we won't interfere, and you will soon be reconciled to one another.

*Jes* I fear not, for he still insists on my saying it.

*Mrs. H* [*Astonished.*] What, son-in-law, do you still mean to say that you insist on it?

*Hen* Pray let the matter end.

*Har* Yes, let it end, or you will spoil my luncheon and disturb my digestion. You are a foolish girl, Jessy, dear. And, son-in-law, you do right in gently curbing the self-willfulness of your young wife. She will be soon accustomed to it, like my old lady there, who does not know the meaning of the word *refuse* when I ask. And if I were to request her to say, "Thank goodness the table is spread!" she would say it immediately.

*Mrs. H* No, she wouldn't, though.

*Har* What?

*Mrs. H* You would not desire it, dear.

*Har* But supposing I did?

*Mrs. H* Why, then I wouldn't say it.

*Har* I say, old lady, are you in earnest?

*Mrs. H* Yes, quite.

*Har* You will refuse to fulfill my request?

*Mrs. H* Yes!

*Hen* My dear sir, this is folly. Pray speak of something else.

*Har* [*Rises.*] Stop a minute, son-in-law, stop a minute. I've never seen the like of this before, and now I'll see the end of it. Elizabeth dear, now just say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

*Mrs. H* Leave me alone.

*Har* Pray say it.

*Mrs. H* No!

*Har* Many a time when I have seen a well spread-table, I've said it, and now you shall.

*Mrs. H* I won't!

*Jes* Dear mother—

*Har* Elizabeth—

*Mrs. H* No!

*Har* Dear Elizabeth!

*Mrs. H* No!

*Har* Lizzy dear!

*Mrs. H* No! I won't say it!

[*All rise.*]

*Hen* I beg that—

*Har* This is beyond a jest. Will you, through your own obstinacy, set your daughter such a bad example?

*Mrs. H* Here we have another example of past experience—that the men always side together when they have the *subjection* and submission of woman in view. The father even takes part against his own daughter.

*Har* I take no one's part except my own. My daughter's and her husband's affairs do not concern me. I have only to settle with you, and I desire that you repeat those words.

*Mrs. H* Mr. H. ! Mr. H. ! how can you ask anything so foolish of your wife?

*Har* Foolish or not, that's not it. This request is nothing more nor less than the touchstone of obedience, and if my historical knowledge serves me rightly, even so did Gesler hang his cap upon a pole, in order that the Swiss might greet it. This was the touchstone of their obedience.

*Mrs. H* And, Mr. H., if my historical knowledge does ditto by me, it was because this request was so laughable, foolish, and unmanly, that the Swiss revolted against their oppressors.

*Jes* Right, mamma, and we will act even as they did.\*

*Mrs. H* Yes, of course we will, my own child, and set ourselves in opposition to these self-elected lords of the creation.

*Jes* We are wives ; but not submissive or inferiors.

*Mrs. H* Among the Turks women may be submissive and therefore inferiors—but we, thank goodness, live in a Christian land !

*Jes* The men appear to desire the introduction of Turkish customs, for in behavior they are *Turks* !

*Mrs. H* [More warmly.] But, heaven be praised, we are not slaves, and we will assert our rights !

*Jes* And such foolish requests as you have made we never will comply with !

*Mrs. H.*

and } No ; never, never, never !

*Jes.*

[They both retire and speak together, &c.]

*Hen* Father-in-law !

*Har* Son-in-law, we've dropt in for it. The worst of it is, that it has thrown me out with my luncheon, and when I do not make a good luncheon, I never make a good dinner.

*Hen* Notwithstanding, we must give in to them.

*Har* My dear fellow, I don't know. This is a quarrel by which neither party can gain anything. I've allowed myself to be irritated—got into a bit of a passion—but the specimen I have had of the enemies' powers and the difficulties to be overcome, have cooled my courage, and I feel quite peaceably inclined. Besides, the women are not altogether wrong, for it is *nearly* as obstinate to persist in our demand as it is for them to persist in their refusal ; and—

[Whispers—they retire L.]

*Jes* [Advancing R.] If I had at first for a moment imagined that so much would have come of such a trifle, I would have considered it a jest, and as such, complied with it ; but now I cannot do so.

*Mrs. H* On no account; for, if you were to do so, it would forever subject you to his imperious control.

*Jes* He shall see that I have a firm will.

*Mrs. H* Very proper. Do not give way a single inch. My husband may ask long enough before I will give in.

*Jes* You will support me, dear mother, will you not?

*Mrs. H* You may rely on that, my dear, and so will all the women of England. [*They whisper.*]

*Har* The most prudent always gives in—

*Hen* I would willingly do it, but honor—

*Har* Pooh, nonsense, honor! that often prevents a man from doing what is right. A jest commenced the quarrel, and let a jest put an end to it.

*Hen* If one could, by a jest—Ah! I think I see the way.

[*Exit R. H.*]

*Har* Come, come, a truce; your allied powers are too strong for me. But I must strengthen the fortifications in case of the worst.

[*Sits*] Ah, thank goodness the table is spread.

*Jes* Dear mother, shall we also?—

*Mrs. H* Oh, yes, yes, do not let their folly deprive us of our luncheon. [*Seat themselves R. of table.*]

*Re-enter HENRY, R. with two shawls.*

*Hen* I come to make peace, and let us put an end to the war. I acknowledge that I was the chief cause of this quarrel, and to atone for this, I'll make you a present of one of these shawls. I intended to have done so this morning, but our quarrel drove it out of my remembrance.

*Jes* [*A little ashamed.*] Henry, I scarcely know—

*Hen* Come, choose.

*Jes* At such a time—

*Hen* Choose, choose, there's a good girl.

*Jes* [*Points to one, and suddenly withdraws her hand.*]

*Hen* The right hand one? [*She nods—he then puts one on the table and the other over her shoulders.*] It becomes you beautifully. Now I have come three parts of the way.

*Jes* [*After a moment's hesitation, goes and embraces him.*] "Thank goodness [*Whispers in his ear,*] the table is spread." [*Embrace.*]

*JAMES enters, with tray, and remains ready to clear table.*

*Har* That's right, my children, you have very wisely made an end of it.

*Hen* Peace is made.

*Jes* Forever

*Hen* The like shall not happen again.

*Jes* No, never!

[*They go up R.*]

*LUCY enters, arranges the things on side table, L. H.*

*Mrs. H* [*Who has examined the other shawl, taps Mr. H. on shoulder.*] Look there.



NO. CCCII ?

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

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# MY AUNT.

A Petite Comedy in Two Acts.

*James*  
BY SAMUEL J. ARNOLD, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[MY AUNT.]

	<i>Tremont, Boston,</i> 1834.	<i>Tremont, Boston,</i> 1837.	<i>Federal st., Boston,</i> 1846.	<i>Federal st., Boston,</i> 1847.	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1847.
DASHALL.....	Mr. J. Wallack.	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. J. Wallack.	Mr. J. Wallack.
FREDERICK.....	" W. M. Leman.	" C. Muzzy.	" H. Russell.	" H. Watkins.	" E. F. Kesch.
RATTLE.....	" Andrews.	" W. F. Johnson.	" T. Placide.	" C. T. Smith.	" J. R. Vincent.
SOBERLOVE.....	" W. F. Johnson.	" W. F. Johnson.	" D. Whiting.	" Munroe.	" J. G. Cartlitch.
Mrs. CORBETT.....	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. J. Reid.	Mrs. Kinlock.
EMMA.....	Miss McBride.	Miss McBride.	Miss Wagstaff.	" H. V. Lovell.	Mrs. H. Mathews.

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	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1851.	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1852.	<i>Chestnut st., Phila.,</i> 1853.	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1853.	<i>Wallack's, N. York,</i> 1853.
DASHALL.....	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. J. Wallack.	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. J. Wallack.
FREDERICK.....	" Sandford.	" Aiken.	" Briggs.	" Shirley.	" Reynolds.
RATTLE.....	" S. D. Johnson.	" S. D. Johnson.	" N. T. Davenport.	" S. D. Johnson.	" F. A. Vincent.
SOBERLOVE.....	" E. B. Williams.	" W. H. Curtis.	" Lomas.	" W. H. Curtis.	" Chippendale.
Mrs. CORBETT.....	Mrs. J. R. Vincent.	Mrs. Archbold.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Archbold.	Mrs. H. Craner.
EMMA.....	Miss Preston.	Miss B. Lewis.	" C. Clarke.	Mrs. C. Jefferson.	" H. B. Phillips.

## COSTUMES.

- DASHALL.—Blue body coat, gilt buttons, light fancy vest, white corded breeches, black silk cravat, top boots.  
 FREDERICK.—Frock coat, and trowsers.  
 RATTLE.—Blue groom frock, white cord breeches, top boots, striped vest, hat with gold band.  
 SOBERLOVE.—Brown body coat, buff vest, drab breeches and gaiters, apron.  
 Mrs. CORBETT.—Plain dark satin, bonnet and shawl, spectacles.  
 EMMA.—White muslin dress, bonnet and shawl.

# MY AUNT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room at a Country Inn. The Room in great disorder. Cards on the floor, and scattered about the tables. Candle broke in candle-stick. Bell L. R. as curtain rises.*

FREDERICK and RATTLE.

*Rattle* [Without.] House! house! house! [They enter 1 E. L.] Bless my soul! if the house was in a blaze I could bawl no louder. What, nobody to take us in?—the first inn I ever knew, your honor, that wasn't ready to take in travelers.

*Frederick* Well, well, we have got possession of this room, and hence I will dispatch my letter immediately to my inestimable Emma.

*Rat* Your inestimable Emma will be the death of your inestimable servant, if we go on at this rate.—Post here, post there, and wait for the post nowhere! Never easy a moment; lovers I'm sure must be hung on springs, like mail-coaches, or they could never bear such jolting and quick traveling, without shaking to pieces.

*Fred* Here's the letter: you must approach Mrs. Corbett's house cautiously.

*Rat* Cautiously! that's the first word that implies a slow motion, that I've heard from your lips for this twelvemonth. But 'twill be prudent; for should the old lady guess me for Cupid's ambassador, and detect us in this part of the world, the gentleman who 'tis said is to marry Miss Emma, may prove rather an awkward addition to our present small (though agreeable) party.

*Fred* Courage, man, I fear him not—but see our host.

*Enter SOBERLOVE, 1 E. R. H.*

*Sober* Sarvent, gentlemen—beg a thousand pardons—fear I kept you waiting—lost a spoon—looking for it.

*Rat* I thought you might have lost your ears.

*Fred* Why, your house seems in disorder, friend.

*Sober* Travelers playing here all night—little out of sorts to be sure—but that's no affair of mine.

*Fred* Yes—I see the field is still covered with the implements of war.



*Sober* Ah, don't name it, sir ; heard the shouts of the victor, and the cries of the wounded, all over the house—poor young gentleman, quite ruined!—done!—smashed! He was going to Mrs. Corbett's at the Manor-house, hard by—but *that's no affair of mine.*

*Fred* To Mrs. Corbett's? should this be my rival?

*Sober* The young gentleman arrived quite late—dark night—lost his road—t'other gentleman here before him—both bragged—laid bets—asked for cards—fell to—played and swore, till last comer lost his all—money, watch, gold seals, and snuff box, and for aught I know, hopes and happiness—but *that's no affair of mine.*

*Rat* Poor gentleman, he may now travel o' dark nights without fear of robbers.

*Sober* The young gentleman's now trying to take a nap.

*Rat* Young gentlemen who have lost their all are very apt to have sound slumbers : poor folks sleep amazingly!

*Fred* Fatal passion for gaming ; 'tis the poison of the soul.

*Rat* Fatal passion for women ! 'tis very bad for the valets!

*Sober* Fatal passion for wine ! 'tis very good for inn-keepers ; never speak ill of your friends.

*Rat* Right.

[*Without.*] House ! house !

[*Bell rung without, 1 B. L.*

*Fred* Let me have a room immediately.

*Sober* Coming !

[*Crosses behind to L.*

*Rat* And breakfast by all means ! breakfast !

[*Without.*] House, I say !

[*Bell rings again.*

*Sober* Coming ! in a moment, gentlemen.

[*Exit 1 B. L.*

*Fred* Tell me, Rattle, this unlucky gamester, is he not my rival, think you ?

*Rat* Bless us, what a vast conception ! That had never entered my thick sconce.

*Fred* You observe he was going to Mrs. Corbett's, and now I recollect, Emma in her last letter mentions my rival as a wild young fellow, addicted to wine and gaming,

*Rat* So much the better ; this backs us better than a lord's letter of recommendation ; he won't dare show his face to the lady, till he comes to the Manor-house just in time to find us married to his mistress. It'll do—while he, like a hermit, is moralizing here in his cell, we, like successful campaigners, will scour the country, storm the castle, establish our batteries, and if put to the push, who knows but we may carry the fort in the very teeth of the enemy ?

*Fred* Shall we be fortunate in our enterprise ?

*Rat* I'll tell you in a moment, sir. Let's consult the oracle of the ladies—[*Takes cards from the table, &c.*] My mother was a fortune-teller, and taught me to read fate in dreams, marks, lines, cards, and coffee-cups.

*Fred* Absurdity !

*Rat* Now mind, sir, I'm going to open the book of fate.

*Fred* Stupidity !

*Rat* Vastly well, sir, I see you're an unbeliever—[*Laying out cards.*] Now, sir, let's see if you are to have the lady.

*Enter SOBERLOVE, with breakfast &c., L.*

*Sober* [*Crossing in front to B. H.*] Room's ready, sir. This way.

*Exit, B. H. 1 B.*

# MY AUNT.

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*Rat* Breakfast! I'll tell my master's fortune in a tea-cup.

[*Exit after SOBER, 1 R. R. H.*]

*Fred.* Hope, thou dear nursing of love, I invoke thee; lead me on, and courage and enterprise shall be thy associates.

## • SONG.

When sorrow loads the lover's breast,  
Each sigh his anguish proves,  
No balm affords such soothing rest  
As thoughts of her he loves.  
In fancy's dream he holds her dear,  
But fearing soon to part,  
He sadly drops the hapless tear  
For her that owns his heart.

Should worldly cares my portion be,  
Where'er I chance to roam,  
In every clime I'd think of thee,  
Of thee and of my home.  
Oh! doubt not, Love, I'd e'er forget,  
Though doomed from thee to part,  
But ever think with fond regret  
On her who owns my heart.

[*Exit, 1 R. L.*]

## SCENE II—*Front of the Inn.*

*Enter SOBERLOVE, D. F.*

*Sober* Here, John! Chambermaid! mind the house! There's a coach stopped—Ho!—I see Mrs. Corbett from the Manor-house, and the lovely Miss Emma—what the devil brings them!

*Enter MRS. CORBETT and EMMA, 1 R. L.*

[*Bowing to ladies as they enter.*] *Perhaps some affair of mine.*—Sarvent, ladies—too proud of this honor: any commands for your humble sarvant?

*Mrs. C* Pray, Mr. Soberlove, inform me if you have not a young man here?

*Sober* [R.] A young man—lord, ma'am!

*Mrs. C* [C.] Who last night ruined himself at play with some strangers at your inn?

*Sober* Too true, ma'am—but couldn't help it—[how the devil did she hear of it?—brought cards with 'em—never keep such things at the Golden Fleece.

*Mrs. C* Do you know whither he was going?

*Sober* O yes, ma'am—he was going to you, forsooth—a fine spark! seems to want a sober man, like me, to look after him, sadly! Ah, poor young man! As mad as chimney-sweeps on a May-day! A sad young man—but that's no affair of mine.

*Mrs. C* I've heard enough—where is he?

*Sober* In that room, ma'am—just drop't into a doze—wanted sleep sadly: step and wake him directly.

[*Going D. F.*]

\*Omitted in the representation.

## MY AUNT.

*Mrs. C* On no account—he must needs require rest ; and when he wakes by no means tell him I am here : I wish to surprise him, for I fear shame would prevent him now from seeking me.

*Sober* Shame ! fancy not, ma'am ; only—that can be no affair of mine. Please to walk in, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* Enough, friend ; tell the coachman he need not put up.

*Sober* Not put up !—no hay or corn ? Better put up, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* As you see fit.

*Sober* Certainly, ma'am—put up, by all means : not that it can be any affair of—only speak for the good of the cattle, ma'am

[Exit, 1 E. L.]

*Emma* [L.] I have not yet ventured, my dearest madam, to ask the reason of this early visit to an inn.

*Mrs. C* [a.] You have no suspicion, then, that I come to seek my nephew ?

*Emma* Your nephew, madam ?

*Mrs. C* He has passed the night in gaming, and has lost everything ; one of my neighbors, who, by some accident, learnt the story, and his name, came this morning to acquaint me with it.

*Emma* And—you—did not prefer coming hither by yourself, madam.

[Sighing.]

*Mrs. C* I thought your beauty and sweetness, joined to my indulgence, might more easily tranquilize his mind and soften his despair.

*Emma* Is it possible to find another Aunt whose clemency—

*Mrs. C* I own my weakness. But of all my family, this nephew alone is left me, and him I have not seen since his infancy. My ready forgiveness, when I see his sorrow and repentance, will ensure his future good conduct ; and you, my dear Emma, will prove your affection for me, by accepting my nephew as your husband.

*Emma* [Half aside.] Oh, Frederick, and must I then for life renounce thee !

*Mrs. C* What says my Emma !

*Emma* I ought—I must obey you ; but the unfortunate Frederick —

*Mrs. C* Frederick ! How, Emma ! do you then love this young man whom you met in London during the only period when you have been long absent from me ?

*Emma* Oh, madam, we still blush to acknowledge what is the dearest pride of our hearts, but my gratitude to you can find no competition in my bosom.

Enter SOBERLOVE, 1 E. L.

*Sober* All's ready, ladies—your servants wait, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* Come, dear Emma, we shall soon face this imprudent young man who has drawn us hither. In the meantime be assured, as I have ever sought your happiness, I will not now urge you to be miserable ; but let him have a fair chance, and if you cannot think you can esteem and love him, you never shall be his.

*Sober* That way, ladies—follow that passage, ma'am—have the honor to attend myself, directly—very full of company at present—but that's no affair—oh, yes, that is an affair of mine.

[Exit Mrs. C. and EMMA, D. F.]

*Ret* [Without.] Waiter ! waiter !

MY AUNT.

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*Sober* Coming, sir—they call, ma'am—Sarvent, ladies—coming sir.  
[Exit, D. F.]

SCENE III.—A room in the Inn.

*Enter* RATTLER, 1 E. R.

*Rat* Somehow or other I must see this spark who has ruined himself; 'twould be strange enough if, as my master guesses, he should prove our rival—mum—who's here?

*Enter* DASHALL, singing and yawning, 1 E. L.

*Dash* Well, upon my soul, after such a night, I've contrived to make a decent nap of it. [*Yawns*] and now my head's clear, and my eyes open, I must begin to think, how the devil I'm to get out of this damned scrape that I have shuffled myself into.

*Rat* The very man, no doubt—looks very like a young gentleman who lost all his money last night, and has just woken to the agreeable recollection of it.

*Dash* [*Seeing* RATTLER.] Who's that fellow? If I ain't mistaken—

*Rat* Dear me, this young gentleman is very like—

*Dash* I think I've seen him in the army.

*Rat* By the lord, 'tis the amiable young Captain, who one day honored me with a kicking, for bringing up a coal scuttle instead of some shaving powder.

*Dash* Harkee, fellow! surely I've seen that uncommon frontispiece of yours somewhere? Ain't you in the service—

*Rat* Of Captain Frederick Vincent, at your service. And, now I recollect, you are Capt. Dashall, I believe.

*Dash* What! Vincent, my old brother officer here! so much the better; he shall help me out of a trifling difficulty.

*Rat* Trifling difficulty? Why, Lord, sir, are you the young madman, who they say lost all his money here last night?

*Dash* The same; yes, I'm ruined a little—fairly stripped—utterly undone!  
[Sings.]

*Rat* Well, for a man who is just utterly undone, you are the merriest gentleman that I ever met with.

*Dash* Sighing and groaning, and the mortification of morality, man, will neither restore my snuff-box, my cash, my credit, or my curricule.

*Rat* What, your curricule gone!

*Dash* Yes, it followed my horses.

*Rat* And your horses, too?

*Dash* Yes, they ran away with my curricule!

*Rat* Mercy on us! so that you, who had before a troop of dragons, must now be content to be a foot captain.

*Dash* I've settled my scheme; till my pocket receives a reinforcement, here will I repose me—rich in reveries—laugh, sing, dance and whistle, and rail at the world like Diogenes in his tub.

*Rat* And you have already sent to your friends, no doubt.

*Dash* I always think of them, the moment I'm in distress. The worst of all is, that I'm expected at the neighboring Manor-house, and in my present plight I dare not present myself.

*Rat* [*Aside.*] Our rival, by Jupiter!

*Dash* But what the devil do I stand chattering thus for! Run, tell your master I am here, and that I'll wait on him directly.

*Rat* Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] Wait on him! much upon the same errand that a dun waits on a debtor. Sir, I'll acquaint my master that you do him the honor to—[*Aside*] want his purse immediately.

[*Exit*, 1 E. R.]

*Dish* If he fail me, what the devil shall I do? Suppose I make a bold bush at this silly old Aunt, and tell her a cock and bull story about footpads on the road? Why, she won't believe a word on't. Then what a figure shall I cut? I think I see myself already at her door: an officer of dragoons plodding away with a great crabstick in his hand, knocking at the clumsy door of the old Manor-house, like a neighborly visitor who comes mumping for a dinner. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! 'twill never do. My Aunt will smoke me—the young lady'll dismiss me, and I shall have nothing left, but to pull my neckcloth a little tighter, and hang myself out of the way ~~at~~ once.

[*Exit*, 1 E. R.]

SCENE IV.—*A gallery with two doors. Three chairs and table.*

*EMMA sings within.*

*Enter FREDERICK, from door, listening, 1 E. L. H.*

*Fred* I heard a voice so like Emma's, and yet 'tis so improbable—Hark!

DUET.

• *EMMA sings within, D. F. R. H.*

By the magnetic needle's force,  
The Pilot knows to steer his course;  
So should the heart by love impressed,  
Be guided to this faithful breast.

*Fred.* By the rich sweets she round her throws  
We know when we are near the rose;  
So can the heart prophetic prove,  
When near the object of its love.

Duo.

Alas! 'tis fancy's glowing vision cheers,  
The voice resembles, but no form appears.

*Enter DASHALL and RATTLE, 1 E. R. H.*

*Fred* [*Comes forward.*] What, Dashall—is it possible? Didn't you hear a voice?

*Dash* Yes—did you?

*Fred* A most delicious one.

*Dash* It was mine.

*Fred* Yours! pshaw! but how is this? I cannot believe it to be my old friend Dashall.

\* Omitted in the representation.

*Dash* Yes, 'tis I, Dick Dashall; ruined, robbed—you see indeed the most miserable undone dog in—but how are you, my boy?

*Fred* Still gaming, I find. If you knew—

*Dash* Prithee, no preaching—I've renounced play for these six weeks, and but for these abominable travelers—oh, I've had my lesson—I'm now an-altered man.

*Rat* Yes, you are altered from a *rich* man to a *poor* man.

*Fred* You ought to think more seriously.

*Dash* Zounds, I'm as miserable and as melancholy as a lover by moonlight. But tell me when you saw the lovely Julia?

*Fred* The circumstances in which you stand—

*Dash* Are damned bad.

*Rat* [*Aside*] Bad enough.

*Fred* Prithee, be serious; have you no resources?

*Dash* Let me see! no, none that I recollect—unless—yes—I'll tell you one—you shall lend me sixty guineas.

*Rat* [*Aside to FRED.*] Say you haven't got sixty pence—lie.

*Fred* With all my heart, if I could, but the small sum I have about me won't—

*Dash* Say no more! I know your friendship—am sure you would if you could—and though you can't I'm nevertheless equally—not *equally*, but very *greatly* obliged to you.

*Fred* On my honor, Dashall, your situation excites my pity; what in fortune's name will you do here in this miserable inn?

*Rat* [*Half-aside.*] Starve!

*Dash* No, sir, I will not starve. [*Mimicking RATTLE.*] I'll philosophize! calculate odds and chances—curse cards and dice—fancy I've renounced the world and all its wicked vanities, now I've no longer the means of enjoying them. Run down the times, and write a treatise on the instability of all sublunary things.

*Rat* [*Aside.*] Very pretty pastime for a young buck of the first order.

*Dash* Let me see—all this time I believe I haven't told you I'm going to be married?

*Fred and Rat* Married!

*Dash* Ha! ha! ha! My dear fellow 'tis the paragon of all matrimonial manœuvres. A rich old aunt of mine, who, I believe, I never saw, has contrived it all—she wrote to my father—he answered—she replied—he rejoined—all was settled; they condescended to let me know the arrangement and sent me the miniature of the damsel, set in beautiful brilliants. The brilliants *were* beautiful, I assure you, and I received it with all becoming transport.

*Fred* And thus the business was concluded?

*Dash* I promised to marry—took leave full of good resolutions, and arrived here late last night, and broke them all. 'Twas too late to go to Mrs. Corbett's—met some pleasant company—we supped—sung, laughed, played, drank, swore, and I lost all—money, horses, curicle, patience, and good resolutions—and all I have left is this lovely lass—*without* the diamonds. [*Shows the miniature—FRED takes it.*] The girl's well enough—but zounds! how you stare at it!

*Fred* Oh, my friend, 'tis such a striking likeness!

*Dash* Hey! the devil! do you know her?

*Fred* Know her! Yes—that is—not that I know her—only that 'tis so like a lovely young creature in—

*Rat* [*Getting to the center.*] In Dorsetshire, sir, that my master is desperately in love with!

*Dash* Oh! like somebody you're in love with! well, I wish you success with her, with all my heart: you lovers have a keen eye for a likeness!

*Rat* [*Aside.*] Yes, and a happy knack of lying.

*Fred* How happy should I be to possess such a resemblance.

*Dash* Good, i' faith. So you really think the thing of some value, without the brilliants?

*Fred* What would I not give to call it mine!

*Rat* [*Aside.*] My master's going to play the fool.

*Dash* Upon my soul, I neither know, nor care a pin for the original.

*Fred* [*Smiling.*] Suppose—suppose we strike a bargain!

*Rat* [*Aside.*] My poor master!

*Dash* [*Not understanding.*] A bargain!

*Fred* Suppose I buy it of you!

*Dash* Oh, horrible! sell a lady! sell my wife! Zounds, Fred, do you take me for a Jew or a gipsy?

*Rat* [*Getting to center.*] Ask pardon, sir, but think my master's offer a very handsome one. [*Aside to FRED.*] Offer him a guinea, sir; the King's picture is as good as that, any time.

*Fred* I dare say you would have played for it last night, if they'd have set a value against it.

*Dash* Ha, ha, ha! a good idea, upon my soul—to be sure I should.

*Fred* [*Laughing.*] Why should you?

*Dash* Don't tempt me; my virtue's of the tottering sort—I always keep my resolutions when I've no temptations to break them.

*Fred* You jest, perhaps!

*Dash* Allons! shall we cut cards, draw straws, race maggots, play at push-pin, head or tail, or odd or even?

*Rat* [*Aside.*] The Lord have mercy upon us!

*Fred* You are raving mad—but I never game, and to speak truth, I'm ashamed to begin.

*Dash* Both game and shame will soon be over.

*Rat* [*Aside to FRED.*] Better not, sir; he's the devil incarnate.

*Fred* [*To himself.*] Yet, if I could obtain it—come, I can but lose a certain sum, and—

*Dash* You hesitate! [*Rings hand-bell on the table.*] Bring cards and dice.

*Rat.* But my poor master.

*Dash* [*Pushing him off.*] Bring cards and dice. [*Exit RATTLE, 1 M. R.*]

*Fred* What sum shall we set against the lady?

*Dash* Look at it; observe how highly 'tis finished, how delicately touched: there's a pencil—there's red and white—flesh and blood—there's an eye—and the fellow to it—what a nose!—and lips, you dog! Heavens and earth, I begin to love it myself! A throat—what a throat and a bosom—say no more—I can't part with it. What d'ye think of fifty guineas?

*Fred* What, fifty guineas for a miniature?

*Dash* A girl of eighteen, with dark blue eyes—look at those eyes.

*Fred* Beautiful! but these things—

*Dash* The lips, pouting red, as if blushing for the kisses they solicit—

*Fred* Lovely!

*Dash* The bosom, soft as the down of the cygnet, and fair as the untouched lily—there apathy might be roused into transport—despair be lulled to repose, and care find a pillow of peace. Oh! I can't part with it.

*Enter RATTLE, with cards and dice, 1 E. R.*

*Fred* Enough—[*Takes dice*] For fifty guineas—

*Dash* The lady's staked for fifty!

*Rat* My poor master!

[*They sit down to play.*]

DASHALL.

RATTLE.

TABLE.

FRED.

### DUET AND DIALOGUE.

*Fred* Now fortune smile upon my lot,  
Thy favoring hand my hopes preface—

*Rat* I hope she will—I fear she'll not—

Her frowns will put me in a rage.

*Fred* Grant me the semblance of my fair—

*Rat* Our money and our patience spare.

*Fred* Grant me my fair.

*Rat* Our money spare.

*Dash* [*Spoken.*] Allons! the first throw! Ten!

*Fred* [*Together.*] } Now chance be friendly to my fate.

*Rat* } Now chance be friendly to his fate.

*Fred* [*Throws.*] So—six and two are only eight. I lose!

*Dash.* Again!

*Rat* No more!

*Fred* Double or quits!

*They throw again, DASHALL stands in chair back of the table, lifts purse and watch, and holds them up in triumph, as the drop descends quickly.*

### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.—A Chamber.

*Enter DASHALL, 1 E. R. II.*

*Dash* Well, after all, there's no life like the life of a gamester! play keeps his passions always on the stretch; 'tis a perpetual stimulus to keep them from stagnation, to banish ennui and drive thought to the devil.

*Enter RATTLE, 1 E. R. II.*

*Rat* Ruin and robbers! Oh, sir, you're a lucky man, but you carry all your luck about you, you've brought none to us; you've



stripped us, pillaged and plucked us like a pair of pigeons. Oh miserable day! as chimney-sweeps on a May day! A sad young man—but *that's no affair of mine.*

*Dash* I'm really as sorry as you can conceive, that fortune should have been so favorable to me.

*Rat* What in the name of fortune is to become of us?

*Dash* Do as I did, get drunk and forget it.

*Rat* You settle it easily; you're used to it; but we, who are people of regularity, sobriety, good manners, and strict morals—Oh, lord, oh, lord!

*Dash* Be comforted; I may find means to console you both.

*Rat* Can you? [*Aside.*] I've melted his iron heart, he's going to give back the money.

*Dash* Yes; 'tis a very liberal idea; I shall make these poor fellows quite happy.

*Rat* [*Aside.*] He meditates! Heaven send us comfort and pour the cordial of pity into his cogitations! Ha! thinking, no doubt, if he shall handsomely give us the whole, or only hand us over the half.

*Dash* It shall be so. Hark'ee friend—I am about to make a tremendous sacrifice; it hurts my fine feelings—but we don't live in this world for ourselves alone; here, take it, carry your master this—this portrait.

*Rat* What, the miniature?

*Dash* I make him a present of it.

*Rat* Cræsus! what magnificence! really, sir, your generosity is so amazing, that—

*Dash* I certainly am a very liberal fellow—don't you think so?

*Rat* Oh yes, sir. [*Aside.*] Liberal as a footpad, who takes your money and then obligingly presents you with the empty purse.

*Dash* And now be pleased, worthy sir, to show me my horses.

*Rat* Your horses! Ha, ha, ha! that's a good one! You know, sir, you lost your horses, curricie, gold seal, and snuff-box.

*Dash* Meaning your master's.

*Rat*. Our horses!

*Dash* His that were—mine that are.

*Rat* And they are gone too! Oh, my horses, my poor dear beasts! this is the cruellest cut of all; it'll break my heart, sir, it will, indeed: I shall never get over the loss. [*Sobbing.*]

*Dash*. I like your sensibility, honest fellow; I've a great deal of sensibility myself—y-a-w! [*Yawns.*] Well, this miniature will certainly make you happy. I must to the Manor-house. If my old aunt should hear of this prank, what the devil must I do?

*Enter SOBERLOVE, 1 E. R. H.*

*Sober* You must turn out.

*Rat* It will be our turn next.

*Sober* Advise you to pay your bill and begone.

*Dash* Why, thou most impudent varlet! dost think I'll endure the insolence of a little pert prig of a puppy like thee? a quiz of a caricature, a fellow with head like the frontispiece of an ugly Dutch pug? Begone!

*Sober* [*Following DASHALL.*] Heyday! tone's altered! Poor man! cracked a little—but *that's no affair of mine.* Hark'ee, mister, take a friend's advice—pay your bill or leave your portmanteau in pawn—

but that's no affair of—yes, that is an affair of mine—anything, only go—mum—I'm wise—better be off—must not speak—only hint—better turn out quickly, or—

*Rat* He'll turn him over to us presently.

*Dash.* [*Jingling purse.*] Ay! stare wider! Zounds! the fellow's eyes will start out of his head. Money, you rogue—hard cash—enough to make a man stare now-a-days.

*Sober* Oh, sir, this is quite another affair. But bless us, how did you get it?

*Dash* Why—that's no affair of yours. Heyday! tone's altered—harkee, mister—take a friend's advice—mum—better be off—musn't speak—only hint—better turn out quickly or—I may kick you out—  
[*Drives him off, and exit, 1 E. R.*]

*Rat* There he goes to drink our healths in bumpers of claret, while we return the compliment in sour small beer, at best. Curse him! he robs us of our money, and very politely presents us with this piece of painted ivory. [*Addressing the miniature.*] So you mean to stay with us, ma'am : undoubtedly you do us a deal of honor : I hope you mean for to pay for your board : your eyes are vastly beautiful, how much bread and butter will they buy us? not a breakfast!—your lips to be sure are lovely!—will they persuade people to trust us?—not a penny!—your nose is a non-such : I don't think it'll smell roast beef at our board in a hurry. Now then I'll away to my master with this crumb of comfort, this mite of consolation, this morsel of magnificence that's to stop up the chinks of his empty purse, and calm the cravings of hungry despair. Oh dear! oh dear! what an up and down world is this! when *down* as we are, devil a soul will know us—though when we're *up*, every one has a civil bow to bestow, till fashionable politeness becomes as great a bore as the dunning of a creditor.

◦ SONG.

What a world do we live in, good lack !

Up and down like a bucket we go ;

Full of friends, or no friends to our back,

Just as good or ill fortune we know.

While a man's full of cash in the purse,

Friends abound—knives surround—

Bowing, bending,—giving, lending—

Gaping, scraping—all attending—

Presents sending!

All are mighty civil, odds curse!

Dear sir, beware that thorough air—

Do take this chair—you shall, I swear—

Oh, sir, don't stir—oh, fie, not I—

Sir, I entreat you'll keep your seat—

Indeed 'tis clear you must sit here—

Do pray oblige in that—Oh, sir, you've dropped your hat.

Then half a dozen stoop at once,

The puppy's leather head encounters one of lead—

The critic jolts against the dunce,

One blockhead jostles with another,

And all is bustle noise and bother.

Zounds, sir, I'm dead—Oh, lord, my toes!

You've broke my head!—you've broke my nose!

Then bob for hats—and sticks and wigs—  
 Like scrambling cats in whirligigs!—  
 Till disconcerted, bruised and sore,  
 Apologising o'er and o'er!  
 Each courts the glass, adjusts his dress,  
 And curses modern politesse.  
 Thus friends all surround us when fortune is kind,  
 But like her, when she leaves us, our friends are all blind.  
[Exit, 1 H. R.]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the Inn.*

*Enter MRS. CORBETT, 1 H. R.*

I must inform myself if Dashall is yet risen—I long to know  
 a nephew whom I have never seen since his infancy—whom have  
 we here? [Retires.]

*Enter FREDERICK, disordered, and RATTLE, 1 H. R.*

*Mrs. C* [Aside] By his disorder and agitation it is impossible not  
 to discover the unfortunate and repentant youth.—

*Fred* [Looking at the miniature.] Eternal must be the misery my self-  
 reproaches will cause me.

*Rat* May the devil fly away with him that first contrived a dice-  
 box, if it wasn't the devil himself.

*Fred* Still I possess the portrait of my beloved Emma.

*Mrs. C* He speaks of Emma!

*Rat* Oh yes, that precious portrait will save us from starving, no  
 doubt.

*Fred* Oh! Emma—you shall never quit the heart that adores you:  
 Here will I preserve you as my only consolation through life.

*Mrs. C* How! then! he loves her!

*Fred* How shall I ever dare to see her? nor could I ever look her  
 respectable protectress in the face. Her just severity would at once  
 silence my pretensions and crush my hopes forever.

*Mrs. C* [Coming forward, L.] Do you not think that the mildness and  
 affection of your aunt may pardon an error, of which you appear so  
 sensible?

*Fred* Madam!—my aunt!—I have no aunt—

*Mrs. C* Perhaps she is not lost to you. Your aunt—

*Fred* [Aside to RATTLE] My aunt—

*Rat* [Aside to FRED] If you can find an aunt disposed to help us,  
 for heaven's sake adopt her immediately.

*Mrs. C* She knows your error, she has seen your penitence, she  
 forgives, and is willing to make you happy.

*Fred* Madam!

*Mrs. C* Come, you should ere now have discovered that I am Mrs.  
 Corbett. But, I see shame—

*Fred* [Aside] Mrs. Corbett, good heavens! the protectress of  
 Emma!

*Rat* [Aside] I am on a bed of thorns.

*Mrs. C* This is no time to reproach or remonstrate—banish your  
 fears, for however considerable your loss may be, my fortune can  
 repair it.

*Rat* [Aside] I am on a bed of roses. What an aunt! If my mas-

\* Omitted in the representation.

ter, ma'am, makes no acknowledgment for so much goodness, believe me, ma'am, 'tis nothing but shame shuts his mouth, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* You love Emma—

*Rat* Love her, ma'am! he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, and I verily believe the fashion's like to go through the family, for I'm on the point of leaving off eating and drinking myself! Love her, madam! Bless ye, he's dying for her, actually to the last gasp. But love makes him dumb.

*Mrs. C* Nephew, be more yourself—your marriage with Emma will correct your follies and you will be happy.

*Fred* [*Aside to RATTLE*] What shall I say, how answer—

*Rat* Say nothing, or you'll spoil all: his joy keeps him silent, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* But surely, my dear nephew, what I say to you deserves some few words of affection.

*Rat* Keep it up, sir,—yes, ma'am, and don't you see emotion and gratitude in his eye, ma'am, only he can't find words to express it.

*Fred* [*Aside*] And can I deceive so excellent a woman?

*Rat* 'Tis the only way to see your Emma!

*Fred* Ah! madam!

*Rat* Call her aunt, sir. Sorrow ties his tongue, ma'am.

*Fred* My—my—dear—aunt—

*Rat* Down on your marrowbones!

*Fred* 'Tis on my knees I ought to—

*Mrs. C* Come, come, I see your confusion—but everything is forgotten—rise—

[*Embraces him.*]

*Rat* Oh, the dear old sensible soul!—Ah, ma'am you've a heart! you're the paragon of relatives—the Phoenix of aunts!—a pattern for parents, and a model for all middle aged gentlewomen!

*Mrs. C* I leave you for a few moments, to surprise you still more agreeably. I'll return immediately.

[*Exit, 1 E. L.*]

*Fred* Heavens! what a freak of fortune! she takes me for her nephew Dashall.

*Rat* Yes and you went very near to *dash-all* with your modesty—Lord, sir, what has a lover to do with modesty—that's never the way to come to the point.

*Fred* Yet to deceive so excellent a woman.

*Rat* Now, sir, that's not conscience, but quibbling—you don't deceive her,—she deceives herself—and that's not lying, but logic.

*Fred* But Dashall—

*Rat* Let him shift for himself; depend upon't he'll not reach the Manor-house to-day. If he comes afterwards, when you've possession, you've the nine points of the law to oppose to his single point of right.

*Fred* I have scruples—

*Rat* Yes, but no money—scruples are good moral associates for a man of money—but poor companions with an empty purse—take a fool's advice, sir, and be wise for once—stick to her skirts—don't leave her—up with the hammer of your courage, sir, and strike while the iron's hot.

*Fred* If I lose this occasion, I may never see her more.

*Rat* True, sir, as Ben Jonson makes Joe Miller say in *Shakespeare's Tragedy of the Comedy of Errors*—says he, there is a tide in the affairs of men—now, sir, this present is your tide of good

fortune, and if you lose it, you'll go wriggling on through the rest of your life like eels in the mud—look yonder, sir!

*Fred* What do I see? 'tis she herself, 'tis my adored Emma!

*Enter MRS. CORBETT and EMMA, 1 E. L.*

*Mrs. C* Now, prithee, child, dissipate your idle fears, my nephew deserves your warmest love.

*Emma* Let me retire, dearest madam; the heart that once has loved in vain, can love no more.

*Fred* In pity turn that averted eye! Behold your lover!

*Emma* That voice again! oh heavens!

*Rat* [*To EMMA.*] Miss, miss—don't be so plaguery bashful; look through the corner of your right eye. 'Tis Captain Vincent, Miss—your lover.

*Mrs. C* [*To EMMA.*] Come, let me see you conquer your repugnance.

*Emma* Ah! madam, if you knew—

*Fred* Believe me, I had not dared present myself before you, if chance had not directed that Mrs.—Mrs.—

*Rat* His aunt, ma'am—that his aunt should find him here—

*Emma* His aunt!

*Mrs. C* But we lose time—we must away to the Manor-house. Go, friend, and prepare everything for our departure.

*Rat* We shan't keep you waiting, madam—our luggage isn't great—our wardrobe very small—and our equipage is—none at all.

[*Exit, 1 E. R. H.*]

*Fred* [*To EMMA.*] Do not judge hardly of me, madam, for the culpable misfortune I have met with.

*Emma* I attribute everything that at present appears improper in your conduct, to your unfortunate passion.

*Fred* [*Aside to EMMA.*] Dearest Emma, for heaven's sake humor this mistake, and let me see you alone; I must leave you for a few minutes to collect myself. [*Aloud.*] Madam, I will but hasten my servant and attend you.

[*Exit, 1 E. R.*]

*Mrs. C*. Confess, my dear Emma, that my nephew is a very fine young man!

*Emma* Certainly, ma'am.

*Mrs. C* He has indeed a fatal propensity to gaming!

*Emma* Very true, ma'am!

*Mrs. C* But that vice relinquished, you will be unjust not to love him.

*Emma* Undoubtedly, madam!

*Mrs. C* For he unfeignedly loves you.

*Emma* Certainly, madam.

*Mrs. C* I overheard him censuring his own folly, while his only consolation was your picture.

*Emma* I'm sure he loves me—his eyes told me so.

• SONG.

Tell me by what external sign  
Is faithful love expressed?  
Can we by language 'lone define,  
Or by the heaving breast?  
No—for the tongue can oft impart  
A language foreign to the heart,

\*Omitted in the representation.

And oft the treacherous breast can heave  
 With sighs that flatter to deceive.  
 'Tis then alone in nature's book,  
 The genuine symptom lies,  
 Its eloquence the strictest look,  
 Its language in the eyes.

*Enter DASHALL, slightly intoxicated, 1 E. L. Mrs. C. and EMMA retire.*

*Dash* [*Entering, humming, Robin Adair.*] Harkee, boy! bid 'em bring my bill. Heigho! What an odd sort of a world this is; they say Fortune's as blind as a buzzard! now it's my opinion, she's just undergone an operation, and has recovered her sight to shower down luck on—

*Mrs. C* This is doubtless he who has ruined Dashall.

*Dash* Zounds, how my head runs round! the things are all dancing like witches in a whirlwind—this cursed claret!

*Mrs. C* He has the appearance of a profligate libertine.

[*Coming forward, L. C.*] The man must be destitute of feeling and honor, who can ruin his friend and then sport with his misfortunes.

*Dash* [E. C.] Ma'am? most obedient, ladies! beg pardon! didn't see you—fellow travelers, I suppose?

*Mrs. C* No, sir, we are—

*Dash* Of this house? who'd ha' thought it? who'd dream of finding two such lovely young creatures in such a pitiful place! Ladies, I shall be proud of the smiles of either of you. [*Approaching Mrs. C*] Zounds! I beg pardon ma'am, I didn't see you were an old one.

*Mrs. C* Sir, this insolence to strangers—

*Enter RATTLE, with a portmanteau, 1 E. R.*

*Rat* [E.] Zounds, ruin again!—'tis the devil himself!

*Dash* [E. C.] Ah, friend Rattle, art thou here? Is your master reconciled to his fate? has he found comfort in contemplating his idol?

*Rat* We're lost—undone!

*Dash* Wasn't he out of his wits on seeing the miniature? wasn't he transported to ecstasy?

*Rat* O, yes, sir, [*Aside*] and I wish you were transported to Botany Bay.

*Emma* [L. *Aside*.] Surely this must be Dashall. [*Aloud.*] Let us depart, madam; this young man seems intoxicated.

*Mrs. C* [L. C.] He spoke of a miniature; surely my nephew has not parted with yours. I must know more.

*Rat R.* [*Aside to DASHALL.*] Go, for heaven's sake, go, sir! these ladies are our acquaintance—we're in company.

*Dash* [L. C.] What d'ye say? speak up, man, I've a whizzing in my ears, and can't hear whispers.

*Rat* He won't stir; might as well attempt to move the monument. Won't you go, sir?

*Dash* Go sir? no sir! tell the host to bring the bill, and run and saddle a horse.

*Rat* We're coming to the catastrophe, pray heaven send us safe through it. All will be discovered—farewell, wedding—farewell, dinner—farewell, aunt.

*Dash* Well, sir, why don't you go?

*Rat* What a devil of a man! ill luck's tied to his skirts, and every time he sees us he turns round and gives us a sprinkle.

[*Exit*, 1 *E. E.*]

*Dash* Don't be surprised, ladies; the fellow's angry; 'tis very natural—I've just ruined his master, a very particular friend of mine!

*Mrs. C* Ruined your friend! deadful!

*Dash* Not at all, nothing can be more fashionable.

*Mrs. C* You spoke, sir, of a miniature.

*Dash* Oh lord, I'll tell you all about it; I had lost all my money—every guinea; nothing remained but a little miniature.

*Emma* Heavens! 'tis Dashall.

[*Aside*.

*Dash* My friend saw the picture; found it very like some lady in—in—some place, and proposed to buy it of me: No, says I, sell my wife! no, but I'll play for it with all my heart. At it we go—for you must know, ma'am, I'm of a remarkably good-natured, accommodating disposition; I'd great luck—won his money, et cetera—his watch, et cetera—his curricie, et cetera, and horses, et cetera—and in short all he had in the world—et cetera! All this I owe to my miniature; and so out of pure gratitude and generosity I made him a present of it.

*Mrs. C* And what portrait might this be, sir?

*Dash* Why, I'll tell you—

*Enter RATTLE, with bill*, 1 *E. E. H.*

*Rat* All's ready, sir; here's your bill—horse waits, sir—won't you go?

[*Pokes bill in his face*.

*Dash* Zounds, fellow, is that your manners? when you see me in a private room with ladies, to thrust a horse—a bill, I mean, into my mouth? I'm in no hurry—'tis time enough—it'll always be time enough to go to my dear Mrs. Corbetts!

*Mrs. C* { Mrs. Corbett's!

*Emma*

*Dash* Mrs. Corbett's—do you know her? she's MY AUNT—

*Rat* The murder's out!

*Dash* A good kind of a sort of an old maid, who's dying for love of me, though I never saw her in my life—but fame has strained her damned strong lungs to trumpet my praise in her ears.

*Mrs. C* What, sir, Mrs. Corbett your aunt?

*Dash* Yes, d'ye know the old one? She has a protégé, a prettyish sort of a young country bumpkin.

*Emma* [L.] Really!—

*Dash* [*Gets between the ladies*.] A littl rustic—I came hero to marry—don't you find I've the air of a lover, ladies?

*Rat* [R.] You've the air of a hang dog—I like this—

*Mrs. C* [R. c.] This mystery is inexplicable.

*Dash* [L. c.] The marriage is a match made a hundred miles off. Ha! ha! ha! this comical old quiz of an aunt is as rich as a Jew, and has a funny fancy for marrying people who care nothing about the matter. I obey. I marry—but as soon as the lady and the money are mine—"good night"—says I, to old Auntee—take my wife under my arm—order my curricie, and off I go to spend her portion as politely as possible.

*Rat* His tongue will save us!

*Mrs. C* [*To RATTLE*.] What can this mean? Is this man an impostor?

*Rat* Oh, no, madam! you are the impostor, ma'am, and imposed upon us by passing yourself on us for my master's aunt.

*Dash* Do you know this whimsical old aunt of mine?

*Emma* Yes, sir, and everybody that knows, respects and loves her—and you—if you have any sense of shame, will blush for your conduct when you know her. You seek Mrs. Corbett, sir?

*Dash* Yes, ma'am.

*Emma* She stands before you— [Pointing to Mrs. C., R. C.]

*Mrs. C* Why undeceive him?

*Dash* Oh Lord! What! you Mrs. Corbett! really! bless my soul! here's a pretty business—adieu marriage—farewell money—and good bye aunt.

*Mrs. C* Are you not ashamed, sir, of the expressions with which you have described me? An old maid—in love with you—an old one.

*Rat* Ay—can anybody say she looks like an old one?

*Mrs. C* A whimsical old aunt.

*Emma* I too;—a young country bumpkin—a little rustic.

*Mrs. C* And I, a comical old quiz?

*Rat* Very like a comical quiz, indeed!

*Dash* By the Lord, ladies, you're a quizzing me, I think; have a little mercy, for heaven's sake.

*Enter* FREDERICK, 1 E. E.

*Fred* [Entering.] Whenever my aunt wishes to depart—

*Dash* Your aunt! [Goes to FRED.] My dear fellow, you'd better say our aunt.

*Fred* Dashed here! then all's lost.

*Dash* Since you're one of the family, prithee help me to make my peace. But how the devil, my dear Frederick—

*Mrs. C* How, Frederick!

*Rat* It's all over with us, sir.

*Mrs. C* What does this mean!

*Fred* [Pushing DASHALL aside.] Madam, I own everything—punish not a lover less culpable than unfortunate.

*Dash* A lover! Oh, oh! since you were in love with my wife—(that was to be) I no longer wonder at the miniature.

*Mrs. C* Emma, I could not have believed—

*Emma* On my honor, I was unacquainted—

*Fred* Rattle, my letter—[RATTLE goes to FREDERICK and pushes DASHALL aside.] this letter will convince you, madam, that she was so: you will find therein what are my pretensions, and that I have not failed in the respect due to an amiable character—the friend—the more than the mother of my Emma.

*Dash* There, the dog has her.

*Rat* The tide has waited for my master, and we shall sail down the stream with flying colors, and filled with good things like an Alderman's barge on a Lord Mayor's day. [Goes up stage dancing.]

*Fred* It is to your mistake I am indebted for this interview—the miniature alone—

*Mrs. C* I know how you became possessed of it.

*Dash* Oh Lord! Yes! I've told all—these ladies have only talked six minutes with me, and yet they know all about me, as well as if they had lived with me all my life.

*Mrs. C* Nephew, [Going up to DASHALL] there are some faults that are excusable in youth and inexperience—yours are not of that



description—but I ought not to reproach you, since, to my knowledge of your character, I owe the good fortune of preserving my Emma from a frightful calamity.

*Dash* Meaning a husband!

*Mrs. C* No, sir, from a vicious character and a dissolute and unfeeling libertine.

*Dash* Meaning me—upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you, madam, you seem to be a sensible person—Fred, here, is an excellent fellow—he is beloved and loves—they'll petition—you'll relent—they'll entreat—you'll consent—marriage will wind up the whole, and—

*Mrs. C* Nephew, you are very *weak* or very *mad*.

*Dash* Very *both*, I believe, at your service.

*Mrs. C* I fear you will never mend.

*Dash* Ingenuously—I fear not.

*Mrs. C* Then never marry.

*Dash* You're right—I'll maintain my freedom, that I may keep my good humor. Marriage is a damper to mirth—a wet blanket to wit—and a dark dive into a bath full of misfortunes, of which no man knows the bottom. If Frederick marries—if he continues my friend—if Miss Emma forgives me, and above all, if some day or other, you pardon me, I shall console myself under all my misfortunes, crosses and losses, and remain, dear aunt, your very humble servant, and most dutiful nephew, Richard Dashall, et cetera, &c.

[The piece generally finishes here with Dashall's speech.]

*Emma* In the countenance of my dear protectress I read encouragement to hope.

*Mrs. C* Your happiness is alone my object, and I do not believe I shall here find cause to interrupt it.

*Rat* Sir—I hope you'll draw one conclusion from all that is past—namely, that upon every pressing occasion, your wisest and best plan will be to shut your eyes, and let me guide you. You may talk of pilots, sir, but he's the most dexterous, who can steer a vessel through opposing storms and dangerous quicksands, and pilot it safely into the port of matrimony.

*Fred and Emma.*

Though thus at last our hearts at ease,

Your frowns our fancy haunt;

Condemn the Nephew, if you please,

But pray applaud "My Aunt."

CHORUS.

Though thus at last, &c.

*Rattle.* Attend if you like it, or not, to their prattle,

You all in your times have been fond of a Rattle;

For Aunt or for Nephew I care not a grain,

But pray you, let Rattle oft rattle again.

CHORUS.

Though thus at last, &c.

B. H. *Rattle.* Mrs. Corbett. Dashall. Emma. Fred. L. H.

NO. CCCIII.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

---

# THAT RASCAL PAT.

*A Farce, in One Act.*

BY J. HOLMES GROVER,

IRISH COMEDIAN.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THEATRES ROYAL,

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

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PERFORMANCE FREE.

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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[THAT RASCAL PAT].

*As First Performed at "Theater Royal," Northampton, England.*

Pat McVoggerty, A Handy Servant.....MR. J. HOLMES GROVER.  
Major Puffjacket, on half pay .....MR. F. S. FITZ CHAPMAN  
Charles Livingstone, poor but ambitious.....MR. R. DAVENPORT.  
Laura, Niece to Puffjacket, and in love  
with Charles.....MISS LENA PAYNE.  
Nancy, her Maid, in love with Pat.....MISS ROSE CLYDE.

*As Performed at "Brant's Opera House," Harrisburgh, Pa., Nov., 1867.*

Pat McVoggerty.....MR. J. HOLMES GROVER.  
Major Puffjacket.....MR. J. M. DAVENPORT.  
Charles Livingstone.....MR. W. L. JAMISON.  
Laura.....MISS LENA FORREST.  
Nancy, her Maid, in love with Pat.....MISS LENORA CREED.

## COSTUMES.

McVoggerty.—Red wig and dress of Body Servant, gray freize coat.  
Puffjacket.—Military cap and dark blue undress military suit.  
Livingstone.—Fashionable walking dress, (black), black silk hat.  
Laura.—Lady's walking dress, hat and feather, parasol.  
Nancy.—Plain muslin dress, looped up over red petticoat.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## CARD.

### TO THE AMATEUR AND THEATRICAL PROFESSION GENERALLY.

The advantage and convenience of a *free performance* of Farces, has induced me, by a desire to promote the interests of the drama, to place this very successful farce at the disposal of Managers and Amateur Associations throughout the United States.

Under these circumstances, I have given to Mr. Samuel French, of New York, the exclusive right of publishing the same; leaving with the public to judge of the merits of "That Rascal Pat!"

J. HOLMES GROVER.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1st, 1868.

## THAT RASCAL PAT

---

SCENE—A large public room in a fashionable watering hotel. Table and chairs B., clothes-rack and hat-stand L. C., a practicable door opening E. with No. 2 upon it, also one L. with No. 1 upon it. Both doors to open on stage.

*Enter CHARLES LIVINGSTONE, C. D. from L.; coat and hat in hand.*

*Charles [Calling.]* Pat! Pat! Confound that blundering Irishman.

*[Looks off C. D.]* Pat! Pat! I say, Pat!

*Pat [Without.]* Comin' sur! Comin'.

*Charles [Putting overcoat and hat down.]* Curse that stupid idiot. Here I'm half strangled with dust and no one to help me. What's the use of having a servant, I'd like to know? More trouble than they're worth. Pat! I say, Pat!

*Pat [Without.]* Faix thin, I'm comin', sur.

*Charles* Then why don't you come? Am I to wait here all day for that fellow? I've threatened half a dozen times to discharge him, but, somehow or other, he's hard to get rid of. The fact is, I owe the fellow so much, and he refuses to quit my service until I pay his back wages. Well, well, under the circumstances, I guess he'll remain a while, for I'm about as poor as a church mouse. Now if I'd only some crusty old uncle, willing to "kick the bucket" for my special accommodation, and leave me a snug little fortune—but there's no such luck in store for me, I suppose. Now there's Laura, when her Uncle Somebody dies, she'll have a cool hundred thousand—how I love that girl—and how convenient the hundred thousand would be! I think she loves me, her letters are so very affectionate. I've already proposed, and she seems perfectly willing, but that crusty old uncle of hers, it seems, must be consulted. Then he swears she must marry Fitznoodle, or Snoozle. Confound Fitz Noodle, I say! Then again, Laura tells me in her last, that the old fool has heard of our attachment, and instead of feeling honored by my preference for his niece, says if she has anything to do with me, he'll cut her off with a shilling. Confound all crusty old uncles, I say. *[Calling.]* Pat! Pat! Why the devil don't you come?

*Pat [Singing without.]*

If I had a patch o' prairies,

Wid two or three pigs an' a cow,

Shure, I wouldn't call Stephens me uncle—

*[Enters C. D. from L.]*

*Here I am, sur!*

*Charles* Will you hold your tongue, sir?

*Pat* [*Taking hold of tongue with thumb and finger.*] I have it, sur.

*Charles* How dare you sing in a public place like this?

[*CHARLES threatens PAT.*]

*Pat* Shure, an' it's in public I does the most o' me singin', sur.

*Charles* Silence!

*Pat* I'm covered wid blushes entirely, sur.

*Charles* Pat, come here!

*Pat* Yes, sur.

*Charles* Were you ever in love?

*Pat* In love, is it? Begorra, I was, thin. In Killibrallaghan, County Tip, I was in love so often, sur, that I'm able ter take it as aisy as a Frinchman 'd take a pinch o' snuff.

*Charles* Pat, I'm serious—I'm in love—deeply in love—miserably in love—[*With excitement.*] I'm crazy!

*Pat* Faix, thin, I'm thinkin' ye's are, sur.

*Charles* [*Aside.*] What shall I do? What shall I do?

[*Walking floor rapidly.* *PAT watches him.*]

*Pat* [*Sings.*] I fell in love wid an Irish girl,  
From County Downe, came she.

*Charles* Silence! [*Aside.*] What am I saying, and to my servant. [*Sternly.*] Why the devil don't you stir yourself about? Don't you see I want to write a letter? Paper! Pen and ink! Come, envelopes!

*Pat* [*Aside, going n.*] What the devil's come over the master, I dunno? Shure thin it's astray he's goin'. Faix but he's afthur losin' his sober karacter, altogether, entirely. [*Exit n.*]

*Charles* [*Setting at table.*] Why should Laura write me such infernal news? It's enough to set one crazy. If that bigoted old uncle of hers only knew how much I adored her—how I worshiped the very earth she treads, he wouldn't act so outrageously. The old fool has never seen me, yet he insists on Laura's cutting my acquaintance, and upon her marrying that Fitznoodle, because he's rich—he has money. Why, Lord help his innocent old heart—she'll have plenty for the both of us! Isn't a hundred thou and enough? but, if he cuts her off with a shilling! Oh Lord! How can we get along? He can't do it—the thing's utterly impossible! Curse old bachelor uncles—curse Fitznoodle—if I had him here, I'd—I'd—

[*Rushes n., and runs into PAT, who enters from No. 2 with writing materials, and knocks everything down. PAT falls.*]

*Pat* [*Getting up.*] Oh, murther!

*Charles* What the devil are you doing in my way?

*Pat* Ye's have knocked th' paper an' th' pins all over the flure, an' th' ink's gone t' th' devil intirely—Th' way ye's ar' goin', sur, it's meself's tired o' bein' in yer sarvice, an' if ye's 'll pay me my wages, I'll discharge meself immagitly!

*Charles* [*Kicking him.*] Get out of the room, you rascal!

*Pat* Don't ye's want t' write yer letter, sur?'

*Charles* [*Business*] No! Go to the devil—get out of my sight! [*PAT picks up things.*] Stop! Bring me my portmanteau—I'm going away.

*Pat* An' where ar' ye's goin' sur?

*Charles* [*Angrily.*] Do you hear me?

*Pat* [*Starting quickly.*] Yis, sur!

[*Exit n.*]

*Charles* Let me see—I'll go—where'll I go?

*Pat* [*Poking in his head.*] Will ye's have yer tooth brish, sur—an' ye're fine tooth comb?

*Charles* Come here! Why don't you come when I call you?

*Pat* [*Entering from R., slowly.*] I'm comin', sur.

*Charles* Help me with my coat! [*Business.*] Easy, now, easy! There, that's it. Now, my hat. [*PAT hands him his hat. CHARLES walks floor nervously.*] Pat, I'm going away for three weeks—remember, for three weeks. Don't go away, don't stir from this house. When I return your wages shall be paid in full—[*PAT seems very much surprised.*] Don't leave the house! [*CHARLES rushes off.*]

*Pat* Gone away for three wakes! I'm t' shtop here agin he comes back—oh, he's crazy. He's turned lunatic, altogether—begorrah, an' it's th' girrels that's turnin' him into a lunatic 'syleum wid their avil designs. Gone for three wakes! Be th' sole o' me fut, but I must get me hat and folly him. [*Exit R.*]

*Enter NANCY L., from door No. 1.*

*Nancy* Oh, deary me. What shall I do in this dreadful dreary place? My poor young missus does nothing but fret from morning till night. Master says she must marry some rich young man, and she's in love with a poor young gentleman. I know what I'd do—uncle or no uncle, I'd just run away, and marry the one I loved best. If I could only see my young man—he's the flame of my affections—oh, he's such a nice young man! He's perfection, only his name's Pat! That would have to be changed. Oh, dear, I never could become Mrs. Pat. [*Business. Struts about with affected dignity.*]

*Enter PAT, R. seeing NANCY and unseen by her.*

*Pat* Oh, look at that! Who's this, I dunno?

*Nancy* [*Turning and seeing PAT—aside.*] Ah! that's a nice young man—who can he be? How he's watching me. [*Turns away indignantly.*]

*Pat* [*Recognizes her.*] What! No! Yes, that's Nancy! What th' divil brings her here, I wonder? Nancy! Nancy!—I say, Nancy! [*Business.*]

*Nancy* [*Turning to PAT.*] Goodness gracious, if it isn't Pat! Why, Pat, where in the name of goodness did you come from? You put me all in a flurry. [*Turns PAT around rapidly.*] Turn around and let me see you—is it really you?

*Pat* Av coorse its me—shure, if ye's kape on in that way much longer, ye's 'll have me turned into somebody else! But, Nancy darlin', what ar' ye's doin' here? Ye's ought t' be ashamed o' yerself, so ye's ought, the way ye's have kilt me intirely, wid yer doin's. Faix, I thought ye's were gone from me for iver and iver altogether.

*Nancy* Come, come, Pat—I'll tell you all about it. You must know, I'm a young lady's mail now, and—

*Pat* Ar' ye's, now?

*Nancy* Yes, and my young missus came down here to the seashore with her rich old uncle, and I'm her companion. [*Business. Struts about stage.*]

*Pat* Come here, Nancy—let me look at ye's. Ye's haven't gone and bruke me heart, since I saw ye's, by marryin' any other fellow!

have ye's? Didn't I always love ye's betther nor a pig loved butther-milk? Didn't I tell ye's about forty hundred thousand times that ye's were th' swatest crayture in th' worrild?

*Nancy* No nonsense, Pat! If you begin that, I'll run away. Listen to me. Do you see this letter?

*Pat* I do thin, Nancy.

*Nancy* Well then, it's to go to the post. It's for such a nice young man. My missus is in love with such a splendid young fellow! Oh, such eyes! such lips! And such an exquisite moustache—

*Pat* Hould on, Nancy, hould on! Shure, but ye's have been t' boardin' shcule since I saw ye's, wid yer big worreds!

*Nancy* Pat, hold your tongue. This letter's to go to the post office, and I want you to take it!

*Pat* Faix, Nancy, but we're not married yet, an' ye's naden't commence yer—

*Nancy* [*Slaps his face.*] Take that!

*Pat* I have it.

[*Putting hand to face.*]

*Nancy* Now I'm going to look after my missus. You'll take the letter, won't you? There, that's a good, dear Pat.

*Pat* Oh, sartainly—but ar' ye's shure it's not wantin' somethin'?

*Nancy* Why no—can't you read? Read the address.

*Pat* [*Business.*] What letter is that, Nancy?

*Nancy* That's "C"—Mr. Charles Livingstone, No. 27—

[*PAT looks at NANCY in astonishment. Business.*]

*Pat* Is that letter for him?

*Nancy* Yes!

*Pat* An' does yer missus love that man?

*Nancy* Yes, but Pat, you're surely out of your head.

*Pat* [*Business. PAT catches NANCY up and begins dancing furiously.*] Whooroo!

*Nancy* Pat, Pat, you're crazy!

*Pat* Nancy, Nancy, we'll be shtep-brothers, so we will. Charles Livingstone! Shure, he's me masther, an' he's here now. He's here in this very house, only he's gone t' th' divil—gone t' th' divil t' shtop away for three wakes!

*Nancy* Pat, you've gone mad—

*Pat* Am I thin? Sh!—Sh!—Come here, Nancy. Don't spake a word for th' worrild.

[*Leads her down.*]

*Nancy* Oh, I won't say a word. Won't it be nice? And he's here, in this very hotel! Oh, Pat—we'll see each other so often!

*Pat* [*Points off L. H.*] Sh!—What's that? [*NANCY looks off L. H.*]

*Nancy* Where?

*Pat* There!

[*PAT steals kiss, and exits C. D. and L.*]

*Nancy* [*Running after him*] How dare you! Oh, he's gone. He's so nice. What splendid times we'll have these fine evenings, walking along the shore. [*Looks off L.*] Oh, laws—here comes master, and in such a temper!

*Enter MAJOR PUFFJACKET, L.*

*Major* Nancy, Nancy, come here. What are you doing out here, when you know you are wanted inside? Get me my hat and cane!

*Nancy* Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] The wretch! [*Exits indignantly L. H.*]

*Major* What a miserable place to be dragged into—I detest

fashionable watering places. People have no business to be fashionable. Confound fashion! I like comfort—and what comfort can one find here, packed up in a seven-by-nine room, and crowded down to a table with a pack of hungry codfish aristocracy, who grab everything within their reach, and eat as though they never saw roast beef or chicken before. That niece 'll be the death of me yet. Women are all alike, young and old—I never loved but one woman in my life, and that was my mother! That niece of mine is crazy after that "Charles". Somebody—says he's so handsome! Handsome—umph—dollbaby face, and poor as a church mouse. There's Fitznoodle, he has plenty of money—she won't look at him. What's beauty? Fitznoodle has the beauty—money, money—that's the beauty. Egad! she shan't have her handsome Charles Dollbaby face—I've procured all her letters—[*Produces large pocket-book with letters from coat pocket.*] Here they are, all safe, and they shall be burned as sure as my name's Puffjacket. [*Calls.*] Nancy! Nancy!

*Enter NANCY, with coat, hat and cane, L.*

*Nancy* Here they are, sir. Shall I assist you?

*Major* No! I want no petticoat assistance. I'm going out. Go to your mistress! [*Exit NANCY L. angrily.*] Laura shall never meet that pauper. Egad, I'll soon put a stop to this business!

[*Going towards C. D. runs into PAT, who enters.*]

*Pat* I beg your pardon, sir! I—I—I—

*Major* [*Business with cane.*] What do you mean, fellow? Do you see this cane?

*Pat* Faix, I do. Meself'd rather see it nor fale th' like of it 'pon me head, anyhow. But ye's 'll forgive a poor boy, as wouldn't harm a hair o' yer head for th' worreld.

*Major* Who are you, fellow?

*Pat* I'm an Irishman, sir, long life t' me. Me mother was an Irishman before me. I was born in Killibrallaghan, County 'Tip. Me father was a Mullahawn, an' I've fourteen brothers and thirteen sisters, an' me mother died two years before I was born, sir—

*Major* Stop! Stop! Stop! Enough of your pedigree. Do you want work?

*Pat* Work? Did ye's say work, sir?

*Major* Yea, work! None of your infernal gabble—Yes, or no! and quickly, too. I want a man servant; if you suit me, I'll pay you five dollars in advance. Say quickly. Will you enter my service, or not?

*Pat* [*Aside.*] Five dollars! Many's the day I didn't see th' likes o' that.

*Major* Come, what say you?

*Pat* Hould on, sir. [*Aside.*] What 'll I do if my masther comes back? Yes, sir—

*Major* Enough! What's your rascally name? Mind, now—make it a short one—I hate long names. None of your Thomas Augustuses—or William Henrys for me—but something short.

*Pat* Somethin' short! Yis, sur—somethin' short, that's what *every Irishman likes*—my name, yer honor, is Patrick McNoggertry, *generally called Pat*, for short.



*Major Pat, good.*

*Pat* No, sur. Not Pat Good, but Pat McNoggerty. But, it's all one in bog Irish.

*Major* Now, Pat for short, bring me a plate of oysters—I'll eat them here. Stewed oysters. Mind they're hot—I'll not go out. I've changed my mind. In the meantime, I'll change my coat.

[*Exit L. in No. 1—PAT sings.*]

Song, "PADDY WHACK."

*Air—PAT MALOT.*

Come one an' all, both great an' small, an' listen t' me tale,  
The story that I'm goin' t' tell, will make ye weep an' wail;  
I'm not a rich man, but I has th' clos' upon me back,  
An' Ireland is me country, an' me name is Paddy Whack.  
Me father was a Mullahawn, me mother was a Fay,  
An' I was born at home one night when she was gone away;  
When she returned, she found me there, full flat upon me back,  
A jug o' whisky in me hand, an' cryin' Paddy Whack.

But since that time, how things have changed, I've grown t' be a man,

I've traveled over all th' airth, from Russia to Japan;  
I've saved three fortunes, but they're spint, an' all gone t' th' rack,  
But Ireland is me country, an' me name is Paddy Whack.  
I've crossed th' say, for Americkay, where as I understand,  
Whoever pays his income tax, can be a congressman;  
A congressman I'm sure t' be, becase I have a knack  
Of makin' this free country th' home of Paddy Whack.

Well, here's a comfortable situation. Two masters an' an old swateheart upon me hands at wanst. What'll I do if me other master comes back, I dunno? [*Sits himself at table.*] Five dollars, an' Nancy in th' bargain. [*Jumps up.*] Oh, Musha, thin, but I'm afther forgettin' them oysters, intirely. [*Exit L. R.*]

*Enter LAURA R., in walking dress and straw hat.*

*Laura* I do wonder where Uncle can be? I've missed a whole package of letters from my dressing-case. I was always afraid of being robbed at these public places. And poor dear Charles' letters, too. Perhaps Uncle is in the garden. [*Exit C. D. R.*]

*Enter PAT L. H., with dish of hot oysters.*

*Pat* [*Business.*] Oh, bad luck t' these devils, they're as hot as love. What's that I hear? Mister Charles, an' he comin'—shure an he mustn't see these. [*Business.*]

*Enter CHARLES C. D., from L., hurriedly.*

*Charles* Well, Pat, I'm back again. What are you doing?

*Pat* Nothin', sir. [*Business with oysters behind him—They burn his hands.*] Bad manners t' th' shlippery devils—

*Charles* What have you in your hands?

*Pat* [*Holding dish in left hand and showing right hand.*] Nothin', sur, but me fish!

*Charles* The other hand! Why, you're squirming about like a skinned eel!

*Pat* [*Business ad. lib.*] Nothin' but th' other fisht, sur. [*Aside.*] Faix, I'm burned up, intirely.

*Charles* [*Business.*] What's this, oysters! [*Takes them.*] Oh, I see. You saw me coming, and knowing the walk would sharpen my appetite, thought to surprise me. That's very kind of you, Patrick, very kind. [*Eating.*] These oysters are uncommonly nice. I do enjoy stewed oysters. These are capital!

*Pat* [*Greatly frightened.*] How'll I get him away out o' this?

*Charles* [*Eating.*] Pat, I've changed my mind. I'm not going away.

*Pat* [*Hands his hat. Business.*] Ye'd betther go, sir. Ye'd betther go!

*Charles* [*Choking.*] No! Confound you—I say I'm not going.

*Pat* [*Looks off l.*] Murther, murther, here comes me masther from number 1.

*Charles* [*Rising and taking off coat.*] Here, Pat, brush this coat, and bring it to me immediately. [*Exit in No. 2 r.*]

*Pat* [*Taking coat and seating himself.*] Well, divil blow me, I'm diggin' me own grave, so I am. [*Feels into pockets.*] I niver can brish a coat when there does be anything in th' pockets.

[*Takes out a large picture-case and lays it on chair.*]

*Enter MAJOR PUFFJACKET. He takes off coat and hands it to PAT.*

*Major* Here, Pat, brush this coat. Make haste—I'm in a hurry.

[*He throws coat to PAT, and exit in No. 1.*]

*Pat* [*With a coat in each hand.*] Shure, Bedlam has commenced.

*Major* [*Putting his head in from No. 1.*] Bring it here!

*Charles* [*Within No. 2. r.*] Pat, my coat!

*Pat* [*Hastily takes large pocket-book from PUFFJACKET'S coat and puts on chair beside CHARLES' picture-case, and commences brushing MAJOR'S coat.*] Yis, sur!

*Major* [*Entering.*] Come, come, Pat—my coat.

*Pat* [*Hastily puts CHARLES' picture-case in PUFFJACKET'S coat-pocket, and pocket-book in CHARLES', and tries to put CHARLES' coat on the MAJOR.*] Here it is, sur. Oh, I'm kilt immagitly.

*Major* [*Business.*] What the devil are you doing? That's not my coat!

*Pat* [*Aside.*] Oh, murther an' turf—that's me other masthers!

[*Changes coats.*]

*Charles* [*Within No. 2 r.*] Pat, I say!

*Major* Who's that calling?

*Pat* [*Having put MAJOR'S coat on, is trying to get him away. Business.*] Nobody, sur, nobody. That's only the hand-organ man outside, wid a monkey. [*PAT runs from place to place with fright. Business.*]

*Charles* Pat!

*Pat* Comin', sur, comin'!

*Major* What the devil do you mean? Who's that calling you?

*Pat* Yis, sur—yis, sur—that's a sick man, sur—he's very sick, sur. His grandfather ax'd me would I wait upon him, agin he wint turninst t' get some—

*Charles* [*Very loudly.*] Pat, do you hear me?

*Pat* I'm comin' amagitly, sur!

[*Going R. MAJOR stops him.*]

*Major* No, stay here. I'll go—

*Pat [Stopping him.]* No! Sh!—Sh!—don't go near him for th' worrit! Same, he's got th' Collywabbles in his diaphragmic Chol-  
 eric, an' th' doctor says nobody but an Irishman can live widin  
 his prisence!

*Enter NANCY from No. 1. Her business with PAT. They whisper and  
 from PUFFJACKET.*

*Nancy* Please, sir, my young missus wants to see you right away.  
 She's in the garden, sir. *[PUFFJACKET walks c. toward c. d.]*

*Major* Pat, you go and wait upon the sick man.—I'll return in a  
 minute. Come, Nancy. *[Business with PAT and NANCY. Exit c. d.]*

*Pat* Iver'everything is gittin' topsey-turrey. Faix, but I'll be fallin'  
 upwards for th' ground nixt.

*Enter CHARLES, angrily, from No. 2.*

*Charles* Confound you, Pat. Are you deaf? Didn't you hear me  
 call!

*Pat [Putting his hand up to face, as if in pain.]* Yis, sur, but I'm kill  
 intirely wid th' toothache! Look at me tooth, sur, how it's aching.  
 Wow! Wow! Wow!

*Charles [Putting on his coat.]* Don't stir from here. I shall return  
 in a few moments. Remember, if I find you gone, I'll—

*[Exit c. d. quickly.]*

*Pat* All right, sur.

*[Song introduced with a music cue.]*

*Enter MAJOR L. H. puffing as if from rapid walking.*

*Major* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! to call me all the way down to the  
 shore to look at a shell. Pat, come here!

*Pat* Yis, sur!

*Major* Get me some—*[Feeling in his coat pocket for pocket-book.]*  
 Where's my pocket-book? *[Takes out picture-case.]* What's this?

*Enter LAURA L. from No. 1.*

*Pat [Aside.]* Begorra, I've changed th' contints o' their pockets.  
*Major* Picture! How came this in my pocket?

*Laura [Looking at picture anxiously, over PUFFJACKET's shoulders.]* Why,  
 Uncle, where did you get that? *[Aside.]* It's the one I gave  
 Charles.

*Major [Putting the picture at PAT.]* Do you see that? Do you see  
 that? Do you see that?

*Pat [Takes the picture and looks from it to MAJOR, and from MAJOR to it.]*  
 Pon me sowl, sur, nobody'd iver think o' takin' that for yerself.

*Major* How came that in my pocket? Answer me, how came it  
 there? Where's my pocket-book?

*Pat [Aside.]* What 'll I do at all, at all?

*Major* Do you hear me? How came this in my pocket?

*Pat* Hould on, sur, hould on! Shure, I'll tell ye's all about it.  
 Ye's see, there's a gentleman here, sur, beyant, an' he came t' me,  
 an' sis he, Pat, sis he. Sur, sis I—

*Major* I want nothing to do with your "says I and says he"—tell  
 me how this picture came in my pocket?

*Pat* Well, thin—that's what I'm comin' to—brish me coat, sis  
 he, I will, sis I—an' so, d' ye's mind, I—I beg yer pardon, war,  
 would ye's let me see that picture?

*Major* There it is!

*Pat* That picture, sir—*[Looks at it comically.]* Why, that picture belongs t' me!"

*Laura* *[With surprise.]* To you!

*Pat* Yis, miss—that picture was th' last gift of me poor, dead masther—*[Cries comically.]*

*Laura* dead!

*Pat* Yis, miss—me poor dead masther loved that picture betther nor he loved his grandmother—but, he died, ma'am, he died wid his lips upon the shaddy o' that beautiful lady—

*[Business—Crying ad. lib.—LAURA gives him money, in order to solicit information.]*

*Laura* Did he love her, then?

*[Very pitifully.]*

*Pat* Yis, ma'am—he loved her altogether—whin he was 'pon his death-bid, he sis Pat, sis he, take that. I will, sis I. Take that, sis he, an' if ye's iver mate wid th' darlin' crayture, tell her, sis he, "tell her I died wid me heart batin' 'pon th' lips o' th' swate face ov her."*[Crying &c.]*

*Major* *[Giving him money.]* What was your master's name?"

*Pat* *[Nervously]* Charles Livingstone—*[Looking off c. d. and l. aside.]* An' I'm ixpectin' ivery minute t' see him risin' from th' dead.

*[Cries comically—ad. lib.]*

*Major* *[Giving him money.]* Charles Livingstone, dead! *[LAURA is dreadfully pale.]* Where did he die?

*Pat* He died, sur, he died in th' house where he now lives, sur.

*Laura* *[Giving him money.]* Did he seem attached to the original of this picture?

*Pat* Yis, ma'am, he—*[Looks off c. d., aside.]* Begorra, here comes me other masther—

*Major* Come, Laura, don't cry—let us go into the open air—don't cry, my dear—you ought to be very happy to get rid of such a worthless lover. *[Exeunt L. H.]*

*Pat* *[Business.]* Oh murther, murther, here comes me old masther—Now for th' divil, intirely."

*Enter CHARLES C. D., from L., with pocket-book in hand.*

*Charles* You vagabond Irishman, what the devil is this you've put in my pocket?

*Pat* That pocket-book, sir—There's a gentleman, sur, a gentleman as shtops here in th' house, an' he came t' me t'day, an' sis he, waiter, sis he—thinkin' I was one o' th' common waiters, sur—well, thin, thinkin' as how I might airn an honest penny, here I am, sur, sis I. Waiter, sis he, take this, an' kape it agin I comes back, sis he—I will, sis I. An' sur, t' make a long shtory short, he left th' pocket-book wid me, an' wint away, an'—

*Charles* *[Angrily.]* Yes, yes, but how came it in my pocket?

*Pat* Ye's see, sur—thinkin' as how I might be afther loosin' it, I 'int' ye're coat pocket, an' I forget t' mention it t' ye's, sur.

*[Seating himself at table and examining letters.]* What's this? As I live, they're mine—The very ones I wrote Laura.

*Business.]* *Pat*, come here! Who gave you this? Answer, wack every bone in your Irish body.

*Pat* *[Gentleman, sur, th' gentleman—*

*Well, well, what's all this to do with it?*

**Pat** He tould me not t' part wid them, sur—for t' kape th' likes o' thim agin he com'd back, 'kase he wouldn't part wid 'em for the whole worruld, tho' it might be lined wid praities, an' soaked wid butthermilk an' whisky.

**Charles** Where is this man?

**Pat** Shure he's—

**Charles** [*Astute.*] I see it all—I'm duped! She loves me no longer. She's been amusing herself with our correspondence. And he too—curse him, he's been laughing over my letters—I'll be even with him, yet. I'll meet him, and—but I love her. [*Rises.*] Oh, I shall go mad. Pat, come here!

**Pat** Yis, sur.

**Charles** [*Furiously.*] Go to the devil.

[*Business*—CHARLES rushes about room ferociously.

**Pat** Pon th' sowl o' me fut, I think it's in that direction I'm goin'.

**Charles** [*Seating himself at table, and examining letters.*] If I could only find his name—perhaps it may be here. Yes, here it is—Puffjacket, Major Timothy Puffjacket. Puffjacket! A pretty cognomen. I'll puff his jacket for him. I see it all—some officer, curse his ugly body. [*Enter MAJOR L. H. and not seeing CHARLES.*] But I'll find him, young or old, he shall fight me!

[CHARLES slaps letters down ferociously on table.

**Major** [*Who has been looking at letters.*] I beg your pardon, sir, but that has much the appearance of my pocket-book.

**Charles** [*Rising.*] Your pocket-book, sir, your pocket-book?

**Major** Yes, sir. My servant, through some—

**Charles** Your name is, then—

**Major** Puffjacket, sir, Major Timothy Puffjacket.

**Charles** [*Rising.*] I knew it! I knew it! Puffjacket, you're a villain!

**Major** [*Business with cane.*] A villain, sir! A villain! What do you mean, sir? what do you mean? Do you know that I am an officer, sir—an officer in the army?

**Charles** I repeat it, sir, I repeat it! Puffjacket—officer, or no officer, you're a villain and a coward, and, sir, you shall either fight me, or demme, I'll publish you.

**Major** Young man—

**Charles** Where the devil did you get these letters? Where did you get them—you infernal old villain, how did you get them?

**Major** Letters! Infernal villain! Letters! Young man—

**Charles** Yes, sir, letters! Where did you get them? How came they in your possession? [*Business.*] But I'll waste no more time in words with such an old ass. Here's my card. In five minutes I shall return—meet me here—I demand satisfaction, sir, satisfaction! Remember, in five minutes, you old fool, in five minutes.

[*Exit CHARLES C. D. ferociously.*

**Major** [*Excitedly.*] Villain—coward—knave—old fool. Who can this madman be? [*Looks at card.*] What's this? Livingstone! Charles Livingstone—the man for whom Laura has so often plead, and not dead? This is very strange! Pat! Pat! Where th' devil is that servant of mine? A pretty mess I've got myself into! Livingstone not dead, and Laura crying her eyes out over that is.

ternal Irishman's concocted story. Everything, everybody seems conspiring against me.

*Pat* [*Poking in his head from N. H.*] Wor ye's callin' me, sur?

*Major* [*Highly excited.*] Pat, come here! [*Aside.*] I'll have this Irishman break every bone of his rascal body. Pat, can you fight?

*Pat* [*Business.*] Is it fight? Whooroo!

*Major* Listen to me! In five minutes a man will enter that door. Be ready for him—here, take my stick, and beat him well. As soon as the deed is accomplished you shall have twenty dollars. Do you understand?

*Pat* Twenty dollars! Ar' ye's particular, sur, if I breaks a few bones?

*Major* No, the more the better! Will you do it?

*Pat* Do it! Begorrah, I'm an Irishman. Give me twenty dollars an' I'll wollop th' whole worreld, an' blacken th' two eyes o' me grandmother!

*Major* Here's half the amount in advance. Be very cautious—take this stick and—

*Pat* Niver fear, sur—oh, I'll give him th' worth o' th' money.

*Major* Take this cane—

*Pat* No, sur—shure I couldn't fight wid th' likes o' that—it's too slender in th' waist, an' by far too long. Hould on, hould on, yer honor, an' I'll show ye's th' darlin' ould stick.

[*Exit in door No. 2.*]

*Major* I must get away, or that furious young man may return, and there's no knowing what the consequence may be. Ah! [*Looks off c. d. and L.*] I hear footsteps—it may be he.

[*Exit quickly in door No. 1.*]

*Pat* [*Enter from No. 2, with shillalah.*] Oh, begorrah, but there's as tight bit o' stick as iver doubled a boy's joys, or helped t' share his sorrows. It's many's th' bruken nose that's sint wid a rap out o' that. But where's me Brigadier Colonel? Be jabers, but he's a bould man—only he's away from home, an' he's bitter contint t' pay twinty dollars t' th' likes o' me, nor pay it t' th' doctor. What'd I do if me masther from No. 2 would come in now? For fear he'd come, I'll wollop this ganious here on th' shpot. The ould masther 'll think I'm at him, an' I'll kape up th' hubbaboo. Now for th' scrimmage.

[*PAT changes his voice and pretends to carry on a conversation. He represents a conversation with a man entering c. d. and as PUFFJACKET attempts to peep from door No. 1, PAT gets in front and keeps door shut.*]

*Voices* [*By PAT, placing hand to face.*] Where's your master?

[*Still retaining brogue, but speaking in hoarse voice.*]

*Pat* He's gone, so he is.

*Voices* Did he leave any word?

*Pat* Shure he did, thin. He said he expected a bla'guard here, an' ax him t' dirty one o' these chairs wid his dirty body—

What do you mean, fellow?

[*Means that ye're paid for, an' by raison o' vartue inwested a t' wollop th' divil out o' ye's. During this conversation, frequently attempts to open door, but is prevented by PAT—At end of scene, PAT pretends to be beating his adversary, and as PUFFJACKET peeps out, PAT strikes door with his stick, all the while keeping up the*]

talk.] Take that, ye bla'guard &c. &c. [*Then running quickly to C. D., as if kicking him out.*] So ye's have enough! Be off out o' that, ye poor broken-nos'd divil ye s.

[PUFFJACKET runs out quickly and attempts to look off C. D. PAT gets before him. Business.]

Major Where is he?

Pat Oh, sur, I broke both his legs an' blacken'd his nose and two eyes--an' he's runnin' like th' divil, for fear o' bein' hurted—but [*Striding before PUFFJACKET.*] Th' money, sur, th' money—

Major There it is—[*Counts it out to him.*] One, three, eight, ten—ten dollars, and I don't begrudge it either. You're sure you gave it to him well?

Pat [*Business with money.*] Faith, I gave th' bla'guard th' worth o' th' money.

Major [*Gleefully.*] Very good, Patrick. [*Going toward No. 1.*] If that vagabond should return—

Pat Oh, niver fear. I'll dust his jacket for him.

Major Remember—I shall return shortly. [*Exit L. H. in No 1.*]

Pat [*Sits himself at table and begins counting money.*] Well, this thing can't kape on foriver. Oh, luk at th' money! What'll I do wid all this money? Shure, but I'll go back t' ould Ireland, an' I'll buy a horse an' jaunting-car, an' it's meself'll be a gintleman out an' out. Faix, I'll marry all th' purty garrels in County Tipperary, an' build a sthene monument t' th' mimory o' ivery widdy and orphan. [*Rises and conceals money quickly.*] Murther, here comes me masther from No. 2. He thinks he's kilt intirely, an' I'll be afther lettin' him think so. [*Exit R. H.*]

*Enter CHARLES C. D. from L. hastily.*

Charles Now, sir! [*Looks about and misses PUFFJACKET.*] Gone! I might have known it. Why didn't I shoot him on the spot! Where the devil's that infernal servant of mine? Pat, I say Pat!

Pat [*Entering.*] Here I am, sir.

Charles Why don't you come when I call you? Where's that old fool who gave you the pocket-book?

Pat Yis, sur. 'Pon me sowl, he is an ould fool!

Charles Where is he?

Pat Gone t' dinner, sur. Gone t' dinner, and won't be back for a wake.

Major [*Within No. 1. calling.*] Pat! Pat!

Pat [*Business.*] Comin' sir, comin'—

Charles Where are you going, do you hear me? Who's that calling you?

Major [*Without.*] Pat, I say, Pat, you rascal!

Pat [*Running about.*] Oh, I'll be kilt ammagitly.

Charles [*Business.*] Stay here, I say. Who's that calling?

Pat I'll go and see, sur—

Charles No! stay here—do you understand me?

Pat [*Aside.*] How th' divil 'll I get out o' this?

Charles Pat, go bring my—

Pat [*Running quickly towards No. 2.*] Yis, sur! Yis sur! [*Exit R.*]

Charles Here, you infernal fool—you don't know what you are going after!

*Enter PUFFJACKET from No. 1, in a rage.*

**Major Pat**, you villain—[*Sees CHARLES, who stands with back towards him, and not recognizing him.*] I beg your pardon, sir, I was under the impression that I heard my servant, and—

**Charles** [*Recognizing him.*] So, sir, you've come, have you? Well, I'm ready. If you are a gentleman, you will not refuse me the satisfaction I demand! If you are a coward, you shall receive the punishment your black-hearted proceedings deserve.

**Major** [*Greatly astonished at recognizing CHARLES.*] But—but—your legs are not broken! You are not—

**Charles** So, sir—you think to escape me by jesting? but you shall not—[*Catching hold of him.*] You shall not!

[*Business ad lib. PUFFJACKET screams—CHARLES beats him around room. LAURA and NANCY rush on from No. 1, PAT enters cautiously from No. 2, and hides under table.*]

**Laura** Uncle! What in the world does this all mean?

**Charles** [*Recognizing LAURA.*] What, Laura here! [*Runs and embraces her. PUFFJACKET separates them.*] Can this be your uncle?

**Laura** [*Still clinging to CHARLES.*] Where did you come from? I thought you dead.

**Major** Laura, go in your room—this gentleman and myself have some private business to settle. Damme, I'll shoot him anyhow now!

**Pat** [*Under table.*] I wish they'd blow out each other's brains.

**Charles** [*Aside.*] I see it all—this is her uncle. A pretty ass I've made of myself.

**Pat** [*Under table.*] Begorrah, ye's may well say that!

**Charles** I trust, sir, you will accept my humble apologies. Believe me, sir, I am ready and willing to make any atonement you may demand!

**Nancy** It's that Pat! I'm sure it's Pat! He's at the bottom of this.

**Laura** Dear Uncle, if Charles has been guilty of any misbehavior, you may depend upon it, he has been, in some manner, misled.

**Major** [*Angrily.*] Do you pretend to tell me, Miss, that I gave him cause? No! He called me an old fool, and now—I'll fight him anyhow. [*Business.*]

**Charles** Really, sir—can I offer no apology?

**Major** None, sir, none! Come, Laura, get in here!

[*Attempts to lead her in No. 1.*]

**Pat** [*Under table.*] All right! They'll have it out yet.

**Laura** Uncle, I am totally unconscious of the cause of these strange proceedings, but I solemnly tell you, once for all, that I will never marry that detestable Fitznoodle! I love but one man in this wide world, and he stands before you. [*Kneels.*] Dear Uncle, for my sake, you will forgive him, won't you?

**Major** But he called me an old fool!

**Charles** Believe me, sir—had my servant not misinformed me—

**Laura** But you will pardon him, dear Uncle!

**Pat** Oh murther, murther!

**Major** You apologize, then, for what you said?

**Charles** I do, I do. Had I known to whom I was addressing those words of insult, sir, believe me—



*Major* And you love my niece?

*Charles* I do, sir. I love her more than life.

*Major* [*Aside.*] What am I saying? I shall return to the city at once! Where's that rascal Pat? Pat! Pat! Pat!

[*CHARLES and LAURA retire up, and converse.*]

*Pat* [*Aside, creeping from table.*] How th' divil 'll I get out o' this, I dunno!

*Major* Pat! Pat! Where is that Pat? [*Very nervously.*]

*Pat* [*Aside, trying to get off.*] Begorrah, I'll be afther getting out o' this shrapne.

*Major* [*Seeing PAT, and catching him by the ear, brings him down.*] Where are you going? Did you hear me call?

*Charles* [*Seeing PAT, and coming down.*] Pat, you vagabond, where have you been? Did you hear me call you?

*Major* Excuse me sir, this is my servant!

*Charles* I beg your pardon—that man is in my employ—I brought him here from the city as my servant, and—

*Major* Your servant!

[*PAT C. and between CHARLES and MAJOR, who look from one to the other in the greatest state of surprise.*]

*Pat* [*Striking a position*] Most potent, grave, an' riverent saynien—me very noble an' approved good masters; that I've—

*Major* [*With anger.*] Silence!

*Pat* I'm black in the face wid shame.

*Charles* Excuse me, sir, but how came this fellow in your service?

*Pat* I begs yer pardon, sur. It's an optical delusion altogether. I'm me twin brother—we're very much alike, sur.

*Laura* Oh, Uncle, let the poor fellow go.

*Major* Is this the man you have sworn to love?

*Laura* [*Kneeling.*] Yes, dear Uncle.

*Major* [*Handing her over to CHARLES.*] Take her, take her—I always swore she'd be the death of me—and it may as well be soon as late. Pat, come here. [*PAT approaches.*]

*Pat* No, sur—I'm not!

*Major* I'll trouble you for that money, fellow!

*Pat* Ye'd better let me kape it, sur, 'kase Master Charles 'll be afther marryin' his swatheheart, here, an' as I'm t' add another head t' me body, an' become th' father ov a family, [*Leading NANCY down*] why, ye sec, meself and me buttercup here 'll be livin' wid ye's an' thin, d'ye mind, I'll be able t' sarve both o' me masthers.

*Major* Well, well, you shall remain,

*Pat* Thank ye, ye're honor. An' now that iverything's settled wid me two masthers here, I'd beg t' throw meself upon th' kindness o' me patrons t' th' fore, on' airnestly hope they'll not forget—"THAT RASCAL PAT."

POSITION OF CHARACTERS AT FALL OF CURTAIN.

No. 2.

No. 1.

LAURA. PAT. NANCY.

MAJOR.

CHARLES.

R.

L.



NO. CCCIV.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.



# DON PADDY DE BAZAN

*A Farce, in One Act.*

BY J. HOLMES GROVER,

IRISH COMEDIAN.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THEATRES ROYAL,

OF GREAT BRITAIN.



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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[DON PADDY DE BAZAN].

	Theatre Royal, Kilmarnock, Scotland, April 19th, 1867.	Nashville, Tennessee, Sept., 1867.
<i>Patrick McGuire</i> , alias <i>Don Paddy de Bazan</i> , {	J. HOLMES GROVER.	J. HOLMES GROVER.
<i>Lord Mayor of Dublin</i> ...	M. R. DUNCAN.	MR. GROSS.
<i>Sir Charles Cauliflower</i> ...	J. B. PERCY.	MR. LAMONT.
<i>Claretta</i> .....	MISS M. HOWARD.	MISS DE VERNON.
<i>Captain of the Guard</i> ....	MR. C. UYLSTON.	MR. CHANEY.
<i>First Soldier</i> .....		MR. JOHNSON.
<i>Second Soldier</i> .....		MR. WILSON.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &C.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

\* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## C A R D .

### TO THE AMATEUR AND THEATRICAL PROFESSION GENERALLY.

The advantage and convenience of a *free performance* of Farces, has induced me, by a desire to promote the interests of the drama, to place this very successful farce at the disposal of Managers and Amateur Associations throughout the United States.

Under these circumstances, I have given to Mr. Samuel French, of New York, the exclusive right of publishing the same; leaving with the public to judge of the merits of "That Rascal Pat!"

*Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1st, 1868.*

J. HOLMES GROVER.

# DON PADDY DE BAZAN.

SCENE I.—*Gipsy Camp, with Company of GIPSEYS discovered dancing. They retire up, and off R. 3 E.*

*Enter LORD MAYOR, L. H., looking behind him. He crosses stage to R. H., muttering "beautiful creature, charming," &c. &c., and exits R.*

*Enter SIR CHARLES CAULIFLOWER, L. 3 E.*

*Charles [Looking off L. H.]* What a lovely creature! Beautiful! By jove, if I wasn't carried away with his own wife, I'd make love with the girl myself. Ha! ha! If the plot works, somebody 'll lose a wife. *[Front.]* This is confidential—I'm in love with the Lord Mayor's pretty young wife, and he is fatally smitten with a charming Gipsy lass. He foolishly confides in me, and I am assisting him in his little game. Everything is arranged, and by his instructions orders have been issued, and the roving young damsel is already arrested as a spy. Once in the hands of the militia, her doting old admirer may—but no matter; his unprotected wife and somebody else can then—*[Voice heard L. H. by PADDY]* But, who have we here? From outward appearances, one would judge this genius to be a lineal descendant from "The Old Irish Kings." *[PADDY is heard singing off L. H.]* I'll step aside and allow his highness to pass.

*[Retires up to R. 3 E.]*

*Don Paddy [Without—singing.]*

Arrah suillit, cum masha doodeen,  
Cead mille fáilte my purty colleen;  
An' that in bog Irish, though strange it may same,  
Is a fine dish o' strawberries, shmothered in crame.

*Enters L. 1 E.*

Begorrah, here I am. It's a long time since I put me tin toes upon these familiar strates, anyhow. How iverything is changed. It's a mighty shame that an Irishman, whose ancestors were all kings and quanes, in th' old times, should be banished from a shpot where he wonst took up his abode, an' politely ordhered, by an old judge, wid a cauliflower wig upon th' top o' his head, t' spind th' balance o' his days in a furren country. wid nothin' but blaguards for companions. Well, I'm back again, anyway, afther tin years av th' likes av it, an' that same 's a great consolation. I wondhur do they know that I, Patrick McGuire, betthur know among the gintility as DON PADDY DE BAZAN, has been so many years abroad at th' ixpinse o' th' government? What are ye's talking', Paddy? av course they do. Shure, wasn't yer invitation made public through th' newspapers? Divil a hapeth—there's wan thing—I'm so changed, that me ouklest and bist cridetors wouldn't know me; an' that's Widdy O'Fake, bickars I owes her for th' last jug o' whisky punch.

*Charles [Aside]* So, so, Mr. Paddy—you've returned, have you? We'll see if you're unknown. This Don Paddy de McGuire, or whatever he pleases to style himself, must be looked after.

*Don [Looking of L. H.]* What's this I see? A parcel o' militar rogars runnin' like th' divil afthur a petticoat!

*Enter CLARETTA L. 1 E., hastily followed by CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS*

*Claretta* [*Rushing into DON PADDY'S arms.*] Save me, save me from these dreadful men!

*Don* Save ye's—come here, darlin'—come undhur my wing. [*Shaking shillabub under the OFFICERS' face.*] Do ye's see this? If yer ugly ould noddles are harder nor this bit o' switch, begorrah, ye's may consider this angel yer prisoner.

[*Business and lib.* They attempt to take her. DON PADDY prevents it.

*Charles* [*Aside.*] By all the gods—she has escaped them!

*Captain* Ha! ha! How she can run. So we've caught ye, my pretty bird!

*Don* Git back, ye murtherin' blaguards. Ye's haven't got her yet. If any av ye's attempts her violence—kape back, bad luk t' yer ugly mugs—my arm has a way o' dancin' an Irish jig sometimes, an' I'd advise ye's not t' come t' close.

*Capt* What mean you, fellow?

[*Business.*

*Don* Aisy now, aisye.

*Capt* I'm an officer, sir, an officer in her majesty's service—I hold a warrant for that woman's arrest and—

*Don* An' why th' divil don't ye's arrest her?

*Capt* I tell you fellow, I'm her majesty's—

*Don* What th' divil do I care for yer warrant? Shure I'm longer in her majesty's sarvice nor ye's, wid all yer fine clothes. [*Aside.*] An' th' divil a lie in that. An' I'll wager ye's half a crown I know betthur what's manners nor ye's does. An' what's more, this crayture has asked me t' purtict her—an' when a female puts herself under my battery for purtiction, bad luk t' me, as long as Paddy McGuire has a shtick an' power to use it, she'll be purticted. D' ye's mind that?

*Capt* [*To SOLDIERS.*] Advance! Secure your prisoner!

[*They present guns.*

*Paddy* [*Knocks their guns down.*] Ye'd betthur kape yer shootin'-irons where they are, for by this an' by that, as shure as there's a carbuncle on yer Captain's nose I'll blacken th' two eyes o' ye's!

[*Business.*

*Capt* Seize them both? Do you understand me? [*To DON.*] I'm ordered to arrest that woman, sir, to arrest her!

*Don* Ye'd betther do it, then. Don't ye's see yer companions ar' in no great hurry t' undertake it?

[*CAPTAIN and soldiers look from one to another in astonishment.*

*Charles* [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! This is becoming interesting. Now, if the officer would only provoke the beggar to strike him—

*Capt* [*With effect.*] Will you deliver up the woman?

*Don* Aisy, now—what has she done? What ar' ye's ordhered t' arrest her for?

*Capt* She's a spy! A secret spy, and—

*Don* A shpy, is it? Ar' ye's, darlin' shpake!

*Clar* No! I'm a poor gipsy girl. These men would rob me from my people. I am not a spy. Indeed I'm not!

*Don* D'ye's hear that, ye's spalpane? I'd b'lave her quicker nor all th' guards in th' worreld. Purty guards ye's ar'—shure ye're bla'guards.

*Capt* [*To SOLDIERS.*] Why don't you arrest her?

*Don* I'll tell ye's why. Shure they has a family regard for their

lives. They knows mighty well the minute they steps this way, they'll be surrounded by th' enemy.

*Charles* [*Coming down*] Come, come, give up the woman. She's been guilty of some misdeemeanor—

*Don* Miss who? Who ar' ye's, anyhow? Where th' divil did ye's come from, an' who axed ye's t' put yer gab in here? Perhaps ye's ar' one o' th' sojers in disguise?

*Clar* [*Looking at CHARLES.*] That face! Where have I seen it?

*Charles* No, I'm no soldier in disguise. I know that woman.

*Don* Do ye's, then? Perhaps ye'd lend th' captain, here, a hand in rescuin' th' famale, kase, if that's yer notion, th' whole hape o' ye's'll be obliged to' crape over yer own dead bodies, so ye's will.

*Charles* I'm not interested in the matter.

*Don* Th' more good sinse ye's show. [*To CAPTAIN.*] Go on out o' that! Don't ye's see th' young woman don't fancy yer company, an' ye'd oblige her by withdrawin' th' same?

*Capt* The prisoner we must have. [*Business. They advance upon DON PADDY.*] And furthermore, I arrest you for interfering with a British officer in the discharge of his duty.

[*They fight. DON PADDY knocks down one of the soldiers. He is overpowered, and bound. CHARLES holds CLARETTA—DON PADDY and CLARETTA are taken off* L. H.

*Don* Let me go, ye bla'guards, let me go!

[*Exeunt* L. H. *all but CHARLES.*

*Charles* That man, ten years ago, was my uncle's coachman. He was tried, convicted, and transported for life, and has doubtless escaped. But, if my evidence be of any value, this last transaction will settle his lot. It is instant death to strike an officer, and—at all events, the girl's safe, and now for the arms of my charmer.

[*Exit* R.

SCENE II.—*Prison. DON PADDY is brought on in chains, door* L. C., *by two guards, who exit* L. C.

*Don* [*Coming down.*] Well, this is interestin', anyhow. Ten years transported, an' t' bettther meself, it's out o' the frying-pan into th' fire. Bad luck t' th' laws. I suppose it's all right. If th' ould philosopher is correct in his philosophical shtatements, ivery man, woman an' chile will frequent th' airth in just one hundred years from th' date o' his death—an that same's a consolation, anyhow. [*Bell strikes six.*] What! Six o'clock! Only wan more hour t' live. Faix, an' I'd be moighty glad t' put the two eyes o' me 'pon th' beautiful crayture they put me here for. Who's this?

*Enter CHARLES, door* L. C.

*Charles* Well, Mr. Paddy McGuire—I beg your pardon—Don Paddy de Ding Dong.

*Don* Don Paddy de Bazan, if ye plaze, sur. Although I'm an Irishman, me mother was a Spanish Nobleman, an' I'm lineally descended from the great an' illustrious families o' that name.

*Charles* Well, Don Paddy, if you prefer it, do you know me?

*Don* Yer countenance is rather familiar—ye're th' man as swore yer life agin me for th' small ruction I was in. But tell me, sur—where's th' swate crayture they took from me yesterday?

*Charles* It's upon her business that I'm here.

*Don* So am I, sur. Go an.

*Charles* In less than an hour you die.

*Don* Ye're right for wanst. Go an.

*Charles* I am the friend and confidential agent of the Lord Mayor.

*Don* What, th' ould gintleman that's barefoot upon th' top o' th' heaf, as ordered me slaughtered before bruckfasht?

*Charles* He has allowed you to name the choice, in the manner of your death.

*Don* Has he, then? Shure, an' he's a dacint man; an' as we say in Van Dem—Paddy, Paddy, where th' devil's yer tongue travelin' to? As we say in Coort—he's a gintleman an' a scholar, an' a masther o' nine different languages. But niver mind talkin' o' killin'—shure, it's not pleasant conversation. Where's th' little darlin' o' me heart?

*Charles* That lady, it appears, has proven to be a nobleman's daughter, and—

*Don* [*Dancing with joy.*] A nobleman's daughter? Of course she was—of course she was. Oh! the darlin' crayture o' me heart.

*Charles* She has been released—and now comes the most interesting portion of the story. She has fallen so deeply in love with you, that—

*Don* Wid me? Oh! say that again, sur, say that again. Be jabbers, I thought so. Oh, won't I be the happiest man in th' wor-reld? [*Aside*] Paddy, Paddy, what th' devil are ye's talkin'? Shure, ye's haven't more nor a half hour t' live. Oh, sur, 'pon me sowl, I'll thank ye's for this till I'm as dead as a door nail.

*Charles* Your gallant conduct has fairly won her heart; and I am here by her desire, to offer you her hand and fortune.

*Don* Th' hand's a purty wan—what's th' other convanience?

*Charles* Her wealth numbers thousands! Do you love her?

*Don* Love her? Would a pig ate butthermilk?

*Charles* [*Aside*] It works beautifully. That's my business here this morning. If you love this la'y, you shall marry her.

*Don* Marry her? [*Bursts into laughter.*] What th' devil are ye's talkin' about?

*Charles* As your time is so short, it is her express desire that you are married in mask.

*Don* What, married wid black things on our faces?

*Charles* You consent, then, and ask no questions?

*Don* No questions? Shure, th' devil a time I'll have t' ax questions.

*Charles* She is already prepared; and in an adjoining room, accompanied by a holy father, she patiently awaits the ceremony.

*Don* Consent is it? Oh, ye's gods an' little fishes, show her t' me! Show me th' dear crayture that's t' be me widdy.

*Charles* And now, as that's settled—

*Don* Shure, it's not settled—faix, I'm not married yet.

*Charles* [*Producing paper.*] Here is the order, signed in blank, by which his honor, the Lord Mayor, leaves you the choice in the manner of your execution.

*Don* Thank ye's. 'Pon me conscience, I niver died in a more accommodatin' shyle since I was born. He's a jolly ould rooster, anyhow. Let me see—shootin's a purty good way t' die, only ye's hear such a bad report o' yer own death. Then, there's hangin', but hangin's a blaguard way o' induin' one's days. Faix I'd rather

be tied up to an ould woman all th' days o' me life nor die in that disagreeable manner. But whist! Ye's say I can die as I plaze?

*Charles* As you choose.

*Don* Ye say I'm t' be married? Well, then, as I'm t' die in half an hour, I'll have a jolly good time ov it. I'll be kilt, sur, if ye's plaze, wid twelve shtout men, aich o' them t' come at me wid a fine seasoned shillalah. Moind, now—there's t' be twelve, an' I'm t' kape me own *shprig*. Afther I'm married, ye's are t' give th' word, an' I'm t' die like a dacent Irishman, in th' thickest o' the foight. Whooroo! Begorrah, that'll be a mighty fine trate—married, an' a free fight, an all widin' half an hour.

*Charles* [*Walking R.*] Come, your time grows short.

*Don* Shtop till I bites me finger an' I sees am I dhramin'—what's th' day o' th' month? Faix, I must make a memorandum—It's th' happiest day o' me life. [*Exeunt L. 3 E.*]

### SCENE III.—Room in Prison Building.

*Enter LORD MAYOR, and CHARLES, R. H.*

*Lord Mayor* Then you say he consented to the plot, and cheerfully?

*Charles* Consented? Why, my lord, he went into ecstasies over it. Her suspicion has considerably decreased. They were well matched—each being anxious to tear off the mask of the other, yet willingly submitted to the masquerade. I have closely followed your instructions, and had them lawfully wedded; and nothing but the girl's widowhood remains to crown your happiness.

*Lord M* 'Tis well. Your services shall be rewarded.

*Charles* In five minutes the matter will be accomplished. The novel method of his execution has already spread a glimmer of satisfaction over all connected with it. Since her separation, the new wife has been all anxiety to meet her lord, and—

*Lord M* [*Going R. towards door.*] Enough. Meet me at seven this evening in her apartment. Till then, you have your instructions.

[*Exit LORD MAYOR, R. H.*]

*Charles* That fellow once out of the way, the Lord Mayor in the girl's arms, and then—to fly with her I love. Ah, here comes the lady in question.

*Enter CLARETTA, R.*

*Clar* Where, oh where have you taken my husband?

*Charles* You cannot see him before evening.

[*Noise without, L. H. DON PADDY heard as though in a fight.*]

*Clar* What's that?

*Charles* [*Aside.*] They've commenced—I must away and witness this original execution. Retire to your apartment, my lady, and this evening he will return to claim you as his bride.

[*Exit CHARLES, R. H.*]

*Clar* My lady! He called me his lady! At last, I am—what ambition has so long coveted—the wife of a nobleman. Who can he be? And why this masquerade? The long, long day—oh, I do so yearn for the hour of our meeting. [*Exit R. H.*]

### SCENE IV.—Chamber in Prison Building—time, evening.

*Enter CHARLES, door L. C.*

*Charles* Of all the strange executions I ever beheld, this surpasses them all. At seven o'clock, precisely, twelve of the most powerful



men were armed with *clubs*, the word given, and in two minutes every one of them was either flat upon his back or beating a hasty retreat. Egad, the fellow actually half murdered the entire lot. Strict orders had been issued not to fire upon him, and when his blood began to boil he fought his way out of the entire crowd who gave him stick full play. Curses on him, he has escaped their every search. However, the lovers will soon join each other, and in an hour we shall be upon the high road for *la belle France*.

[*Exit L. 2 E.*]

*Enter CLARETTA B H timidly.*

*Clar* Already evening, and yet no sign of my husband. Hark, I hear footsteps. He comes, my champion, my lord.

*Enter LORD MAYOR, door L. C.*

*Lord M* Anxiously awaiting my approach. I perceive, my lady.

*Clar* [*Shrinking from him.*] That voice! You are not my husband! No! my husband is young and beautiful—you are not.

*Lord M* Claretta, my lady, what mean you? Know you not that for your sweet sake I have cast aside everything? Yes, Claretta, all, all, that you might become my wife. [*Business.*] Come to my arms, my dear!

*Clar* Leave me! Go! I can never love you. I will away and rejoin my people. Indeed, sir, but you are not my husband.

*Lord M* Why do you shun me? Come, we will go to our home, where awaits you every luxury that wealth can command.

*Clar* No! leave me! go! Is it for this I have been the whole day a prisoner? Go, sir, go! Were you ten times my husband, I could never love you. Ambition has gone and I am again plain Claretta the Gipsy.

[*Loud voices without, L. C.*]

*Lord M* [*Nervously.*] What do I hear? Voices without? My entrance has been discovered—Claretta, we must fly!

*Enter DON PADDY, door L. C. Speaking off without noticing them.*

*Don* Bad luk t' yer ugly mugs. Shure, an' I tould ye's not t' shtop me—how th' divil could I resist th' ttemptation o' given ye's a clip o' th' switch, when ye's turned up yer ugly noddle?

*Lord M* That vagabond convict here?

[*CLARETTA sees DON PADDY and rushes in his arms. Business.*]

*Clar* My preserver—my lord.

*Don* Whooroo! Here ye's are!—shure, they tould me ye's were not here, but I saw yer swate face at th' windy, an' be the same token I knew it, for it's too beautiful t' forget. Look up, me darlint, I've news for ye's—I'm not dead! Shure yer own Paddy's as lively as a trout an' th' happiest man in th' worreld t' find ye's lookin' so well. Shure, but it was a strange weddin' an' a grave execution, altogether. [*Aside.*] Faix, I'm thinkin' some o' th' executioners 'll remember th' likes ov it. Give me a kiss, darlint, now that th' black things are off yer face.

*Lord M* [*Aside.*] This man must be removed. [*Calls.*] Ho there, without!

*Don* I beg yer pardon—[*To CLARETTA.*] Is this yer father? I begs yer pardon, me venerable father-in-law, but mishter "widout," if that's th' gintleman's name ye're after callin', is shlightly indisposed by *raison ov a slight clip o' this switch*.

*Lord M* What means this intrusion, sir? Do you know me? Do you know who I am?

*Don* Of course I do! You're me father-in-law!

*Lord M* Confound his impudence.

*Clar* Kind stranger, heaven has again thrown you in my way. I must escape this man. You are brave, and—

*Don* Escape him! Shure, aint he yer father?

*Clar* No! no! He is my—husband.

*Don* Yer what? Yer husb—Then who th' divil am I, anyhow? Oh, Paddy, Paddy, ye're dead an' buried an' this is only yer *ghost*. [*Goes to door and locks it and puts key in his pocket*] Now, sur, d'ye mind, I've th' kay in me pocket an' I demand ye's t' spake th' truth or by th' hokey I'll introduce ye's t' this bit o' *blackthorn*, an' if that don't make a lastin' impression upon yer *ugly* noddle ye may consider yerself lucky. [*Aside, after recognizing the LORD MAYOR.*] Bad luck t' ye's, Paddy, but that's a familiar face. [*Looks again at him.*] Be me conscience, it is. I knew it—how th' divil 'll I get out o' this?

*Lord M* Open that door, sir! I know you, an escaped convict.

*Don* [*Aside.*] I must be bould. [*W/airs stick.*] Aisy now, aisy. Ye're th' husband o' that lady, are ye's?

*Lord M* I am.

*Don* Then answer me a question. [*In his ear.*] Does th' Lord Mayor's wife know where ye's are?

*Lord M* What mean you, fellow?

*Don* I mane, [*Sitting*] that if ye's are th' husband o' that lady, that I'm th' Lord High Mayor—an' now, where th' divil is yer marriage certificate?

*Lord M* [*Aside*] I am betrayed!

*Don* Only but I'm satisfied wid this lady's statement, shure, I'd consider meself a widdy for the balance o' me life.

*Lord M* You know me, then?

*Don* Av course I do! An' now, sur, plaze explain what th' divil ye's are doin' here wid my wife!

*Clar* His wife? I see it all—this is my husband, and this man some vile seducer from whom heaven has *again* preserved me. [*To PADDY.*] Oh tell me, are you my husband?

*Don* If bein' married wid black things on our faces isn't contrary t' law, I'm yer own Paddy. So come t' me arms, me darlint—me wife. [*Aside.*] What th' divil's me wife's name?

*Clar* You are—you are. Thank heaven, I am saved.

*Don* Ye's are, me darlint, an' so am I. [*Kisses her.*] An' now, sur, perhaps before I tells this lady who ye's are, ye'd allow me t' relate ye's a bit o' yer family history?

*Lord M* Will you open that door? Without! I say, without!

*Don* Didn't I tell ye's that he's provided for? Now, sur, plaze listen. When I was engaged wid th' innemy this mornin', I surrounded them—I suppose, av course ye've read th' account in th' papers—well, sur, afthur flattin' their ugly noses, I thought it as well t' get out o' that; so I made a bould run for me life, an' they couldn't find me, by raison o' me kapin' out o' their way. Well, sur, as soon as I could, wid convanience, crape out o' me hidin' place, I went amagitly t' th' Lord High Mayor's, t' ax his pardon for th' bit o' a ruction I got in, d'ye's mind? Well, then, when?

got inside th' first dure, a chap wid th' gould lace all down his back, sis t' me "sir," sis he, "ye's can't go in," sis he. "Th' divil I can't" sis I, an' knowin' me own business better nor he did, I took th' measure o' his head for a new wig an' left him upon th' broad o' his back scaichin' murder. Well, then, I rushed up stairs an' what should I find but th' Lord Mayor gone an' his wife makin' love t' a bla'guard—an' he down upon th' two knees ov him, swarin' that he loved her better nor a pig loved butthermilk—

*Lord M* Villain!

*Don* Don't interrupt me. Where did I lave off? Oh yis, at th' butthermilk. Well, I crept behind a large red curtain, an' I overheard th' whole plot: She was ready t' fly wid him t' France, an' he afther tellin' her th' carriage was ready at th' back dure. I saw them ready t' start—happell wid all her dry goods, and himself wid everything he could lay his hands upon—includin' forks an' shpoons enough for th' ghosts ov all his ancestors. Seein' as how he was a bla'guard, an' I owin' him an ould shcore, I walks up, an' grapples me shprig in this manner, [*Business*] an' sis I, "How are ye's, stick-in-the-mud?" Poor crayture, how she scaiched. "What mane ye's?" sis he, "That," sis I, at th' same time givin' him a clip o' th' switch o'er th' knowledg box. Begorrah, he dropped like a hot pruity an' I got out o' that as soon as I could, an' left them—he upon th' broad ov his back, an' she bendin' over th' body o' him.

[*Door burst open, L. 2.*]

*Enter CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS, quickly.*

*Lord M* Hold! I will answer for this man's presence—back, I say—back! I am the Lord Mayor!

*Clar* [*With astonishment.*] The Lord Mayor!

*Don* [*To CAPTAIN.*] D'ye's hear that, ye bla'guard? An' now, yer honor, since we knows aich other, allow me t' say that for th' last tin years, I've been abroad at th' ixpinse o' th' government, an'—

*Lord M* Enough! enough! To-morrow—

*Don* Shure, yer honor, ye'd not be afthur lavin' us wid these bla'guards? Spake t' me—tell me that I'm t' have an understandin' wid me wife here. Th' way matters now stand, she's committed *brigamy*—she's got two husbands!

*Lord M* [*Aside.*] How to get out of this. You shall be rewarded for your services. Officer, see these prisoners both cared for, and to-morrow at twelve, bring them both before me. [*To PADDY.*] As you value your life, not a word of this. [*Exit door, L. C.*]

*Don* [*To OFFICER.*] Ye's are th' bould lad as tread upon th' tail o' me coat, yesterday. Begorrah, if I hadn't me wife be me side, I'd compel ye's t' airn yer wagis, so I would. [*To CLARETTA.*] Come, me darlint core o' me heart, we'll go to our bridal couch in shyle. Lade th' way, ye's cowardly manslaughterers, an' see that our apartments are nately fitted up. [*Exit door, L. C.*]

SCENE V.—*Office of the LORD MAYOR—table, books, &c. LORD MAYOR discovered seated at table.*

*Lord M* Twelve o'clock! That villain, Sir Charles, threatens me with exposure, and with all my power, I dare not—

*Enter CHARLES, L. H.*

*Charles* Have you considered my proposition, my lord.

*Lord M* I have; and pardon you upon your own terms. And now, that I am momentarily expecting the prisoners, you will be good enough to remain.

*Charles* But, your lordship may possibly escape an exposure by his immediate order of retransportation.

*Enter CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS L. H., with prisoners.*

*Don* Good mornin', yer honor. [*Aside*] Faix, there's th' bla'-guard that I tuk th' starch out ov last night.

*Lord M* Officer, let your prisoner be arraigned for examination.

[*DON PADDY is brought forward.*]

*Charles* [*Aside.*] Curses on him!

*Lord M* Well, sir—you are Patrick McGuire—

*Don* If it's all one an' the same t' yer honor, I'd rather ye'd call me "Don Paddy," for there's a familiarity about that I likes.

*Lord M* You will please confine yourself to strict answers to our questions. Were you not, ten years ago, tried, convicted and sentenced to transportation for life? Did you not attempt the murder of your master, Sir William Moorefield?

*Clar* [*Aside.*] Sir William Moorefield! That face—I remember it all, all!

*Don* [*Who has been scratching his head and considering.*] Well; yer honor, I've considered yer question, an' with wan exception, I'm th' chap. But, yer honor 'll allow me a chance t' spake a word, if ye's plaze?

*Lord M* Go on.

*Charles* [*Aside.*] Curse his tongue! Your lordship, he has acknowledged the crime, and it occurs to me—

*Don* [*Scratching his head*] Who th' devil's boss here—yerself or th' gintleman I'm spakin' to? [*To CHARLES.*]

*Lord M* Prisoner, continue your defense.

*Don* Thank ye, sur.

*Clar* [*Advancing.*] Your honor, if you will allow me—

*Don* [*Stopping her.*] Aisy now, darlint, aisy. Shure, ye're not goin' t' loose yer Paddy. I'll tell his honor how the whole matter was, an' then he'll understand th' truth. Yer honor 'll pardon my wife—she's not used t' excitement, an' th' last few hours has bewildered her, altogether. But she'll kape quiet now, won't ye's, darlint? Of course ye's will.

*Lord M* Whatever be your defense, it must be made at once.

*Don* I begs yer honor's pardon. I'm Patrick McGuire, alias Don Paddy. Ten years ago I was ordered abroad at th' ixpinse o' th' British government, for th' attempted murder o' me ould master, Sir William Moorefield, baronet, etcetera, and so forth. Well, yer honor, th' thing came before a trial an' I tould th' ould spalpane wid th' powdhered wig, that I was innocent—I tould him that I wouldn't dirty me fingers wid a toastin'-fork. If I'd any antipithy against a man, I'd use th' rale ould Irish sprig. Shure, th' young scapegrace, his newew, was the principal witness agin me—[*Looking at CHARLES, keenly.*] An' now that I looks, I remember th' bla' guard.

*Charles* Am I thus to be insulted, your honor?

*Lord M* Go on, my man. Finish your defense.

*Don* Thank ye, sur. Well, as I was sayin', th' ould judge swallyed ivery word th' young newew said, an' th' divil a hapeth he'd b'lave o' me shitory, at all, at all, I was therefore compelled t' quit this beautiful country an' take up lodgings in a *foreign land*, wid more bla'guards nor ye's can find in a wake's travel.

*Clar* I cannot longer endure this. Your honor will pardon me, but I must speak.—Ten years ago, I was a child servant of Sir William Moorefield—I saw the attempted murder of my master—I was carried far away—threatened with death if I revealed what I saw—and I was sold to a wandering band of Gipsies—

*Charles* Your honor—

*Lord M* Sir Charles Cauliflower, I command your silence! *Madam*, proceed.

*Clar* Being an orphan, I soon loved the roving life I led, and for ten long years I sought not to change my life. They called me "Claretta," but my name is—

*Charles* Your lordship—this woman is mad!

*Clar* My name is Mary Dalton—

*Don* What! Mollie? Little Mollie? The darlin crayture I left behind me?

*Clar* I saw a man cautiously enter my poor sick master's chamber and saw him plunge his *poignard* in the poor man's breast. My screams attracted his attention. That man was SIR CHARLES CAULIFLOWER!

*Charles* Liar! My lord, this is a concocted story to clear her husband. Proof, woman! proof!

*Lord M* What evidence can you produce to that effect, madam?

*Clar* Those, your honor, who knew me to be Mary Dalton. I can produce the parties who purchased me from the villain, Sir Charles, who, knowing himself to be the heir of his uncle, attempted this outrage upon humanity in order that he might the earlier secure that which he so much worships—GOLD!

*Lord M* Enough! [*Points to CHARLES.*] Officer, secure your prisoner.

[CHARLES is bound and PADDY released.]

*Don* Whooroo! Then I'm not th' bla'guard, after all.

*Lord M* You are free! Go with your wife, and may you be happy. For your services of last evening—[*Points meaningly at CHARLES*] I will present you with a hundred pounds, as a marriage portion.

*Don* Thank yer honor, thank 'ee. An' if things turn out well, ye's shall have a little namesake. An' if my wife here wishes t' continue her rovin' life, by all th' visions o' me forefathers an' six mothers, but I'll turn Gipsy. [*Front.*] An' if iver I pitch me tint anywhere in yer neighborhood, don't forget t' call upon

DON PADDY DE BAZAN.

THE END.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**

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**100 MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE**

*A Farce, in One Act.*

**BY EDMUND FALCONER.**

**WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.**

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**NEW YORK:**

**MUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.**

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE.]

Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y.		Royal Lyceum Theatre, London
<i>Romeo Jaffier Jenkins</i> .....	Mr. M. W. Leffingwell	Mr. James Rogers
<i>Mr. Spalding</i> .....	Mr. E. Eberle	Mr. Garden
<i>Mr. Adolphus</i> .....	Mr. Sol. Smith, Jr	Mr. Emery
<i>Matilda J. Chummy</i> .....	Mrs. Sedley Brown	Miss Gilbert
<i>Mrs. Adolphus</i> .....	Mrs. Leffingwell	Miss Portman
<i>Mrs. Chummy</i> .....	Miss M. Maddern	Mrs. Crouch
<i>Miss Precise</i> .....	Miss Lena Edwin	Mrs. Wallis
<i>Mrs. Spalding</i> .....	Mr. J. B. McCloskey	Miss Watson
<i>Betty</i> .....	Miss M. Sackett	Miss Kate Saxon
<i>Mrs. Jones</i> .....	Miss Alice Vane	Miss Goward
<i>Miss Jones</i> .....	Miss Whisper	Miss Thompson

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE.

SCENE.—*A well-furnished Apartment, supposed to be on the Second Floor of a respectable Lodging-house. Door, C. F., opens on a lobby; doors, B. and L. 1 E.; fireplace, B. 2 E.; sofa at back, B. C.; table opposite fireplace; chairs, &c.*

BETTY discovered arranging furniture.

Betty So, missus is going out for the day, and master stays at home, It will be the first time they have been parted since their marriage, six weeks ago; and, as master says, it will be quite a hepoch in their lives.

Enter MR. ADOLPHUS, door L. 1 E.

Adol Betty, Mrs. Adolphus wants your assistance at her toilet; you have mislaid the pin-cushion.

Betty The pin-cushion—lor, bless me!—it's in the table-drawer.

[Exit BETTY, L. 1 E.]

Adol I feel strangely exhilarated this morning; and I'm terribly afraid the prospect of my having a whole day to myself—the prospect of my wife's absence—is the cause. I daren't tell her so, but it's a fact. She's a good soul, and I love her very much; but she has never let me quit her apron-string for six weeks; and—well—enough said on that point. I haven't had time to smoke a cigar or read a newspaper. Bless my soul!—I that used to hold forth on the leading topics of the day at our debating society, am at present in a complete state of ignorance as to all that has happened during the last six weeks. As I return from the station, I shall purchase all the back weeklies for the last month—and a half dozen cheroots. Oh, what a happy afternoon I shall have! ha, ha, ha! Delightful! delightful!

[Walks about rubbing his hands.]

Enter LOUISA and BETTY, L. 1 E.

Louisa [Astonished.] Why, bless me, he's laughing to himself. George!

Adol My love.

Louisa What's the matter?—you seem quite elated and happy.

Adol Well, my love—would you have me otherwise, when I possess such a treasure as yqur own dear self?



*Louisa* That's all very well—but remembering that we are about to be parted for the whole day, I expected to have found you in tears; and instead, I find you rejoicing and laughing. This is too bad; but my aunt often told me that men were all deceivers.

*Betty* So they are, ma'am. Master, I am ashamed of you.

*Adol* This will never do. I must invent some excuse. My dear *Louisa*, don't condemn me unheard. I assure you I was wretched, very wretched, two minutes before—so wretched, that my thoughts eagerly sought relief in the anticipation of my delight at your return—and so I laughed. [*Aside.*] If that's not an ingenious lie—I never told one.

*Louisa* I hope you are not deceiving me. I am sure I shall be wretched myself until I see you again; and I should be doubly so, if I were to think you would not be quite as miserable in my absence; I told Betty to leave you two pocket-handkerchiefs for the day.

*Adol* Oh, there is no doubt of it; I'm an unnatural wretch. My dear *Louisa*, be assured I shall be horribly afflicted until you come back to my longing arms. Betty, get another handkerchief out against I return.

*Louisa* Ah, now I recognize my dear Adolphus. But it must be nearly time for us to start. Run and get your hat and gloves.

[*Exit ADOLPHUS, L. 1 E.*]

Now, Betty, I depend on you not to forget my instructions; and above all, be sure to shut the lobby door every time you pass through; for that moonish-looking young lady, Miss Jones, who lives upon the floor above, I have observed is very fond of pausing and peeping in every time she has to pass up or down stairs; and when she knows I am gone out, I shouldn't wonder if she'd take the liberty to come in.

*Betty* Never fear, ma'am; she nor nobody else shall cross the threshold in your absence.

*Louisa* And if anybody calls, you'll be sure to tell me all about them; but here comes Adolphus.

*Re-enter ADOLPHUS, L. 1 E.*

*Adol* Now, my love, I'm ready; but stay, we can't embrace at the station—just one last one here.

[*Embrace.*]

*Louisa* Ah, my dear Adolphus, you'll be sure to be at the station, waiting for me, when the last train arrives? [*Aside to BETTY.*] I shall come by the previous one and surprise him—but not a word of that. Good-bye, Betty, remember. Come, Adolphus, come.

*Adol* Yes, love, yes. Betty, don't forget the additional pocket-handkerchief.

[*Exeunt ADOLPHUS and LOUISA, C. D. F.*]

*Betty* There they go, for a pair of love-sick fools. Ah! as my poor mother used to say of me and my sister Nell—they're like young bears, they is; all their troubles are before them. [*Door bangs.*] Oh, that's the hall door shutting after them—and now they're fairly off. And that's a comfort. [*SPALDING taps at door, c.*] Eh,

there's somebody tapping at the door—I suppose it's the housemaid. Come in.

*Enter MR. SPALDING, D. in flat.*

*Spald* I beg pardon; but I wish to know if Mr. Adolphus is at home.

*Betty* No, sir; he and missus are just gone out for the day.

*Spald* For the day; how unfortunate it is that I should miss seeing him before he went.

*Betty* Oh, it's only missus that's gone out for the day. Master will be at home again shortly.

*Spald* Oh, indeed. Then perhaps after all he can oblige me. Pray is he not a very kind, considerate sort of person?

*Betty* Oh, yes; the best natured sort of person in the world.

*Spald* I thought so by his physiognomy. I am not personally acquainted with him, but I have seen him often. I suppose you know I inhabit the first floor underneath—and so I had many opportunities of studying Mr. Adolphus's face. I saw him, from the window of my back-room the other day, in the yard, contemplating a matronly sparrow instructing her brood in the art of flying, and I then said: "The venerable cock, their father, could not have regarded them with a more benign expression of sympathy." You perceive, my dear, I am somewhat of a philosopher. So your master will be at home in a few minutes?

*Betty* Yes, sir.

*Spald* Will you be so good as to present my compliments—Mr. Spalding's compliments, of the first floor, when he returns, and say, I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on him immediately, as I have a particular favor to request—one which I am sure it will delight his benevolent heart to grant. So adieu for the present.

*[Exit SPALDING, D. in flat.]*

*Betty* That man's cracked. Won't I tell missus! What can he possibly want with master? He's a married man too—and their servant says his wife leads him an awful life—she's so jealous and such a shrew. He said he was a philosopher. I shouldn't wonder if he wanted master to give him a receipt for a slow poison. Oh, the horrid wretch! I'll use my ears when he comes to talk to master; and if it's anything of that sort, I shall put the poor woman on her guard. *[JENKINS knocks at c. d.]* Somebody else. Come in.

*Enter MR. ROMEO JAFFIER JENKINS, C. door.*

*Jenkins* I beg pardon; you are, I believe, Mr. Adolphus's servant?

*Betty* Yes, sir.

*Jenk* Can you tell me if it is true that Mrs. A. has gone out for the day?

*Betty* Yes, sir; she won't be home until late this evening.

*Jenk* Pray excuse my curiosity, was not theirs a love-match?—I have reasons for inquiring.

*Betty* Why—yes; I believe it was.

*Jenk* And they've been very happy since their marriage?

*Betty* Oh, yes; very much so indeed.

*Jenk* And their relations rather opposed their marriage before it took place?

*Betty* Yes, sir; I've heard missus say as much.

*Jenk* My information then is correct, and I may rely upon his sympathy. "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind." Yes, the happy Adolphus can feel for the wretched Jenkins. My mind's made up—I shall ask him. This room, already sacred to the mysteries of wedded love, shall receive and shield within its sanctuary, for one short hour, the persecuted Matilda Jane and her adorer, Jenkins. Here shall we hold our true love's tryste. Say to your master, when he returns, that I shall wait on him immediately, as I have a sorrow to confide in his breast, which his sympathy alone can alleviate. Say to him, the wretch who means to entrust to him the secrets of his heart, is Jenkins—Jenkins who rents the attic, but whose soul aspires to heaven.

*Exit JENKINS, C. D. F.*

*Betty* Why, he's more mad than the first floor. This is a regular lunacy house. I'm afraid he has committed either a theft or a murder, and I dare say he wants to make a confession to master. Well, if I overhear anything, I shall certainly send Mary the housemaid for a policeman. [*Miss PRECISE knocks at C. D.*] Somebody else. Come in. A lady! Who next, I wonder?

*Enter Miss PRECISE, C. door.*

*Miss Precise* Pray, are these the apartments tenanted by Mr. Adolphus and his wife?

*Betty* Yes, ma'am.

*Miss P* You're their servant, I presume?

*Betty* Yes, ma'am.

*Miss P* Are they at home?

*Betty* No, ma'am; they are both out.

*Miss P* [*Aside.*] That's fortunate. Well, as I am somewhat fatigued, I'll thank you for a chair. [*Betty hands it.*] And here, take my cloak and bonnet, and put them in your mistress's bed-room—but stay, not yet; I shall be going in presently myself, it will do then.

*Betty* [*Astonished.*] Well, I never!—she makes herself at home with a vengeance! Who can she be?

*Miss P* You have lived with Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus since their marriage?

*Betty* Yes, ma'am.

*Miss P* And you've had a comfortable quiet place of it?

*Betty* Yes, ma'am; pretty well for that.

*Miss P* They don't quarrel often, I suppose?

*Betty* [*Proudly.*] They never quarrels, ma'am; they're more meeker together than two doves in a cage.

*Miss P* I am happy to hear it; and yet Mr. Adolphus has a noisy,

passionate, overbearing manner, has he not?—is fond of his own way—and swears when the dinner's over-cooked?

*Betty* Lor bless you! he's the mildest creature for a man and a husband I ever saw. He never says "No" when missus says "Yes;" and as to swearing, ma'am—he has no occasion, for his dinner's never over-cooked. Both missus and master say I know their taste to a 'T.

*Miss P* This is all very consoling. Louisa has not been deceiving me.

*Betty* I wonder who this old lady is—just ask her who and what she is, and if she's a stranger I'll soon show her the door. Pray, ma'am, may I know who you are, and what's your business?

*Miss P* Not just yet; all I can tell you at present is: that I am distantly related to your mistress, and am interested in her welfare. I have never seen Mr. Adolphus, and am anxious for many reasons, to be enabled to judge of his disposition and manners, without his being aware of my observation. If you will assist me in this, I shall not only hold you harmless of all blame with your mistress, but, [*Showing purse*] I shall make you a handsome present in the bargain.

*Betty* Oh, dear me, ma'am, I would do anything to oblige a friend or relation of missus's, she is such a dear creature; and I'm quite sure you'll be pleased with master, too, he's such a nice quiet duck of a man.

*Miss P* Well, of that I shall judge.

*Betty* You can go into that bedroom, ma'am, and by leaving the door ajar, you can hear all that passes in this.

*Miss P* Remember, not a hint to your master of my being here, or I shall forget my promise as to the reward. [*Pointing to door & l. n.*] Give a cough close to the door when your master comes back, that I may be on the alert, and remember—silence. [*Exit l. n. l. n.*]

*Betty* Well, she beats the first floor and the attic hollow. Oh, here comes master; I must go and get the other pocket handkerchief.

[*Exit l. n.*]

*Re-enter ADOLPHUS C. D. F., he has a number of newspapers and a packet of cigars.*

*Adol.* Phew! I've run all the way home—I'm so eager to commence a perusal of these papers—I was fortunate enough to get every number for the last six weeks. I just glanced over a summary of the month's news whilst I was in the shop, and I perceive that there have been three most interesting cases of murder, and a revolution in Tahiti. A new sort of cigar has come into vogue, which the tobacconist told me was very superior to the cheroot. I bought half a dozen; and really, after so long a fast, I don't think I can be accused of dissipation in smoking one before dinner. If I recollect right, I have some patent anti-sulphuric matches in my old case. Ah—there it is.

[*Goes to chimney piece—lights cigar.*]

*Re-enter BETTY, L. D. 1 R.*

*Betty* Here, master, here's the pocket handkerchief. [*Starts.*] Good gracious!

*Adol* Betty, what's the matter?

*Betty* Why, master, you're smoking!

*Adol* I am happy to say, Betty, that I'm conscious of the fact.

*Betty* Won't I tell missus!

*Adol* Betty, don't be impertinent.

*Betty* I beg your pardon, master; but you know what you said to missus. I thought you were going to be so sad and melancholy in her absence—and the first proof you give of your grief is to smoke a cigar.

*Adol* And the greatest proof I could give. You see, Betty, my grief is so great, that it wants consolation, and there is no greater consoler to a man in grief than a cigar, and few so innocent.

*Betty* Well, I hope missus will think so—and I hope somebody else will think so. [*Approaches him mysteriously.*] Be on your guard; there's a *heye* fixed on you at this moment you little dream of.

[*Goes on tiptoe to door L. 1 R., and gives a loud cough—then exits, holding up her hand in warning to him, C. D. R.*]

*Adol* What the devil does she mean by a *heye* fixed on me! The girl's gone crazy! Confound her, she has so frightened me I've let the cigar go out, and am afraid to light it again. Ah, [*Looking at newspaper*] what's this! "Tahiti.—By the latest accounts from Tahiti it would appear that the revolutionary troubles which commenced upon the death of that great man, Thickskulliski, have not yet reached a climax. The two great chiefs of the Inland and Coast tribes, Wooley Wamski and Hairy Smanko, are preparing for a final trial of strength, and a great flow of Tahitian blood is hourly expected." [*Knock at door in flat.*] Who's there? Come in.

*Enter MR. SPALDING, C. door.*

*Spald* I beg your pardon—I'm Spalding.

*Adol* Spalding?

*Spald* Yes; the first floor.

*Adol* The deuce you are.

*Spald* Didn't you expect me?

*Adol* Can't say I did.

*Spald* Betty didn't deliver my message then. It matters little, since I have the pleasure of finding you at home. Pleasure, said I? To a man so constituted as I am, to stand in the immediate neighborhood of a benevolent man is a positive happiness. I make no doubt that, submitted to the manipulation of a Combe, a Gall, or a Spurzheim, the bumps of your head would afford convincing proof of my assertion, that you *are* a benevolent man in the fullest sense of the term.

*Adol* Sir, I—that is—I don't exactly understand you?

*Spald* I knew it; another proof—modesty always companionable benevolence.

*Adol* May I inquire—

*Spald* My business, you would say. Sir, I am about to delight you ;—to afford you the greatest gratification you can possibly experience.

*Adol* Indeed !

*Spald* Yes ; I am about to ask a favor of you.

*Adol* Oh !

*Spald* Rapture always expresses itself in ejaculations. You behold in me the victim of a termagant wife.

*Adol* No !

*Spald* Fact. I have no will of my own. Opposition is idle. My wife is singularly organized. The bump of combativeness, self-esteem, destructiveness, and resolute will, are all largely developed in her cranium. It were madness on my part to oppose her wish. It might drive her into the commission of some desperate act.

*Adol* [*Aside*.] You don't say so.

*Spald* You commiserate me. You will aid me, then, to labor in the vineyard of science.

*Adol* Certainly, if it is in my power.

*Spald* 'Tis in your power. I wish to make an experiment. Will you grant me the use of this room ?

*Adol* Will it injure the carpet ?

*Spald* Oh, not at all. Mine is a more spiritual philosophy than the chemist's. By a few passes of that hand I can obtain a knowledge of things past and present, and to come. I can ascertain what is going on at any place in the world.

*Adol* Indeed ; is this possible ! You can, perhaps, inform me of the present state of Tahiti ?

*Spald* Anything, everything, if you will afford me the use of this room.

*Adol* You shall have it, my dear boy.

*Spald* You have understood me, I suppose—that I am deeply skilled in the science of mesmerism ?

*Adol* Mesmerism !

*Spald* Yes. On the third landing resides a lady—Mrs. Jones. You know her, I suppose ?

*Adol* No. I have not that pleasure.

*Spald* My wife tea'd out the other evening, and I tea'd with Mrs. Jones. By dint of much persuasion I obtained her leave to mesmerise her daughter, Miss Jones. A splendid subject, sir, of a most susceptible temperament. I could swear to her being a clairvoyant. But I was not able to experimentalize to that extent upon her, for no sooner had she fallen into the mesmeric trance than her mother cried out that I had killed her child, and I was obliged to draw off the magnetic influence or she would have alarmed the house. Terribly annoying, was it not ?

*Adol* Disgustingly so.

*Spald* Well, sir, the stupid, ignorant old woman has since forbid the house ; her rooms, I mean, and I dare not infringe her orders,

lest she should provoke the animal propensities of my wife to exercise on me.

*Adol* Horrid alternative?

*Spald* Isn't it? Miss Jones, though, was so delighted by the novel sensation she experienced during the trance that she longs to submit to another experiment. She told me so on the stairs this morning; and hearing that your wife had gone out for the day, and actuated by my trust in your benevolent aspect, I determined it should take place in this room.

*Adol* But she won't faint away, will she—or go into hysterics? For should it come to the ears of Mrs. Adolphus, it might excite her animal propensity, you know.

*Spald* Oh, never fear. Consider the interests of mankind. Consider the interesting problems to be solved. Recollect your query about Tahiti.

*Adol* True, there has been a revolution there a few months back; and I should like to know whether Wooley Warmski or Hairy Smanko had got possession of the crown?

*Spald* You shall know all—anything, everything; but I must hasten and inform Miss Jones. Expect us in half an hour. Perhaps she may come first—you will make her welcome, and bid her wait until I join you? Rejoice! Rejoice! Science, mankind, will be eternally your debtors.

[*Exit SPALDING, C. D. F.*]

*Adol* A very clever fellow that. I couldn't refuse him so reasonable a request as the use of the room; yet I am half afraid Louisa will not like it. I must obtain some information that will please her. Upon my word I shall pass a very agreeable afternoon.

[*JENKINS knocks.*]

*Re-enter JENKINS, C. D. F.*

*Jenk* No need of announcement, Mr. Adolphus; doubtless you know me?

*Adol* I can't say that I do.

*Jenk* What, is it possible you fail to recognize in this attenuated form and sallow cheek, "the sickly livery in which true love clads his votaries?" Is it possible, I say, that you do not at one glance identify the wretched and disconsolate tenant of the attic, whose arrival you have so anxiously expected—impatient to pour the balm of your sympathy upon the festering wounds of his lacerated heart?

*Adol* Upon my soul I'm getting bewildered. This, out of question, is a maniac broke loose from the private mad-house in the next street; I must deal gently with him. Pray, sir, how may I serve you?

*Jenk* Oh, what a gentle voice! and he asks me how he may serve me. I am an orphan—unuseful to kindness—it overcomes me—I must seek relief in tears. [*Searches pockets, pulls out a collar, or a dickey—puts it back.*] Pray can you lend me a pocket handkerchief?

*Adol* Oh, dear, yes; I have three at your service.

*Jenk* Too good!—too good—I have found a friend at last! and, ha

ha! ha! I laugh at the malice of fortune, and the persecutions of mankind.

*Adol* I wish he'd go; he must be a maniac, if he's not in liquor.

*Jenk* These extremes surprise you?

*Adol* Yes, a little.

*Jenk* I shall be better presently.

*Adol* It is to be hoped so; there's certainly room for improvement.

*Jenk* I am better. • I have drunk of the cordial of your sympathy, and I rise over my miseries like a giant refreshed with wine.

*Adol* He's rabbid! foams at the mouth like a dog.

*Jenk* You have asked me how you may serve me; I need not tell you I'm in love, and pleased with ruin—that you already know.

*Adol* Strange I should forget it.

*Jenk* Yes, I am in love, but fate frowns upon my passion.

*Adol* Fate!

*Jenk* Yes, in the person of Mrs. Chummy, whose daughter, Matilda Jane—"fair child of an unsightly mother"—is the object of the passion which, "like a mineral poison, gnaws me inwards."

*Adol* Poor fellow! but Matilda Jane herself—

*Jenk* Responds in honeyed accents to the pleadings of my love, and tells me I am the god of her idolatry.

*Adol* Then what need you care for fate—Mrs. Chummy

*Jenk* She shuts the door in my face—she forbids her daughter to listen to my addresses. She has even threatened to have me placed in durance vile if I attempt to cross her threshold. I am exiled from the society of Matilda Jane—she dooms me to wretchedness. "Mothers have flinty hearts." I have pined for the last six days in a gloom worse than that of Erebus.

*Adol* A newly-invented patent coalhole, I suppose?

*Jenk* As I passed down stairs this morning, judge of my delight and rapture when the door opened and discovered to my sight her form, radiant and refulgent in beauty! She had only time to speak one sentence, when her mother appeared and dragged her back; but that mystic sentence was enough to bless me and baffle fate.

*Adol* Dear me, what was it?

*Jenk* "Look under the mat."

*Adol* How exceedingly sublime!

*Jenk* The door closed—I sprung like a tiger on its prey. I did not merely lift the mat, I snatched it up with an impetuosity that nearly threw me on my back.

*Adol* [*Aside.*] I wish it had sent you over the banisters.

*Jenk* I beheld a letter—oh, rapturous moment! exclaiming with Eloise—

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some captive lover, or some pensive maid."

I laughed and wept together.

*Adol* Laughing and weeping are evidently this gentleman's forte. Might I inquire its contents?



*Jenk* She has got leave to visit her aunt this afternoon, but she dares not be seen walking with me in the street, and maiden modesty forbids her to visit me in the attic. She left to me to provide a place where we may meet and exchange our vows at once. I resolved it should be here: "The happy husband will not refuse that boon," I said, "to the bereaved lovers. There, in his own secluded dwelling he will permit them to let loose their hearts, and riot in the luxury of dreamlike bliss." And you will not—you do not refuse?

*Adol* I must humor his madness; certainly not.

*Jenk* Best of friends! let it rejoice your generous heart to learn I never had a doubt of your consent. In anticipation of your compliance, I have written this letter—[*Shows letter.*] telling her to be here in half an hour. Nay, more, I have promised that you will stand sentry at the door to prevent any chance of a surprise from Mrs. Chummy.

*Adol* Upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you.

*Jenk* Oh, most inestimable of friends! how shall I repay your devotion? Permit me to embrace you.

*Adol* I'd rather not.

*Jenk* Ah, you would make light of the kindness you display. Oh, too good—too good! But you shall find that I am worthy of your friendship. I must now hasten to place this letter in Love's post-office.

*Adol* Under the mat?

*Jenk* Yes, expect us in half an hour; for caution's sake she will steal here alone before me. To your charge I confide her; the honor of my friend will be her safeguard. [*Going, returns.*] Call upon me at any time for any proof of friendship, you shall find I will not flinch, though you stand upon the scaffold, like another Pierre, and weep as you beseech me to cheat the hangman, and plunge a dagger in your breast, I'll do it—I'll strike home.

[*Exit JENKINS, C. D. F.*]

*Adol* A very pretty proof of friendship that, sticking a man with a dagger, to the tune of "Britons, strike home!" I've had a narrow escape! he's a confirmed maniac. I must lock the door when Spalding and Miss Jones arrive, and prevent that fellow's return. By the way, I wonder how I'm looking; the run from the railway station put me in a perspiration, and a brush-up will do me no harm, particularly as I am to receive a lady; I'll just pop into the bed-chamber and peep into the glass. [*Goes to L. D. F.—is about to enter—starts back—the door is suddenly closed.*] As I live there's a woman there! Who can it be? Horror! if it should be my wife, returned before me! But no—that's impossible; I saw the train start. Bless me! the foolish thought has put me all in a shake! Who can it be? Mrs. Spalding, perhaps, lying in wait to pounce upon her husband. The sudden slam of the door was a very respectable specimen of animal capabilities. I must call Betty and make inquiries. [*Knock at C. D. F.*] 'Tis Spalding, no doubt! I must put him on his guard.

[*Opens door—MISS CHUMMY runs in—he stands amazed, keeping door open.*]

*Miss C* Mr. Adolphus!

*Adol* Yes, madam.

*Miss C* My dear sir!

*Adol* My dear madam!

*Miss C* Why don't you shut the door?

*Adol* Beware; there's danger! I think I'd better not.

*Miss C* Oh, yes, you'd much better close it, and quickly. For if my mother should happen to pass down stairs and catch a glimpse of me, she'd kill me and tear your eyes out.

*Adol* In that case, I'd better shut it. [*Closes door.*] But hush! don't speak loud. I entreat you! There's an eavesdropper close at hand.

*Miss C* Is there? Then I had better speak my gratitude for your kindness in action.

[*Goes to him, kneels, takes his hand, presses her own upon his heart, looks at him pathetically, kisses his hand, and applies handkerchief to her eyes.*]

*Adol* What the devil does all this mean? Ah, I perceive she's terrified, poor thing, at the hint I have given her. She dreads the animal propensities, and implores my protection. Be comforted, madam, no harm shall reach you. I will protect you, [*Raises her, she sobs, and kisses his hand again.*] Upon my soul her gratitude is very affecting!

BETTY enters, C. D. F.

*Betty* Master, when would you like your dinner? [*Sees MISS CHUMMY, starts and screams.*] Oh, won't I tell missus! [*BETTY exits, C. D. F.*]

*Adol* Damn that girl—she's a perfect nuisance!

*Miss C* Heaven! what was that?

*Adol* Merely the servant—don't be alarmed. Mr. — you know who, will be here directly. But as I have reason to dread the prying curiosity of an enemy, the interesting experiment must, I am very much afraid, be postponed.

*Miss C* I don't exactly comprehend you.

*Adol* I'm obliged to speak ambiguously for fear of being overheard.

*Miss C* But my mother is above stairs and I dread no one else.

*Adol* But he does.

*Miss C* Ah, me, "the course of true love never did run smooth."

*Adol* True love!—a figure of speech, I suppose, signifying in this instance—science. True, madam, and when it bumps against animal propensities, its course is a very rough one, not to say dangerous. So I think you had better go for the present

*Miss C* Go—without meeting him.

*Adol* But it is a very peculiar danger that threatens.

*Miss C* What danger can appall the truly brave? Oh, let the tears—the prayers of a helpless maiden move you to the deed. On my knees, with streaming eyes and upraised hands, I implore you not to dash down the cup of happiness you have just lifted to my lips.

*Adol* Really this eloquence is irresistible. I can't refuse the poor

girl's prayers. Rise, my dear young lady, I will risk all dangers to pleasure you.

*Miss C* You consent, and our meeting is not to be deferred?

*Adol* Certainly not!

*Miss C* Too generous man, I must positively embrace you.

[*Clasps him in her arms.*]

*Enter JENKINS, C. D. F.*

*Jenk* [*With a tragic start.*] Ha! Matilda Jane, in the arms of Adolphus. Death and damnation! Oh!

[*Exit JENKINS, C. D. F.*]

*Miss C* Surely, that was his voice?

*Adol* No, madam. 'Twas the voice of an unfortunate maniac.

[*Mrs. CHUMMY heard outside.*]

*Mrs C* Where is she—villain, where is my daughter?

*Miss C* My mother coming here? Oh, heaven, hide me—screen me from her angry frown.

[*Runs and locks C. D.*]

*Adol* What the devil's to be done? Damn it, don't lock the door, or we shall lose our characters.

*Miss C* She will raise the house and break all the furniture if she finds me here. Let me hide in this room, and say I'm not here.

[*Runs to L. D. 1 R.*]

*Adol* [*Seizing her.*] Oh—no—no, you mustn't go in there.

*Miss C* Why not?

*Adol* What shall I say, *she's* there!

*Miss C* She! who?

*Adol* The woman whose head exhibits such a large development of the animal organs.

[*Mrs. CHUMMY knocks at C. D.*]

*Mrs C* Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Adolphus, I must speak with you.

*Miss C* Oh, if you wouldn't have my death, and your own mutilation to answer for—put me somewhere. Here's another room!

[*Goes R.*]

*Adol* Well, well, go in there. [*She exits R. D. 1 R.*] Upon my word the interest of my position increases. A splendid specimen of the animal and intellectual female species on either side of me, and a nondescript at the door. But I must admit her. [*Opens door in flat.*]

*Enter Mrs. CHUMMY, C. D. F.*

*Mrs C* So, my fine madam. [*Looks around surprised.*] The wretch has deceived me: there is no one here.

*Adol* I beg your pardon, madam, but I must say you lie under a mistake; I am here, and I rather reckon myself some one.

*Mrs C* Sir, I beg your pardon, but I expected to find my daughter here.

*Adol* The poet says that disappointment is the lot of man. In this instance, it would seem to be no less the lot of woman; may I inquire what induced you to form so strange an expectation?

*Mrs C* Why, sir, my daughter left my room a few minutes since, to go to her aunt's, and I kept watch from the window for full five minutes, and didn't see her leave the house. I naturally concluded

she had either paused on the stairs, or gone into one of the rooms of the other lodgers in the house.

*Adol* A very natural conclusion, indeed.

*Mrs C* Well, sir, I was coming down stairs to ascertain what detained her, when I met that wretch, Jenkins, rushing out of this room like a madman, and I immediately concluded she was here.

*Adol* Oh, he has an antipathy to your daughter, I suppose?

*Mrs C* I wish to heaven he had. No, sir, the fool has the impudence to be in love with her.

*Adol* Why, he told me that his affections were fixed upon another—the daughter of a very irascible old lady, by name, Chummy.

*Mrs C* That's me, sir.

*Adol* I beg ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs C* Oh, sir, you needn't alarm yourself. I know the wretch is always maligning me, but I'll be even with him.

*Adol* Don't be angry with him, madam; he's evidently a maniac.

*Mrs C* Upon my word, sir, I am delighted to hear you say so. You're a very sensible man. He is a maniac. Don't you think that we could get him confined if we were to swear we thought so?

*Adol* I think it possible, ma'am.

*Mrs C* Yes, yes, and we ought to do so, for he is the bane of my domestic happiness. But where can Matilda Jane be? I shouldn't wonder if the wretch has persuaded her to go up to his apartment in the attic.

*Adol* Not at all unlikely, madam.

*Mrs C* The shameless hussey. I'll just go up and listen outside the door, and if I hear a whisper I'll come down again for you.

*Adol* For me, madam?

*Mrs C* Yes; you'll help me, I'm sure, to break open his door, and hold him whilst I chastise my daughter. Yes, yes; I know you will; and as he is a maniac it won't matter if you strangle him, and you'll forever oblige me if you do.

[Exit MRS. CHUMMY, C. D. F.]

*Adol* There's a wife and a mother for you—asks the strangulation of a fellow creature as a favor at the hands of a man she hasn't known above three minutes. Why, her head must be more ferociously organized than Mrs. Spalding's. I think the best thing I can do is to put on my hat and run away.

[The door is thrown open and SPALDING runs in with MISS JONES in his arms.]

*Spald* My dear friend, shut the door and lock it, whilst I place the lady on the sofa. For heaven's sake shut the door.

[ADOLPHUS, after standing in amazement, obeys him, SPALDING placing MISS JONES on sofa R. C. at back.]

*Spald* Oh, my dear friend, such an unfortunate occurrence. Having seen Mrs. Jones leave the house, I immediately called on her daughter to make known to her your kind offer. Not being acquainted with you, she felt some hesitation about coming here, and, as she said her mother was gone out for some time, she prevailed upon me to indulge her scruples and mesmerise her in her own room, the servant girl being present and sworn to secrecy. I could

not resist the opportunity. But scarcely had she fallen into the trance, when a loud knock at the hall door alarmed me. The servant ran to the door, and cried out that it was Mrs. Jones. I had no alternative but to snatch up Miss Jones and carry her here, and here we are safe for the moment.

*Adol* Oh, then, that is Miss Jones—then who the devil is the other?

*Spald* What other, my dear boy?

*Adol* As I live it must be Miss Chummy.

*Spald* I don't understand.

*Adol* I regret to say I do. I begin to apprehend a very important change in the denouement of the Chummy romance; instead of being the perpetrator of the burglary and murder, I am likely to be the interesting victim!

*Spald* My dear fellow, no time is to be lost. The servant promised to invent some excuse for Miss Jones's absence; but, as her mother may feel somewhat suspicious and call for her, I must draw off the magnetic influence and recover her at once.

*Adol* But can't you first make her satisfy my curiosity with respect to the Tahitian chiefs—Wooly Wamski and Hairy Smanko?

*Spald* Not now, my dear fellow. She is but in the first stage of the mesmeric sleep, and the animal functions are too consciously active to permit the free exercise of the spirit of clairvoyancy. Some other time you shall have all your questions answered. Have you a pair of bellows at hand?

*Adol* Of bellows?

*Spald* Yes; to blow upon her. The action of the air upon her nerves will soonest disperse the trance.

*Adol* Oh, there is, I remember, an ornamental pair hanging by the fire-place in that room.

[*Pointing L.*]

*Spald* Run and get them immediately.

*Adol* Yes. [*Going—stops.*] Oh, lord, I forgot! She's there!

*Spald* She! who?

*Adol* The victim of an unfortunate animal organization.

*Spald* For heaven's sake what do you mean?

*Adol* I mean that your wife's there.

*Spald* [*Seizing him.*] My wife in your bed-room! Villain! how came she there?

*Adol* Upon my soul I don't know; but I'll call her out and ask her for your satisfaction.

*Spald* Oh lord, not for the world! I beg your pardon, I conceive she has hid herself on purpose to catch me experimentalizing on Miss Jones. Don't breathe; I must be off.

*Adol* [*Holding him*] Off! yes, but you must first take off the magnetic influence.

*Spald* I haven't time. Whilst I remain here, I'm standing on a magazine of detonating powder. What if it should explode? Benevolent man, you would have my death to answer for.

*Adol* No, and I don't want to have my own to answer for; so if you must go you must take Miss Jones with you.

*Spald* Impossible ! I might meet her mother on the stairs.

*Adol* But what am I to do with her ?

*Spald* Blow upon her.

*Adol* Blow me if I do !

*Spald* You can run down to the kitchen for a pair of bellows. There's a noise in the room—she's arming herself with the poker. For heaven's sake let me go—I shall be killed if she catches me here.

*Adol* One word.

*Spald* Not now—not now ! I'm in terror of my life.

[*Breaks from him and exit, c. d.*]

*Adol* Well, I suppose I have reached the climax of embarrassment at last. Here's a nice mess ! a lady in the first stage of a mesmeric trance—which is a very good imitation of a faint—left on my hands as helpless as a new-born babe. How the devil am I to recover her ? I dare not go into my bedroom for the bellows, and if I call Betty to bring me the kitchen pair, she's sure to misinterpret the young lady's situation, and trump up a pretty tale to my wife's ear. I'll throw a shawl over her, and, locking the door after me, run down and borrow Mr. Spalding's pair. Really she's a very interesting looking girl ! who knows but in his fright he may not have properly estimated the state into which she has fallen. I should like to have my curiosity gratified. [*Addressing Miss Jones*] Pray, madam, can you inform me of the present position of the two great chiefs in the revolution of Tahiti ? no reply. Tahiti is a long way off, she might not be able to get there so soon. I'll not press an answer as to Woolly Wamski, or Hairy Smanko. But perhaps you can indulge me with some information as to their manner of swathing babies at Constantinople—she ought to feel interested in that subject herself. No answer. He was right, the animal functions are too actively employed ; she decidedly snores. [*Covers her with shawl.*] That's my wife's shawl. Oh, if she only knew the use to which I have applied it. Lord, if she should return before I've got rid of my visitors ! I must run down for the bellows. [*Exit R.*]

[*MISS PRECISE comes out of L. 1 E., goes to sofa, lifts up shawl—expresses horror—throws it over her again, and exits back into room, L.*]

*Enter ADOLPHUS, with pair of bellows, the nose of which is at white heat, L.*

*Adol* I have got it at last. Now for a trial—I wonder whether I should blow from a distance. [*Sits on back of chair and blows bellows.*] Egad, it's very hard work ! Eh, what's that !—somebody trying to get in at the door—should it be her mother ? [*Covers her with shawl.*]

[*Door opens, LOUISA enters, c. d., and embraces him ; he keeps the pair of bellows at his back.*]

*Adol* My wife, by all that's horrible !

*Louisa* Ah, my dear Adolphus!—but what's the matter ? you don't return my embrace ?

*Adol* Oh, lord ! where shall I put these damned bellows ?

*Louisa* What have you got there ?

*Adol* [*Thrusting it under the back of his coat trying to embrace her.*] Nothing, my love, nothing. Oh, murder! the nose has burnt a hole through the back of my waistcoat!

[*Pulls it down and puts it on chair.*]

*Louisa* What, in heaven's name, is the matter with you?—you don't seem rejoiced to see me!

*Adol* I can't say I am much. Yes, yes, my love, I'm overpowered by joy. I'm terrified.

*Louisa* Terrified?

*Adol* Of course, at your coming back so much sooner than I expected. Alarmed lest some accident should have befallen you.

*Louisa* But your eyes, my dear, should satisfy you of my safety.

*Adol* Yes, but I tremble out of sympathy with the agitation it must have caused you. Suppose, now, the engine had burst, or the carriage got off the rail, [*Aside.*] and I almost wish it had.

*Louisa* Oh, compose yourself, my dear. I met with no accident.

*Adol* I'm sorry for it.

*Louisa* Sorry?

*Adol* Glad, I mean.

*Louisa* My aunt had recovered from her illness, and actually gone out for the day—the servant supposed, to London. So I thought it would be foolish to wait her return, and came back by the next train, impatient to throw myself into your arms. I knew you would be agreeably surprised.

*Adol* Very much so, indeed. [*Aside.*] There's a cold sweat breaking out all over my body. What shall I do? I must get her to go out. Well, my dear, as you have your bonnet on hadn't we better take a little walk to get an appetite?

*Louisa* Oh, I've got one already, my dear. My ride has made me quite impatient for my dinner. Ring the bell for Betty, whilst I go and put off my things in the bedroom.

*Adol* Oh, lord you mustn't go in there.

*Louisa* And why not, dear?

*Adol* Why not. What shall I say? My dear, I can't let you out of my sight. Consider how long you've been absent. I really can't part from you for another moment this day. [*Aside.*] What was a cold dew has turned into a hot stew. I'm smoking all over.

*Louisa* Oh, my own loved Adolphus. Then come with me and stay with me whilst I disrobe.

*Adol* No, no; can't you take off your things here?

*Louisa* Very well, my love [*Takes off bonnet and cloak and puts them on table.*] What's here? Newspapers, and a packet of beastly cigars.

*Adol* Discovery No. 1—a mere trifle of what's to come.

*Louisa* Why, Adolphus, is it possible that you purposed smoking in my absence?

*Adol* What shall I say? Certainly not, my dear. Can you suppose me guilty of such an atrocious proceeding?—[*Aside.*] I didn't purpose, for I did it. I wonder where I studied logic.

*Louisa* Then how came these cigars on the table? As I live, here is one that has been lit!

*Adol* No 2—still a mere trifle.

*Louisa* Mr. Adolphus, what is the meaning of this?

*Adol* Nothing but a good round lie will save me. Here goes. A gentleman, a maniac, I should say, rushed into the room a short time since, and after frightening me out of my wits, deposited the obnoxious articles on the table, and rushed out again.

*Louisa* You alarm me. There is no danger of his return, I hope?

*Adol* There is every danger, my dear, [*Aside.*—a capital thought—I think, until it is ascertained that he has been recaptured by his keepers, we had better take a private room at an hotel. Come, put on your bonnet and let us be off.

*Louisa* Couldn't we have dinner first, I really am so hungry?

*Adol* We can have dinner at the hotel the moment we reach it. It's all right; if I can but get her and myself out of the house—the animal and intellectual organs may have a battle royal here as soon as they please.

\*  
*Enter BETTY, C. D. F.*

*Betty* Master, dinner's ready. What, my missus come back? Oh, madam, I'm so glad—I've so much to tell you!

*Adol* I've a great mind to pitch that girl out of the window. Not a word of the cigars, and here's a sovereign for you.

*Betty* I don't want none of your sovereigns.

*Louisa* What is it, Betty, you have to tell me?

*Adol* Oh, you're not safe here a moment, my love—you can't stay. I really can't permit you—your precious life's in danger.

*Betty* Life in danger—how so?

*Louisa* Yes, Betty, Mr. Adolphus says a maniac has been roaming about the house.

*Betty* He's imposing on you, ma'am. There's no maniac in the house, but there's a lady in your bed-room, you'll be surprised to see.

*Louisa* [*Shrieking.*] A lady in my bed-room.

*Adol* Discovery No. 3—bad enough, but worse to come.

*Louisa* Oh, you wretch, is it thus you treat your poor wife in her absence? Now I see why you wanted to take me out!

*Adol* Upon my soul and body!—

*Louisa* Don't add perjury to falsehood, you base man.

*Betty* Don't fly into a passion yet, missus, this lady is—

*Louisa* I won't hear what she is. How dare you let her in? But I'll have her out—the vixen!

[*Rushes to L. D. E.*]

*Adol* [*Holding her.*] Oh, no, no, you must not—must not. You are no match for her. Her husband is afraid of her. She's a regular monster of a woman.

*Louisa* Oh, that's your taste is it? Oh, I shall die!

[*Low knocking at door, c.*]

*Adol* There—there's the burglary commencing; Chummy and Jenkins are going it.

[*Mrs. CHUMMY bursts open door.*]

*Mrs. C* So, sir, where's my daughter? You are the deceiver after all, and poor Jenkins only the blind.

*Adol* What do you mean, ma'am?



*Mrs C* I mean that I went up to the attic just in time to prevent Jenkins from swallowing poison, because, as the poor wretch said, he had seen Matilda Jane in your arms; you have made use of him as a cat's paw to get my daughter into your room in your wife's absence. Where is she, you villain? Tell me before I tear your eyes out.

*Louisa* What! your daughter, ma'am, in my husband's arms?

*Mrs C* Yes, ma'am, my daughter Matilda Jane.

*Louisa* She's a shameless baggage!

*Mrs C* Your husband is a villain, ma'am!

*Enter JENKINS, very pale, c. d.*

*Jenk* A most notorious villain! a smiling damned villain!—false to his trust, to honor, and his friend! Oh, too confiding Jenkins! you placed your sum of earthly happiness in his hands, and he betrayed you! "*I will not take him by the throat and strangle him, but I could do it—I could do it!*" [Crossing L.]

*Mrs C* And you ought to do it, and I'll do it if he doesn't produce my daughter. She's in one of those rooms, I suppose?

*Adol* A glorious thought! I'll set the animals by the ears! Yes, yes, she's in that. [Points to L. D. 1 R.]

*Betty* [Standing before door L.] No, no, she's not, I know she's not! if she's here at all, it must be in the lumber closet over there. [Pointing to R. D.—they rush and open door R. and drag out Miss CHUMMY—general astonishment.] What! another woman?

*Adol* Discovery No. 4! the climax is to come.

*Mrs C* So, miss, I've caught you at last; intriguing with a married man—you disgrace to the name of Chummy.

*Louisa* What a horrid looking creature!

*Mrs C* She's better looking than that apology for a man—your husband.

*Jenk* [Walking slowly across stage to Miss CHUMMY, R.]

When first I met thee, warm and young,

There shone such truth about thee,

And on thy lips such promise hung,

I did not dare to doubt thee

*Miss C* I hope my Jenkins believes me honest?

*Jenk* Oh, ay! as summer flies are in the shambles! Oh, Matilda Jane, away! away! away!

*Miss C* I'm innocent!

*Jenk* What, are you not a—

*Miss C* No, as I'm a Chummy!

*Jenk* Not a—

*Miss C* No, as I hope for mercy!

*Jenk* Ha! ha! ha!—go get thee to a nunnery!

[Crosses R. and goes up.]

*Miss C* [R. c.] Oh, my dear Mr. Adolphus, speak for me! call all the angels to witness my truth. [Approaching him.]

*Louisa* [L. c., steps before her.] I'm his wife, miss; don't dare to approach him or I'll slap your face, minx!

*Mrs O* [Stepping before her.] She's my daughter, and if he comes near her I'll stab him with my scissors.

*Jenk* [Coming R.] And I'll offer him up a bleeding sacrifice on the altar of vengeance.

*Adol* Explanation, I see, is useless—I'd better bolt! Good bye, good people—I'm off!

[Rushing off, is met by *Mrs. JONES* at C. D., who seizes him by the neck and brings him down.

*Mrs J* No you don't, you villain, till you produce my daughter! she was seen to enter this room in company with that old villain, Spalding, and he has left her with you. Give her to me.

*Mrs O* What, *Mrs. Jones*, has he been deluding your daughter as well as mine? The villain is a regular Don Juan! I'll bring an action against him for the loss of my daughter's character.

*Mrs J* And I'll bring another for my daughter's! But where is she?

*Mrs O* Perhaps she's in that room.

[Pointing L.

*Betty* [L.] Oh, no; there's another lady there.

*Louisa* [G.] Another! Oh, this is too much. Support me—I'm fainting.

*Mrs O* Poor woman—his wife—no wonder. Place her on the sofa.

*Adol* [L. c.] No, no—not on the sofa. Put her in a chair.

*Mrs O* Don't mind the hard-hearted wretch. Put her on the sofa.

[They lead her to the sofa—she sinks on it—shrieks and starts up—snatches shawl off and discovers *MISS JONES*—general amazement.

*Omnes* *Miss Jones*!

*Adol* No. 5—the grand climax!

*Mrs J* My daughter?

*Betty* Why, she's asleep.

*Mrs J* No, no; she's in a trance. They've mesmerised her, the wretches, and she'll die in the trance. Oh, my poor child.

*Louisa* Adolphus, you're a false, base man.

[Crossing to him and then going round stage and down R.

*Betty* Master, master, you're a villain.

[Ditto.

*Mrs O* Oh, you destroyer of female innocence.

[Ditto.

*Jenk* Not in the legions of horrid hell can come a devil to top Adolphus.

[Ditto.

*Mrs J* Let's take vengeance on him, and tear the wretch to pieces.

[They all rush at him—he runs round the room, the women pursuing—at last he reaches C. D. F. and meets *SPALDING*, whom he seizes by the throat and drags down C.

*Adol* Here's the wretch—the cause of all, but he shall pay for it. Come, say your last prayer. Stand aside, ye minor friends, and take a lesson in the art of annihilating your fellow creatures of the male species, from a transcendent specimen of the female animal, with the organs of destructiveness in the highest state of development. [Drags *SPALDING* to L. D.] Come forth, madam, and pounce upon your prey.

[*MISS PRECISE* comes out smiling, L. 1 E.—general amazement.

*Louisa* My dear aunt!

[Embraces her.

*Adol* Your wife—my wife's aunt!

*Spald* That's not my wife.

*Miss P* No, sir, thank heaven I'm not. My dear Louisa and ladies, I have been in this room for some time, and previous to Mr. Adolphus's return, and I can assure you he is not so much to blame as you imagine.

*Mrs C* But my daughter, ma'am?

*Miss P* Came here a little foolishly to meet her lover, Mr. Jenkins.

*Jenk* Then she did not wrong me—nor was she false to her vows!

*Miss P* Certainly not.

*Jenk* Hear it, ye circumambient winds, and bear it to the earth's farthest limits, that all nature may rejoice! My friend is honest; and my love is faithful! Ha! ha! ha! Oh, Matilda Jane! I was an unheard-of villain to doubt thee for a moment—can'st thou forgive me?

*Adol* Oh, yes, of course she does. I forgive you and everybody, even Spalding.

*Mrs J* But I don't forgive. Look at my poor child.

*Adol* Come, Spalding, go to work. Draw off the magnetic influence. There's the bellows.

*Spald* [c., taking bellows.] Ah, if Mrs. Jones would only consent, you should have a rare exhibition of the wonders of clairvoyance.

*Mrs J* No, no. Recover my child at once.

*Spald* [Blowing bellows.] Now, observe, as the current of air passes along the arm—over the shoulder and round the head—the mesmeric influence is gradually evaporated, and she revives.

*Door C. opens and Mrs. SPALDING, a very tall and stout lady, enters, and seizes SPALDING by the back of neck.* —

*Mrs Spalding* So, you wretch, I've caught you at your tricks.

[Drags him off C. D.]

*Adol* That's her. That's the woman with the bumps. What a huge development, to be sure. Animal all over. Poor Spalding, I pity him. Well, Mrs. Chummy, you'll not refuse any longer. You consent to the marriage of your daughter and Mr. Jenkins?

*Mrs C* Oh, the fool, she'll lose her character and all chance of a husband if it gets wind that she was locked in the room with you. So better Jenkins than none. He may have her.

*Jenk* What! Matilda Janemine—mine at last. [Rushes and embraces.] Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh, oh! Moment of transport. [Sings.] 'Oh, do not mingle one human feeling.' [From *Somnambula*.]

*Adol* Well, although my disposition to oblige has subjected me to a great many trials, I think it must be owned I have borne them with exemplary patience, and consequently I hope, that in appealing both to the animal and intellectual organs before me for a favorable verdict, I do not ask "TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE."

THE END.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**



**A CURE FOR THE FIDGETS.**

*A Farce, in One Act.*

**BY THOMAS J. WILLIAMS.**

**WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.**



**NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
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# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[A CURE FOR THE FIDGETS]

Royal Surrey Theatre, 1867. Park Theatre, Brooklyn, 1868.

<i>Finnikin Fussleton</i> .....	Mr. E. Terry	Mr. Belvil Ryan
<i>Hercules Sparks</i> .....	Mr. Nelson	Mr. Geo. Wren
<i>Mr. Watkins Walkerjohn</i> .....	Mr. Lloyds	Mr. C. Webster
<i>Jack Johnson</i> .....	Mr. Paul	Mr. A. Eaves
<i>Seraphina</i> .....	Miss E. Webster	Miss Alice Benedict
<i>Cecilia</i> .....	Miss Leslie	Miss Whitman
<i>Biddy</i> .....	Mrs. Holston	Miss Fanny Queen

SCENE: *Fussleton's lodgings—on "flat."*—TIME: *Present Day.*

## COSTUMES.

*Finnikin Fussleton*.—1st dress: neat dark broad tourist's suit. 2nd dress: Dark blue trousers with red stripe, military cape, &c.

*Hercules Sparks*.—1st dress: Fierce, semi-military make-up, iron-gray beard, mustaches, &c. 2nd dress: Complete fireman's suit, steel helmet, dark tunic, long boots, hatchet, &c.

*Jack Johnson*.—Horse Guard's undress uniform, red jacket, dark blue trousers with red stripes, cape, cap, &c.

*Walkerjohn*.—Precise old gentleman's make-up.

*Seraphina*.—Fashionable and elegant walking costume.

*Cecilia*.—Neat traveling dress.

*Biddy*.—Usual housemaid's make-up.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

## A CURE FOR THE FIDGETS.

SCENE.—FUSSELTON's lodgings; principal entrance at back; L. of door, a window looking into street; R. 2nd wing large curtains concealing the entrance to FUSSELTON's "lavatorium;" R. 1st wing door leading to store-room; L. 2nd entrance, door leading to back staircase; L. 1st entrance, door leading to breakfast room—at back between door and window, a large screen; in front of screen (at some little distance forward) a table, on which is a desk, a basket for papers, &c.; R. of table, an arm-chair (on castors.) BIDDY discovered looking out of door, C.

Biddy [*As though speaking to some one who had just started.*] Good bye, sir, wish you a pleasant journey, sir; mind you don't catch cold, sir. [*Turning round.*] Well, thank goodness, master's gone; he isn't coming back for three days, so I've invited my dear husband, Johnny, what's in the Horse Guards, to spend the day with me; he's in the little store-room now. [*Going to door R., 1 R., and calling.*] Hi! Johnny, it's all right; the coast's clear,

Enter JACK JOHNSON cautiously from R. 1 R., he wears the undress uniform of a Horse Guard, cap, little cape, &c.

Jack [*Looking cautiously around.*] Guv'nor gone?

Biddy Yes! He was in such a hurry to catch the train that he ain't even stopped to take his cold bath! he's a rare 'un for cold baths, is master! he'd sooner go without his breakfast than his cold bath any day; you see, Jacky, he's such a werry excitable gent by natur', and so horful precise and partick'lar, that the doctors has ordered him no end o' cold baths just to take the "fidgets" out of him. He has just fitted himself up a "lavy-torium" as he calls it.

Jack [*Not understanding.*] A lavy—what?

Biddy A lavy-torium—master says it's what the ancient Romans used to call the baths and washhouses.

Jack [*Advancing to curtains R., and looking through them.*] Well, I don't know what the Ancient Romans used to call it, but I call it a very snug little turn out—two baths I declare, and already filled and everything?

Biddy [*Sweeping.*] Yes, master's gone down to Tunbridge Wells, to see his intended! he's a-going to be married, is master.

Jack Going to be married! Then I say, Biddy, why don't you up and tell him how we've made a match on it; you ain't the first 'ousemaid as ha' got spliced on the sly.

Biddy Well, Jacky, I arn't told master yet, knowing as how fidgety bachelors always entertains a dejection to married servants.

Jack Better tell him, Biddy, all fair and above board, and no prevarication, that's the maxim o' the British Army! [*Aside, looking in*

*through curtains at bath.] This here water looks so cool and hinwitin', dashed if I don't have a turn at the lavy-torium myself!*

*[Unnoticed by BIDDY, JACK disappears behind curtains.]*

*Biddy [Who has meanwhile taken broom and commenced sweeping.] I'm not sorry as how master's gone for three days! It will give me time to get the place to rights a bit; master is such an awful fidget—besides, I shall be able to have a long talk with my dear Jacky about future prospects. [Looking all around.] Why, where is he? [Loud ring heard at bell.] Halloa! there's a ring at the bell, now who can it be?*

*[Goes to door in flat and opens it.]*

*Enter HERCULES SPARKS, C., fierce, semi-military make-up, tremendous beard and mustaches—he advances hastily into the room with a gloomy and ferocious air.*

*Sparks [Produces pocket handkerchief, strikes attitude and bursts forth into stentorian lamentations.] Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!*

*Biddy [Surprised.] Who did you please to want, sir?*

*Sparks [Blubbling uproariously.] Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!*

*Biddy [Astounded.] Nobody o' that name here, sir.*

*Sparks [Suddenly leaves off "boo-hooing," and inquires in a ferocious tone.] Is Mr. Finnikin Fussleton at home?*

*Biddy No he aint, sir, he's gone to Tunbridge Wells, sir.*

*Sparks [Fiercely.] Then I'll wait till he comes back again! [Sits down, but immediately jumps up again.] Girl, this manly bosom yearns for sympathy. I, I, don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, that my wife Seraphina occasions me considerable uneasiness!*

*Biddy [Sweeping—surprised.] You don't mean that, sir?*

*Sparks I do mean it, and I've stepped in to consult your master on the subject! I've reason for suspicions of the most startling description, in connection with a mysterious individual whose features I couldn't identify, but who wore a chocolate colored suit—*I saw them conversing in a sequestered corner of Kensington Gardens—[Bitterly.] they little thought the fireman's vigilant eye was on them! [Sitting down and resuming his stentorian lamentations.] Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! [Starting up and stamping.] But that master of yours doesn't seem to come back!**

*Biddy Please, sir, he won't be back for three days, he's a-havin' his holiday!*

*Sparks [Roaring.] Holiday! what right has he to have a holiday when I require his professional services? [At this moment JACK is heard to utter a very loud and prolonged shiver, "B-R-R-R" from behind curtain—starting.] What the devil's that? [Looking round.]*

*Biddy [Alarmed—clapping her hands.] Oh, gracious goodness! he's been and gone and got in!*

*Sparks [Fiercely.] There's somebody behind those curtains!*

*[Advances hastily towards curtains.]*

*Biddy [Hastily.] Please, sir! don't, sir! it's only his teeth a-chatterin'!*

*Sparks [Surprised.] Teeth a-chattering!*

*Biddy Yes, sir! he's a-having a cold bath, sir.*

*Sparks [Roaring.]* Having a cold bath! then what the devil did you mean by telling me he was at Tunbridge Wells?

*Biddy [Aside—bewildered.]* Now here's a pretty fix—I can't say it's my husband Jacky!

*Sparks [Approaching curtains.]* I say you, sir, I want a little private conversation with you!

*Jack [Inside curtains—slammering violently.]* With me!

*Sparks [Angrily.]* Yes, with you!

*Jack [Trembling violently.]* Then you'd better l-l-look in a-g-g-gain!

*Sparks [Fiercely.]* Very good, sir! I will look in again! I'll return in five minutes, and if you're not ready for consultation, *[Roaring.]* why, damme, sir, I'll set my patent fire engine at you, and pump over you till you're utterly annihilated! *[Roaring.]* I'll give you a cold bath, sir. *[Exit furiously, c.]*

*Biddy [Aloud.]* Well, that's a queer sort o' customer—it strikes me he's what they call a manny-wack!

*Jack [Inside curtains uneasily.]* What does he want 'long o' me. *[Shuddering.]* B-r-r-r-r!

*Biddy [Listening, c.]* Oh, gracious goodness!

*Jack [Behind curtain.]* What's up now?

*Biddy [Listening]* Here's some un' a-comin' up the little side staircase! *[More and more alarmed.]* It's master's step I do declare—how werry mean on him—he said he'd be three days, an' he's back already!

*Jack [Poking his head out through curtains, c., in great alarm.]* Where the deuce am I to get to?

*Biddy [Terrified.]* Quick, Jacky, quick; I'll hide you in the little store-room!

*Jack [Behind curtain in a terrific flutter.]* I—I'll slip on this here morning gown!

*Biddy [In tremendous alarm.]* I say, mind, that's master's dressing gown!

*Enter JOHNSON, from behind curtains, he has on a pair of Wellington boots and spurs, and a long dressing gown, wrapped hastily round him—he rushes wildly across stage, in every direction.*

*Jack* Here's a blessed position to be in! here! put me somewhere! put me somewhere!

*Biddy [Opening a door, L.]* Here! get in here, quick!

*Jack [Alarmed.]* I ar'n't half dry yet! Orickey! If I get out of this, dashed if I ever trouble *levy-toriums* again! *[Disappears.]*

*Biddy [Drawing a long breath.]* Just in the werry nick o' time, and not a moment over.

*Enter FINNIKIN FUSSELETON, hastily, L. 1 E. He is smartly attired in a very neat dark blue traveling suit, carries railway rug over his arm, and a small bag in his hand—his manner throughout is slightly petulant and irritable, evincing an unmistakably "fidgety" temperament.*

*Fus [Irritably]* Bore! horrid bore! it's really too bad of trains to be so awfully punctual. I've missed the 10 o'clock by exactly thirty seconds—shan't be able to start now till the afternoon. Bore,



horrid bore! fidgets me frightfully. However, my little Cecilia won't be anxious, for she doesn't expect me. I intended to take my little Cecilia by surprise. [*Emphatically.*] Had this elegant little suit made for the occasion. I'm all impatience to try the effect, as I walk up the front garden. [*Angrily.*] Bore, horrid bore! obliged to dispense with my cold bath this morning, all through my hurry to catch the Tunbridge Wells train—but stay! I know what I'll do, I'll have my cold bath now—it will calm my ruffled spirits and sooth my irritated susceptibilities. [*Perceiving BIDDY.*] Halloa, Biddy, just help me off with this coat, will you?

Biddy [*Surprised.*] Yes, sir!

Fus [*Taking off his coat, assisted by BIDDY.*] Gently, you know—mind the stitches, it's the only garment I've got in the house—my entire wardrobe is in my trunk at the railway station. Now, Biddy, you may disappear, I'm going to have a cold bath.

Biddy [*Aghast.*] Cold bath! [*Aside.*] Now here's a pretty go—master's going to have a cold bath and Jacky's left his uniform in the lavy-torium—I declare you might knock me down with a feather!

[*Exit, L. 2 R.*]

Fus [*Alone, soliloquizingly—placing purse and watch on table.*] When you're out of sorts there certainly is nothing like cold water—it's so refreshing, so invigorating—'pon my life, if I had my choice of a social status, next to being a lawyer, I'd choose to be a fish, and in preference to a palace would spend my life in a pond—'pon my life I really would! [*Steps behind curtains—pause—after a few moments*

JACK JOHNSON pops his head round corner and enters stealthily from R. 1 R.

Jack [*Looking round.*] Nobody here! not a sound stirring—the guv'nor must have gone out again. I'll just get my toga, and then quick-step it back to barracks. If I don't have the cold shivers after this it's a pity.

[*Cautiously approaches curtains.*]

Fus [*Behind curtains, shivering.*] B-r-r-r-r!

Jack [*Violently starting.*] Dash my wig, why there's sum'un in the lavy-torium. [*Puzzled.*] How am I to get my uniform? I can't go back to barracks in a pair of spurs and a dressing-gown. Stop, my togs are just in the corner, I'll try if I can't reach 'em!

[*Approaches curtains cautiously on tip-toe, stoops down on all fours, and passes his hand under curtain in order to reach clothes.*]

Fus [*Inside curtains, shouting.*] Aha! what do I see? an arm insinuating itself beneath the curtains? Ha! robbers! thieves! Biddy! police!

Jack [*Drawing by mistake FUSSETON'S clothes instead of his own from under curtain.*] Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I shall be locked up as safe as a gun!

[*Without looking at clothes, throws them over his arm, and rushes out hastily at back, door in flat.*]

Fus [*Popping his head through the curtains and holding them tight under chin so that nothing but his head is perceptible—roaring.*] Thieves! robbers! burglars! highwaymen! police!

[*Disappears.*]

Enter BIDDY, L. 2 R.

Biddy [*Aside, anxiously.*] What on earth is the matter? [*Running hastily to R. 2 R.*] Well, I never, if Jacky ain't ewaporated!

Fus [*Behind curtain, with concentrated indignation.*] Stop a bit, my fine fellow! [*Shouting.*] Biddy!

Biddy Here I am, sir!

Fus Look out! there's a burglar somewhere about the premises!

Biddy [*Aside.*] Oh, gracious goodness! He must ha' seen my poor Jacky.

Fus [*Continuing.*] I saw an arm, an immensely long arm, protruding beneath these curtains. [*Comes from behind curtains—he has unconsciously put on JOHNSON'S trousers, blue with a red stripe—angrily.*] Fidgets me frightfully! I'll have that fellow transported, 'pon my life I will. [*Suddenly perceiving the trousers he has on.*] Halloa!

Biddy [*Starting.*] What's the matter now, sir?

Fus [*Examining trousers, astounded.*] Why, there's a red stripe down my trousers!

Biddy [*Aside.*] Oh, gracious goodness, he's got on Jacky's unmentionables!

Fus [*Bewildered.*] Why, how the deuce is this?

Biddy [*In a terrific flutter.*] I don't know sir. Oh, please, sir, it can't ha' been a robber, sir, for here's your watch and purse!

[*Pointing to table.*]

Fus [*Lost in bewilderment.*] Can you account for the growth of a stripe on a pair of pantaloons which, five minutes ago, were devoid of such an appendage?

Biddy [*Exceedingly bewildered.*] A—a—please sir—a—a—you must ha' rubbed against summat!

Fus [*Angrily.*] Nonsense! there's more than meets the eye in all this? Where's my new suit? [*Approaches curtains.*] Why, it's gone! [*Withdraws from behind curtains a soldier's jacket, &c.*] Halloa! more regimentals! why, there's been a review here this morning! [*Struck by a sudden idea.*] Aha! I see it all! [*Sarcastically.*] Of course this wasn't your cousin? [*To BIDDY.*]

Biddy Please sir—[*Aside.*] What am I to say?

Fus [*In a tremendous passion.*] And this is my return for raising your wages last Christmas! Get out o' my house!

Biddy [*Imploringly.*] Please, sir, if you only know'd—

Fus [*Walking her up.*] Fly, depart, begone! you've roused the sleeping lion!

Biddy [*Imploringly.*] But please, sir, a—a—if you'll only hear what I've got to say—

Fus [*Walking up to door.*] I won't hear anything! be off!

Biddy Oh dear, oh dear, he's in one of his fidgety tantrums! [*Aside at door.*] I'll come back when he's in a better humor and hargify the point with him! [*Exit door in flat.*]

Fus [*Alone, angrily.*] Bore! horrid bore! fidgets me frightfully; I've evidently had a Horse Guard billeted on me; he has had the audacity to mistake my lavatorium for the Serpentine, and has walked off with my new suit—by Jove, he has taken my dressing

gown: I'll go to the barracks and lodge a complaint—but what am I to go in? I can't go out in a pair of red stripes. I, Finnikin Fustleton, remarkable for the irreproachable neatness and precision of my usual attire—bore, horrid bore! what the deuce am I to do! all my wearing apparel is in my trunk at the station. I haven't a garment of any description to put on; why, I shan't be able to stir out at all; now, here's a pretty fix! [*Struck by a sudden idea.*] Stay, I have it; old clothes men are constantly going by. I'll look out of the window, hail the first that passes, and bargain with him for a change of costume. [*Impatiently.*] Bore, horrid bore! fidgets me frightfully.

*Enter SERAPHINA, door C. just as FUSLETON is walking up to window; she is elegantly and fashionably attired, she speaks throughout in a languishing and romantic tone, and is perpetually striking exaggerated and romantic attitudes.*

Sera [*Rushing wildly in and slamming door.*] Saved, I'm saved!—

Fus [*Very much surprised.*] Who the devil's this!

[*Hastily slips on soldier's short cape and hurriedly wraps it round him.*

Sera [*Perceiving FUSLETON. Aside.*] A soldier! how fortunate! soldiers are gallant, brave, chivalrous—you'll protect me, noble warrior.

Fus [*Surprised.*] "Noble warrior." Oh, I see, these infernal stripes.

Sera [*Pathetically.*] Soldier, you were surprised at the impetuous nature of my entrance?

Fus—Well, I admit, it *did* slightly astonish me. [*Aside.*] I wish that Biddy had shut the door after her—fidgets me frightfully.

Sera My name and station I need *not* reveal—suffice it, noble warrior, that I have grounds, heavy grounds of complaint against that terrible man—my husband.

Fus [*Relapsing into the lawyer. Aside.*] Oh, I see, application for a divorce.

Sera My husband is a gentleman by birth, but a captain of a fire brigade by profession—he's always saving lives, ladies' lives especially; in fact [*Angrily*] I really believe he became a fireman on purpose.

Fus [*Rather impatiently.*] Very likely, shouldn't be at all surprised.

Sera [*Angrily.*] But let me tell you sir, it's very disagreeable to have a husband who is always going up and down ladders with ladies in his arms! and yet, notwithstanding the peculiarities of his own profession, he is a very tiger for jealousy!

Fus [*Aside—irritably*] Bore, horrid bore.

Sera If I step out to the corner of the street to make the *smallest* purchase, I see him glaring through the shop windows at me.

Fus [*Aside.*] Fidgets me frightfully!

Sera I happened to call [*Simperingly*] on a gentleman who lives in the top story of this house on very particular business, when, as I descended, terror and amazement! I perceived my husband ascending the staircase; your door was standing open, in I popped, and by a miracle escaped my husband's observation!

*Fus* [*Aside—irritably.*] Bore! horrid bore!

*Sparks* [*Heard outside.*] Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

*Sera* [*Starting violently.*] Aha! there he is! 'tis a soldier's duty to defend a female in distress—you are a soldier, I am a female in distress—defend me, protect me—if my husband discovers me here [*Striking tremendous attitude*] we are lost!

*Fus* [*Indignantly.*] We! Come, that's a good joke; what have I to do with it?

*Sera* [*With illustrative gestures.*] Alas, in his jealous fury, my husband makes no distinctions; he knocks down all before him. [*Implovingly.*] Soldier, soldier, have you no sliding door, no secret panel?

*Fus* [*Angrily.*] Nothing of the kind, madam; don't deal in such things.

*Sera* [*Perceiving curtains.*] Ah, yonder curtains!

[*Draws curtains and disappears.*]

*Fus* [*Expostulatingly.*] But, my good madam, that's my lavatorium!

*Sera* [*Popping her head from behind curtain.*] Thanks, noble soldier—thanks, generous defender of thy native soil! [*Disappears.*]

*Fus* [*Amazed.*] Well, that's cool, that is, just as I was looking out for an old clo—I dare say I've missed half Houndsditch by this time! [*Irritably.*] Bore, horrid bore!

*Enter SPARKS, D. in F.*

*Sparks* [*Imperatively.*] I wish to see Mr. Finnikin Fussleton.

*Fus* [*Mechanically.*] Here he is! [*Correcting himself hastily.*] No! here he isn't. [*Aside.*] I can't acknowledge my identity in this absurd plight.

*Sparks* [*With withering sarcasm.*] You're not going to tell me that he is in that infernal cold bath all this time?

*Fus* [*Aside, surprised.*] How did he know I was having a cold bath?

*Sparks* [*Roaring.*] Tell Mr. Finnikin Fussleton I must speak to him directly!

*Fus* [*Bawling.*] I don't know where he is!

*Sparks* Don't bawl at me, fellow! I'm not going to be bawled at by a paltry private soldier.

*Fus* [*Indignantly.*] Private soldier, sir! [*Aside.*] Ah, I forgot, these infernal stripes.

*Sparks* Yes, sir, private soldier, who, for all I know, has sneaked in through the area gate with a view to cook and cold mutton!

*Fus* [*Aside, bitterly.*] 'Pon my life this is pleasant! to be taxed with my own cold mutton, and to be unable to repel the accusation! [*Making for window.*] By George, if I could only see an old clo'.

*Sparks* [*Pulling him back.*] Stand still, soldier! [*Tragically.*] Soldier! this manly bosom yearns for sympathy; I don't mind telling you, soldier, in strict confidence, that my wife, Seraphina, is giving me grounds for very serious uneasiness.

*Fus* [*Off his guard.*] I thought it was the other way!

*Sparks* [*Starting.*] What right had you to think anything of the kind, sir?

*Fus* [*Evasively.*] When I say thought—a—a—I merely fancied.

*Sparks* [Continuing.] Then don't fancy! Soldier, she has visited this house every day this week. [With terrific emphasis.] Soldier! I ask you why?

*Fus* [Impatiently.] Well, that's just what I should like to know myself!

*Sparks* I tracked her to this house, saw her enter! [Fiercely.] It's my opinion she's concealed somewhere.

*Fus* [Aside.] Now here's a pretty treat!

*Sparks* Soldier, I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, that my wife is peculiar, whimsical, capricious!

*Fus* [Mechanically.] I know she is.

*Sparks* [Fiercely.] Eh!

*Fus* [Hastily.] No, I mean, I don't know anything about her!

*Sparks* It's my opinion she has formed a romantic attachment for some coxcomb or other, residing in this very establishment—[Bitterly.] for all I know, for that very Finnikin Fussleton who rents these apartments. [Starting up furiously.] If I thought anything of the kind! [Seizes a chair and dashes it violently against the ground.]

*Fus* [Endeavoring to take chair away.] Mind what you're about, sir, that's one of half-a-dozen!

*Sparks* I don't care what it is, sir! suffering as I am from intense anxiety, I delight in destruction—I take pleasure in devastation—I revel in annihilation! [Kicking chair away with a fiendish laugh.] Ha! ha! ha!

*Fus* [Aside, angrily.] This fellow fidgets me most frightfully! [Aloud.] I can only say, sir, as far as Mr. Finnikin Fussleton is concerned, your suspicions are utterly unfounded.

*Sparks* [Suspiciously.] How do you know, soldier? Aha! a notion suggests itself—I've visited you, I'll visit all the other "flats" in the house!

*Fus* [Angrily.] Flats, sir!

*Sparks* I'll rummage them all, and woe betide the man in whose lodgings I find a chocolate-colored surtout! [Pathetically.] Seraphina! Seraphina! I should never have thought it of you! [At door, relapsing into stentorian lamentation.] Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! [Exit c.]

*Fus* [Bewildered.] Extraordinary individual that—when he isn't bellowing he's bullying, and when he isn't bullying he's bellowing! he's like his profession, all fire and water! [Irritably.] Bore, horrid bore, fidgets me frightfully! But thank goodness, he's gone, I've got rid of him. [Approaching window.] Now if I could only see an old clo'—

*Sera* [Rushing from behind curtains, &c.] Oh, joy! oh, happiness, oh, bliss unspeakable.

*Fus* [Starting.] Halloa!

*Sera* [Affectedly.] My Hercules loves me, my Sparks adores me! and I who fancied, who imagined that—no, [Radiantly.] 'twas but jealousy, the invariable companion of real affection! [Lanquidly.] I—I—oh, catch me, noble warrior! Ah—ah—ah! I'm going to faint.

[Falls into Fussleton's arms and begins tapping with her feet.]

*Fus* [Angrily.] Faint, madam! don't do anything of the sort! [Terribly perplexed.] Now, here's a pretty treat.

*Sera* [*Suddenly starting up.*] But I must not faint here! what would the world say? what would my husband think? I must leave this spot instantly.

*Fus* Instantly, madam! sooner if possible. Stay, this being a corner house, there's a back staircase yonder, [*Pointing N. W. E.*] which will lead you to a side street.

*Sera* [*Eagerly, and striking tremendous attitudes.*] Show it me, show it me—I fly, I fly.

*Fus* [*Opening door of side staircase.*] Take care, it's rather narrow, but if you go down sideways, I've no doubt you'll reach the street some of these days. Stop, the street door's locked, I must give you the key.

[*Takes key from bureau and gives it to SERAPHINA.*]

*Sera* Thanks, chivalrous protector of females in distress. It's rather narrow, but [*Disappearing through door*] I shall find it plenty wide enough for my slight frame!

[*Exit S. 2 E.*]

*Fus* [*Hurriedly.*] Bore, horrid bore—thank goodness, I've got rid of her at last—she has fidgeted me frightfully—I—I must go and have another cold bath—no, I can't though, I must see after an old suit of new clothes, no—I mean a new suit of old clothes. [*Contemplating his "get-up"*] 'Pon my word this is a pretty plight, after paying four pound ten for an elegant new suit. Now what would my clients say, but above all, what would my future father-in-law say, if he was to see me rigged out in this most astounding fashion? he is so very particular, is my future father-in-law—how deuced lucky my future father-in-law is at Tunbridge Wells!

[*Just as he is walking up to window, door at back opens and enter MR. WALKER WALKERJOHN, followed by his daughter CECILIA—WALKERJOHN has a chocolate colored surtout over his arm and a carpet-bag in his hand. N. B.—Very precise "make-up."*]

*Walker* [*To CECILIA as they enter.*] There he is. [*Coming forward—facetiously.*] Cuck-oo!

*Fus* [*Looking up astounded.*] Father-in-law, by Jove. Bore, horrid bore!

[*Rushes behind table, sits down in arm-chair and endeavors to conceal his uniform by holding up newspaper to his chin, tucking up his legs, &c.*]

*Cecilia* [*Impetuously.*] Well, sir, have you nothing to say to me! are you not glad to see me, sir?

*Fus* [*Dreadfully confused.*] Oh yes, very glad, quite pleased—a—a—how are you, how d'ye do?

*Cecilia* You see, Finnikin, we thought that instead of making you lose your valuable time in coming down to see us, we would come up to town and see you.

*Fus* [*Holding newspaper up to his chin.*] Very thoughtful of you, very considerate! [*Aside—wired.*] I, who relied on that new suit.

*Walker* And then we'll all three return to Tunbridge Wells together, to light the torch of Hymen—eh, young Fusaletton?

*Fus* [*With newspaper still up to his chin, wheeling himself and chair round and round.*] By all means, the torch, yes, we'll light up—a—[*Hysterically*—illuminations—bonfires.

*Walker* [*Aside—surprised.*] What on earth is the matter with him?

[*Aloud.*] How is it you do not rise to welcome us? Put down that newspaper and come and kiss your future bride!

Fus [*Shifting about uneasily in chair, excessively confused.*] Oh, certainly, but—a—I—I didn't exactly know whether—[*Aside.*] Confound these precious stripes.

Cecilia [*Aside.*] How very shy he is to-day.

Walker [*Banteringly.*] Now come along, my dear boy, don't be nervous; I see I must come and fetch you.

[*Unseen by FUSLETON, puts down chocolate colored great coat on chair, advances to FUSLETON and drags him out of his chair.*]

Fus [*Resisting.*] Really, my dear sir—

Walker and Cecilia [*Together, catching sight of FUSLETON's eccentric costume.*] Oh!

Walker [*Astounded.*] Why, my dear boy, what on earth have you got on?

Cecilia What a very extraordinary costume.

Fus [*Horribly confused.*] A—a—yes, you see it's a—a—new style of thing in morning suits—a—I bought it [*Stammering.*] at Moses', rather pretty, isn't it? [*Aside.*] Where the devil are the old clothes men this morning?

Cecilia [*More and more surprised.*] But it's a soldier's uniform, stripes and all!

Fus [*Stammering frantically.*] Yes—a—the fact is—a—I've lately joined the Mile End Militia.

Cecilia [*Fazed.*] Without ever consulting me, how very wrong of you, Finnikin.

Walker [*Reproachfully.*] You know how we dislike gunpowder at Tunbridge Wells.

Fus [*Violently endeavoring to change subject.*] Won't you take a—a—a little refreshment—a—[*Vacantly.*] there's an early breakfast shop over the way.

Walker and Cecilia [*Disappointed.*] Over the way!

Fus [*Suddenly remembering.*] Stay, there's half a pigeon pie on the breakfast table in the next room, things haven't been cleared away.

[*Aside.*] They're not likely to be cleared away.

Walker Pigeon pie will do splendidly, come along.

Cecilia [*Gushingly.*] Oh, Finnikin, you'll take us to see the sights, won't you, Finnikin?

Fus To be sure I will, a—a—the Marble Arch—the Duke of Wellington's statue—[*Aside.*] Fidgets me frightfully!

Walker [*Approaching side door.*] Come along, let's pitch into the pigeon pie! [*At door turning round.*] But I say, Finnikin, before we begin, just take off that hideous costume, will you? I tell you candidly you don't look pretty in it at all.

Cecilia No, that you don't, Finnikin. [*Vehemently.*] I insist you take it off immediately.

Walker Yes, take it off by all means.

[*Exit CECILIA and WALKERJOHN, L. 1 R.*]

Fus [*Alone.*] Take it off. I only wish I could take it off; it's the most astounding position that ever man was placed in! [*Perceiving chocolate colored over-coat on chair, takes it up.*] Halloa, what do I see? Ha,

a great coat! whose garment is this, I wonder? [*Joyfully.*] What do I care whose it is? [*Radically.*] It's a coat from the clouds, a surtout from the skies. [*Throws away cape, and puts on chocolate colored coat, which is immensely large for him.*] Thank goodness I've got on a respectable article once more; it isn't much of a fit, but the combination of the chocolate coat with the red stripes, is by no means unpicturesque. I look like one of the keepers in Battersea Park. Now, whilst they are having their lunch, I'll make my way to the nearest ready-made clothes shop, purchase a suit of something "quiet," and then I'll take little Cissy to see the sights—it will be very jolly after all! [*Humming.*] Fol de rol, de riddle lol, &c.

[*Walks up towards window; while his back is turned, HERCULES SPARKS enters c., he is attired in complete fireman's costume, rather exaggerated, bright steel helmet, boots, &c., and carries a tremendous hatchet in his hand.*

Sparks [*As he enters.*] Just come from the fire at a young ladies school—saved two French governesses and four parlor boarders. [*Perceiving FUSLETON, fiercely.*] Aha! what do I perceive?

Fus [*Turning round from window—aside, alarmed.*] Halloa, here he is with a choper.

Sparks [*Aside.*] A chocolate surtout. [*Aloud with stern significance.*] Is Mr. Finnikin Fussleton within?

Fus [*Aside.*] Respectably dressed as I now am, there is no longer any excuse for denying my identity.

Sparks [*Still eyeing the chocolate coat—in a voice of thunder.*] I say, is Mr. Finnikin Fussleton at home?

Fus [*Doggedly.*] Yes! he is at home, sir. I am Mr. Finnikin Fussleton.

[*Strikes an imposing attitude.*

Sparks [*With withering sarcasm.*] Oh, you are! you own it, do you? [*Banteringly.*] So, so, we have finished our little masquerading, have we? We thought we'd pretend to be a soldier, did we? but this chocolate colored coat is proof sufficient for me, sir. Take that coat off, sir, I require it as evidence!

Fus [*Buttoning coat tight around him.*] Take this coat off, sir? [*With tremendous intensity.*] Take yourself off, sir! [*Aside.*] I'm not going to be talked to this way.

Sparks [*Fiercely.*] Sir, my wife has not left this house—she's dodging about somewhere on these premises [*Slamming.*] but where—where—where? [*Relapsing into stentorian lamentations.*] Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! [*Sinks down on broken chair, L. of table, which gives way with him with a crash—trick.*] Halloa!

Fus [*Getting very irritable.*] Bore, horrid bore, Fidgets me frightfully! I can't stand any more of this sort of thing—will you get out of my house, sir!

[*At this moment WALKERJOHN coughs loudly in room L. 2.*

Sparks [*Jumping up.*] Aha, somebody coughed in the adjoining apartment; 'tis she! [*Wildly.*] She's there, she's there!

[*Rushes off L. 2.*

Fus [*Bitterly.*] My friends call me fidgetty—I should like them to try that fellow for a few minutes—why, he would flurry a Feejee Islander. I must have another cold bath—

[*He is just making for lavatorium when a tremendous noise is heard, L. 2. a.*



*Walker* [Outside, in accents of angry expostulation.] I tell you, sir, you shall do nothing of the kind. [Tremendous smash of crockery heard L.—roaring.] O-o-oh!

*Fus* [Alarmed, listening.] I do believe he's pitching into my worthy father-in-law.

*Re-enter SPARKS, violently, L. 2 E.*

*Sparks* [Angrily.] She isn't there, it was only an antiquated old fogey and his daughter. Now where the devil is she, I wonder! [Struck by a sudden idea.] By Jove, I've a great mind to set the house on fire.

*Fus* [Alarmed.] The devil you have, sir!

*Sparks* Yes, my wife will be sure to come out then. [Perceiving room L. 1 E.] Aha, another apartment. [Sarcastically.] I'll smoke her out some how or other. [Exit into room, E. 1 E.]

*Fus* Aha, my fine fellow, I'll make sure of you this time. [Rushes to door through which SPARKS has disappeared, and bolts it.] I'll just fetch four able-bodied policemen and have that ferocious fireman loaded with irons. [Going.] I'll sally forth at once.

[At this moment SERAPHINA's voice is heard outside E. exclaiming—"Oh, dear—oh, my, oh, my!"—The door leading to side staircase is thrown open and SERAPHINA totters on stage.]

*Sera* Air, air, water, water!

[Falls on chair.]

*Fus* [Starting up in dismay.] Fire, fire—that woman again! [Rubbing his eyes violently—aside with desperate composure.] Let me endeavor to think that this is a hideous dream from which I shall awake some day or other!

*Sera* [Continuing languishingly.] I've been ten minutes trying to open the street door—judge of my dismay when I found you had given me the wrong key.

*Fus* [Surprised.] The wrong key! [Examining it.] True, a mistake.

*Sera* [With offended dignity.] But it isn't with mistakes that people open street doors.

*Fus* [Impatiently.] True again! [Taking key from bureau.] Here is the right key—quick, begone, away! [In a hoarse whisper.] Your husband is locked up in yonder room. [Pointing L.]

*Sera* [Spasmodically clasping her hands—not taking key.] He is? Then we are lost!

*Fus* [Impatiently.] Don't see it at all; fly madam, fly! [Loud notes heard in room, L. 1 E.] Aha! Blazes is going it.

*Sera* [Alarmed.] He'll knock the house down. [Languidly.] My nerves, the emotion, the terror, the excitement—[Faintly] Ah, ah, ah! oblige me by catching me, I—I'm off again.

*Fus* [Very indignant.] Off again, I wish she'd be off altogether! [Roaring.] Don't faint in my professional apartment, madam—if you must faint go and faint in the street!

*Enter WALKERJOHN and CECILIA from parlor just as FUSELTON is unwillingly supporting SERAPHINA in his arms.*

*Walker and Cecilia* [Together—astounded at the tableau before them.] What do I behold!

*Fus* [*Dumbfounded.*] Father-in-law, by Jupiter.

*Walker* [*Horried.*] He's actually embracing a fashionable specimen of the opposite sex.

*Fus* [*Utterly bewildered, still supporting SERAPHINA.*] Bore, horrid bore! [*Struck by a sudden idea*] Aha! [*To SERAPHINA, aside.*] Stand up, madam! [*Pushes her away.*]

*Sera* [*Looking round lackadaisically.*] My nerves, where am I?

*Fus* [*Aside to SERAPHINA.*] Never mind where you are. [*Aside.*] Aha! I'll pretend she's a client. [*Coughing importantly and assuming an "oratorical" attitude.*] Ahem, ahem! I can easily understand your gratitude, my dear madam, but a—a—a—if I have gained your cause for you, you must attribute my success—a—a—as much to the justice of your own suit as—a—a—to the brilliant abilities of which—a—a—I am the undoubted possessor. [*Aside.*] That's done the trick, I flatter myself.

*Sera* [*Aside—puzzled.*] What is the young man talking about?

*Fus* [*Introducing WALKERJOHN and CECILIA.*] Miss Cecilia Walkerjohn and her respected father, Mr. Watkins Walkerjohn, both of Tunbridge Wells.

*Sera* [*Confused.*] Delighted—a—a—

*Fus* [*To WALKERJOHN, introducing.*] My esteemed client—a—a—the Countess of Sheepshanks.

*Walker* A—a—you have lately figured in the law courts, madam?

*Sera* [*Bewildered.*] I have?

*Fus* [*Hastily "cutting in"—making signals to SERAPHINA, who stares at him in bewildered surprise.*] Yes—a—a—the celebrated case of "Sheepshanks versus Oxtail."

*Walker* [*Rather suspiciously.*] What was it about?

*Fus* [*Puzzled.*] What was it about? I, I—[*Aside.*] What the devil was it about? [*Ahead.*] You see previous to the Marchioness's second marriage—

*Walker* Marchioness! You said Countess just now.

*Fus* [*Getting his tongue in a knot.*] Well, a—a—Mountess or Carchioness—what's in an empty title? Well, you see the property devolving from her first husband, the Duke—

*Cecilia and Walker* [*Surprised.*] The Duke!

*Fus* [*Continuing.*] Together with the fortune appertaining to the Countess's second wife—no, husband I mean—[*Stammering and waving his arms violently.*] A—a—the legator and the legatee, [*Stamps and tears*] a—a—duty on hair powder—[*Gasping*] A—a—you see it's rather complicated.

*Walker* [*Impatiently.*] It is, and no mistake; but stop a bit, was that the Countess's second husband who walked into that room just now?

[*Pointing to parlor.*]

*Fus* [*Confused.*] No! that was her first. [*Perceiving his error.*] No! [*Aside.*] Hang me if I know which it was.

*Walker* [*Only.*] I merely ask the question, because he broke a cheese plate over my head.

*Fus* [*Indignantly.*] The devil he did, then he has spoilt my set.

*Walker* [*Rubbing his head.*] He nearly spoilt my head.

Sera [*Aside to FUSSLETON.*] But what does it all mean?

Fus [*Angrily—aside.*] Never you mind, take the key. [*Gives key.*]  
Fly, madam! [*Pointing to side door.*]

Sera [*Tragically—aside to FUSSLETON.*] Through that door! never, never again!

Cecilia [*Aside to her father.*] Oh pa, he's giving her a key! I'm sure he's deceiving us.

Fus [*Importantly, making tremendous bows to SERAPHINA.*] Countess, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

Sera [*Making profound courtesy to CECILIA and WALKER-JOHN—to FUSSLETON, tragically.*] Defender of the widow and the unprotected female, I bid thee adieu. [*At door.*] Warrior, farewell! [*Exit D. in r.*]

Cecilia [*Aside to her father, hastily.*] Oh, pa, she called him "warrior." [*Half crying.*] I do believe he enlisted on purpose to please her.

Walker [*Aside to FUSSLETON, who is still making profound bows.*] Ahem! [*Sarcastically.*] Mr. Fussleton, you appear on rather intimate terms with this eccentric member of the female aristocracy.

Fus [*Expostulatingly.*] Don't I tell you she's a client?

Cecilia I don't believe anything of the kind, sir.

Fus [*With feigned indignation.*] Do you mean to tell me you disbelieve the case of "Sheepshanks versus Oxtall?"

Walker [*Emphatically.*] We don't believe a word of it, sir.

Cecilia [*Emphatically.*] Not a single syllable, sir.

Fus [*Aside.*] Fortunately, the names were fact, although the rest was fiction; I've got the brief in my desk. [*Opens desk whence he produces packet of papers which he presents with great dignity to WALKER-JOHN.*] Behold, sir, read for yourself.

Walker [*Reading.*] Sheepshanks versus Oxtall.

Cecilia [*Surprised.*] So it is, I declare.

Fus [*Aside.*] It's a case of disputed dog-tax. [*Rubbing his hands complacently.*] I think I've got out of that little quandary very cleverly; now if I could only sally forth and purchase a ready-made suit of something, I might have a tolerable day of it after all.

[*At this moment a loud crash is heard, R. 1 R., and SPARKS, hatbox in hand, bursts into room.*]

Walker and Cecilia [*Uttering an exclamation of alarm.*] Ah!

Fus [*Terrified.*] Blazes again! hang me if I hadn't forgotten him! [*Nervously.*] Fidgets me frightfully.

Sparks [*To FUSSLETON, with terrific intensity.*] You thought I was going to stop there all day did you? I heard my wife's voice, where is she?

Cecilia [*Surprised.*] His wife!

Walker [*Surprised.*] The Countess of Sheepshanks!

Fus [*Aside, despairingly.*] It's all up this time.

Sparks I've been listening at the key-hole, couldn't hear a word, but my suspicions are stronger than ever. Once more I say take off that chocolate surtout.

Walker [*Looking up perplexed.*] Chocolate surtout! [*Inspects coat as FUSSLETON.*] Why, I say, that's my chocolate surtout!

Sparks [*Furiously.*] Your chocolate surtout!

*Walker* Of course it is, I had it on my arm when I entered this apartment.

*Sparks* [*Rushing furiously at WALKERJOHN, and seizing him by the collar.*] Oh-o! then it was you, you wretched old specimen of a superannuated Don Juan!

*Walker* [*Struggling.*] Don Juan! There are no Don Juans at Tunbridge wells, sir!

*Fus* [*Who meanwhile, has been expressing in mute pantomime, every shade of nervous perplexity and alarm.*] It's getting awful! [*Rushes at SPARKS and drags WALKERJOHN away.*] Let that gentleman alone, sir! [*Stammering—to WALKERJOHN, aside.*] You mustn't mind him, he's a—a—client of mine. [*Tapping forehead.*] Slightly peculiar, bitten in his infancy by a French poodle.

*Walker* [*Very much annoyed.*] 'Pon my word, you've rather a nice connection—you must be professional adviser to a lunatic asylum.

*Fus* [*Confused.*] A—a—you see, in our profession we're obliged to take them as they come.

*Sparks* [*Who has meanwhile approached WALKERJOHN on the other side.*] This matter will not end here, sir. [*Strikes a fencing attitude and makes furious "lunges" with hatchet at WALKERJOHN.*] You understand me, sir!

*Walker* I tremble for my life! [*Capering about in excessive alarm.*] Make him be quiet, will you!

*Fus* [*Assuming a dignified manner.*] Will you leave my father-in-law alone, sir?

*Walker* [*Crossing to FUSLETON, very angry.*] Don't call me father-in-law! you have no longer a father-in-law!

*Fus* [*Surprised.*] Eh?

*Walker* [*Resolutely.*] No, sir! after the annoyance I have this day endured in your apartments, I renounce, I discard you! you shan't have my daughter!

*Cecilia* [*Imploringly.*] Oh papa, papa!

*Fus* [*Astonished.*] But really, my dear sir—

*Walker* [*Resolutely.*] Come, my child. [*Taking her hand.*] We'll fetch our carpet bag, and return to Tunbridge Wells immediately. [*At L. 1 E.*] I declare I never was so knocked about in all my life.

[*Exeunt CECILIA and WALKERJOHN, L. 1 E.*]

*Fus* [*With sarcastic facetiousness.*] 'Pon my word this is pleasant. Bore, horrid bore! [*Suddenly flying into a furious passion.*] And all through this infernal fireman! [*Turning upon SPARKS, who is sitting "straddle-legged" across chair L. of table.*] Perhaps you're satisfied now. You began by breaking my furniture, and you've finished by breaking off my marriage! [*In a tremendous rage.*] Do you hear, sir, you've deprived me of a lovely little father-in-law! [*Starting.*] No—I mean a lovely little wife!

*Sparks* [*Gruffly.*] Serve you right for wearing other peoples' clothes.

*Fus* [*More and more exasperated.*] But I'll not endure this sort of thing a moment longer. [*Bawling.*] Get out of my professional apartments, sir!

*Sparks* [*Getting up.*] Never, sir, till the mystery of that chocolate surtout has been satisfactorily cleared up!

[At this moment a loud knocking is heard at door in flat.]

Sera [Outside.] Let me in!

Fus [Starting.] Halloo!

Sparks [Starting.] Aha! my wife again. [Aside, suspiciously.] I'll hide behind that screen, and ascertain her real motive for these unaccountable visits. [Slips stealthily behind screen—loud ring at bell.]

Fus [There she goes again!

[Opens door in flat.]

Enter SERAPHINA hastily, D. in F.

Sera I forgot my five guinea parasol. [To FURBLETON, hurriedly.] But I say, my husband—is he still here?

Fus [Bitterly.] Is he still here? [Looking all round—aside.] Why, where the deuce is he? [At this moment, he suddenly catches sight of SPARKS, who has meanwhile got up on a chair, and is looking over screen and brandishing hatchet at him to intimate the necessity for silence—horribly alarmed, starting violently.] Aha!

Sera [Hastily.] What's the matter?

Fus [Feigning composure.] Nothing, nothing. [Loudly.] May I inquire, madam, why you are always fidgeting and furridding about this establishment?

Sera [Coily.] Am I then compelled to reveal my secret?

Fus [Raising his voice.] Most decidedly. [Casting nervous glance in direction of screen.] Blases has got his eye on us!

Sera [Simperingly.] Well, then, I come too see the prophet Brown.

Fus [Astounded.] The Prophet Brown!

Sera The Prophet Brown is a distinguished fortune-teller, who lives on the top flat.

Fus [Surprised.] Wasn't aware I had such a mysterious neighbor.

Sera [Continuing simperingly.] You see, my husband is always receiving embroidered slippers from ladies whose lives he has saved.

Fus [With his eye nervously fixed on screen.] Very proper too!

Sera [Vehemently.] Proper, sir? I tell you these slippers rob me of my peace of my mind by day, and deprive me of my rest by night—I therefore visit the Prophet to ascertain, through his mystic skill, [Simperingly] whether these embroidered slippers represent real grounds for uneasiness.

Sparks [Who has been looking over screen, forgetting himself and uttering an exclamation of surprise.] Aha! [Suddenly recollecting himself, bobs down.]

Sera [Alarmed, looking round.] I thought I heard a sound.

Fus [Hurriedly.] Nothing of the sort, madam.

Sera [Continuing simperingly.] The Prophet Brown is a gentlemanly-looking man and wears a chocolate colored surtout.

Sparks [Looking over screen, forgetting.] Brown wears chocolate—aha! [Bobs down again.]

Sera [Looking round in great alarm.] I am sure I heard—

Fus [Hurriedly.] I assure you, you didn't—a—a—I just happened to smile—

Sera [Continuing.] Our suburban residence being at some distance hence, the Prophet gives me occasional consultations at an increased fee, in Kensington Gardens.

*Sparks* [Looking over screen.] Oho! [Hastily bobs down again.]

*Sera* [Starting violently.] That mysterious sound again! [Languidly.] My nerves, the emotion, the fatigue, the excitement—ah, ah, ah! [About to fall.] I'll just trouble you once more.

*Fus* [Horribly alarmed.] Confound it, she's off again. [Alarmed.] I shall have my head cut off with that chopper presently. [Just as SERAPHINA is about to fall into his arms, FUSLETON turns briskly round, so that she falls against him back to back—with comic despair.] Now here's another pretty treat. Bore, horrid bore! fidgets me frightfully! [Just as FUSLETON and SERAPHINA are leaning back to back, enter WALKER-JOHN and CECILIA L., carrying carpet-bags, &c., as though prepared for departure—spasmodically.] Aha! here they are—just in the nick of time!

*Walker* [Astounded at the spectacle before him.] Good gracious me—he's at it again!

*Cecilia* [Half crying.] Oh, that abominable countess!

*Walker* [Very wrath—to FUSLETON, shouting.] Monster of duplicity!

*Fus* [Driven utterly wild with excessive badgering.] That's it, he's at it now! there's the other with his chopper! this woman with her hysterics, Cecilia with her tears, a little more flurry [Stamping wildly] and I shall go stark, staring, raving mad! [Struck by a sudden idea.] Aha! a bright notion, I will go mad!

[Slips from behind SERAPHINA, who utters a loud exclamation and totters to sofa, on which she falls.]

*Walker* Explain, young man, explain!

*Fus* [Aside.] I'll teach them to spoil my holidays for me.

[Pretending to go suddenly "daft," he seizes broom, gets across it straddle-legged, and begins capering madly about stage singing—"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross," &c.]

*Walker* [Amazed.] Why, he's out of his mind!

*Fus* [Throwing away broom and striking a fantastic attitude.] What sounds are those I hear? [Idiotically.] 'Tis the evening muffin man with the baked potatoes.

*All* [In sympathetic surprise.] The baked potatoes!

*Fus* [Tripping playfully across stage.] No, 'tis the paperhanger with the jam tarts!

*Cecilia* [Clasping her hands.] Oh, this is dreadful!

*Fus* [Wildly.] Aha! [Pointing to WALKER-JOHN.] He's a policeman! yes, 'tis he who stole the leg of mutton! I'll prosecute him—give me my professional wig.

[Snatches basket from table, pops it on his head and begins capering about stage singing—"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home," &c.]

*Sparks* [Who has contemplated proceedings over screen.] Mad as a march hare! [Throws down screen with a tremendous crash, jumps off chair and rushes forward, exclaiming—Cracked, by Jingo!

*Cecilia* and *Sera* [Together screaming.] A—a—ah!

*Walker* [In dismay.] The ferocious cannibal! we shall be eaten alive!

*Sparks* [With grave urbanity.] Concealed behind yonder screen, I've heard everything. [Crossing to FUSLETON.] Excellent young man, it's all right! don't go mad!

*Sera* [*Languishingly*.] For my sake, don't go mad!

*Walker* [*Imploringly*.] Don't go mad, Fussleton! you shall have my daughter!

*Fus* Eh?

*Cecilia* No, don't go mad, Finnikin—I, I'm fonder of you than ever.

*Fus* [*Knowingly*.] You're quite sure of that?

*Cecilia* Oh, positive!

*Fus* You'll believe the case of "Sheepshanks versus Oxtail?"

*Cecilia and Walker* [*Eagerly*.] Certainly, certainly.

*Fus* [*To SERAPHINA*.] You'll promise never to visit the prophet Brown again?

*Sera* [*Taking her husband's arm*.] I'm sure I shall never have any occasion.

*Sparks* [*With grim facetiousness*.] Ha! ha! the Prophet Brown—eccentric—very!

*Fus* Then, under the circumstances, I consent to resume my scattered senses. [*Taking off hat—mock tragedy*.] Fussleton's himself again!

*Enter JACK JOHNSON at back, attired in FUSSELETON'S tweed suit (ridiculously short and tight for him,) arm-in-arm with BIDDY.*

*Jack* [*Stammering, abashed*.] Please, sir, I was forced to hook it in such a hurry that I took the wrong togs.

*Biddy* [*Nervously*.] My husband didn't go for to do it, sir.

*Fus* Husband! you never told me he was your husband.

*Biddy* Please, sir, you wouldn't hear what I'd got to say.

*Fus* [*Joyously*.] Then you should have said it again. Here, take your broom, [*Giving her broom*.] and resume your domestic avocations!

*Biddy* [*Delighted*.] Oh, thank ye, sir!

*Jack* [*Pointing to trousers*.] Please, sir, if you could conveniently favor me with them stripes?

*Fus* Stripes, eh? oh—ah, we'll exchange presently.

*Walker* And at the same time I'll trouble you for that chocolate surtout.

*Fus* By all means. [*Taking parcel from BIDDY*.] How delightful it will be to figure in a full suit of my own clothes once more. [*To audience, cheerfully*.] After all, there's no remedy like a hair of the dog that bit you. After the "dose" I have had this day I shall never have the "fidgets" again, and should anybody present know anybody else suffering from the same infirmity, don't send him to a doctor, send him here—we'll ensure his recovery in a single visit, if he'll only drop in and try our notion of

6

*No 307.*

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

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# JACK'S THE LAD;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

*In Original Drama in Two Acts.*

BY W. ROGERS, ESQ.,  
COMEDIAN.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET,



Sera [Languishingly.] For my sake, don't go mad!  
Walker [Imploringly.] Don't go mad, Fusaletton! your daughter!

Fus Eh?

Cecilia No, don't go mad, Frankie—I, I—ever.

Fus [Knowingly.] You're quite sure of

Cecilia Oh, positive!

Fus You'll believe the case of 'She

Cecilia and Walker [Eagerly.] Certain

Fus [To SERAPHINA.] You'll promise again?

Sera [Taking her husband's arm on occasion.

Sparks [With grim facation centric—very!

Fus Then, under the tered senses. [Taking again!

Enter JACK JOHN

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Readers & Wills, London.

JACK SPRY.....Mr. Campbell.  
ROBIN.....Mr. Merville.  
RED BELT.....Mr. Wilkins.  
OLD CAPTAS.....Mr. Griffiths.  
JEREMIAH.....Mr. Rogers.  
STERNHOLD.....Mr. King.  
NIPPERKIN.....Mr. Ehnis.  
JACK THE 'TOPMAN.....  
SAILOR.....Mr. Scarbrow.

Miss Swift.  
Miss Jenny Clifford.  
Miss Eldridge.  
Mrs. Boniface.  
Miss Swift.  
Miss Jenny Clifford.  
Miss Eldridge.  
Mrs. Boniface.

## SAILORS AND LASSES.

MISS NANCY.....Mrs. Rogers.  
POLLY.....Miss Merville.

Time.—One hour and three-quarters.

## EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance left. R. first entrance right. 2 E. L. second entrance left. 2 E. R. second entrance right. U. E. L. upper entrance left. U. E. R. upper entrance right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. 3 E. L. third entrance left. 3 E. R. third entrance right.

\*\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left

## JACK'S THE LAD.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On one side is a Public House, with the sign of "The Lord Nelson," hanging—a view of the sea at the back—tables and benches with bottles and glasses set out.*

SAILORS and LASSES discovered—they sing the following

#### CHORUS.

The sons of Great Britain, sure none can surpass,  
For courage and brav'ry and faith to their king;  
They forget all their troubles, o'er grog with each lass,  
And "success to the navy," they merrily sing.  
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

1st Sailor Come, my hearties, push about the grog; it isn't often we get ashore, so let's make the most of it—here's old Nipperkin—ye! heo!

*Enter NIPPERKIN.*

Nip Your pleasure, gentlemen?

1st Sailor Let's have some more grog, and quickly—the lasses arn't had half enough—no! not enough to squench the thirst of a fly—come, look alive, old fellow; look alive.

Nip Be with you in a pig's whisper, gentlemen. [*Exit into house.*]

2nd Sailor A rum fellar, by jingo! I thought our steward a rum'un; but this is a rummer, and no mistake.

*Enter ROBIN REDBREAST, L.*

Robin There are the Sailors—la! how happy they always seem to be—ah, me! I wish I was one of them; so that I might be always happy; good day, Mister Sailormen! how merry you all look—ah, me!

1st Sailor Well, my lad, and ain't you merry?

Robin [L.] Not always: sometimes I'm merry, and sometimes sad—sometimes I laugh, and sometimes I cry; when I go and look on the green fields, and hear the birds sing, then I smile; but when I think on my fate in this world, I fall a weeping—ah, me!

1st Sailor Why, what is your fate, my lad?

Robin I'm an orphan—my poor mother died—my father fled this country; and they tell me, 'twas owing to Farmer Sternhold; and I do verily think so, for whenever he sees me, he does frown so terribly.

1st Sailor Come, my poor lad, sit down, and take some grog with us.

Robin Oh, no! I musn't indulge in luxuries—I never drink anything but water mixed with a little milk.

*Enter NIPPERKIN, with grog, from house, R.*

*Nip* Here am I, you see, in the drawing of a cork, gentlemen—ah, Master Robin!

*Robin* Oh, kind Mr. Nipperkin—this is the only friend I have in the world.

*Nip* I've a right to be thy friend—I knew thy father, boy.

*Robin* Was he a good man?

*Nip* A better breathed not in the world.

*Robin* Why, then, was he forced from his country?

*Nip* Through villainy! old Lawyer Capias and Farmer Sternhold know the most; I never heard the rights on't—but he was called a robber; and had he not fled the country, he would have been arraigned at the bar of justice; it is supposed there was a plot against him—Sternhold envied him his estate, for he now possesses that which was once thy father's.

*Robin* Do you think he can be happy?

*Nip* Not if he has a conscience.

*Robin* Conscience! what's that?

*Nip* Why, conscience is—is—a sort of feeling, that—that—in truth conscience is—I'll be shot if I can tell you what conscience is!

*1st Sailor* [*Rises R.*] I believe you, old boy! I'll tell you what conscience is; old Nipperkin here frequently chinks double, and, in course, gets double the money he ought; now, that's a crime; now, had he a conscience, he would, when he was lying in his hammock, be sorry for what he had done—he would not sleep, but toss and tumble about like a ship in a storm; for conscience is a sort of compass, that tells you whether you are steering in the right course or not—in fact, it is a sort of devil, that pinches you and tortures you whenever you've done anything wrong.

*Robin* Oh! then I'm sure I've a conscience; for the other day I knocked down some apples from Farmer Bramble's tree, and I had such pains after eating them—I didn't sleep all night—I was in such a quandary; oh! what must Farmer Sternhold feel, after ruining my poor father, and suffering me to become the child of charity?

*Nip* But you shall never want, whilst I can assist you.

*Robin* Oh! I've got enough money now, to last me all my lifetime—I shall never want assistance again.

*Nip* Indeed!

*Robin* Yes, I've got a guinea, a golden guinea; look here! a sailor man gave it to me, just now; he saw me blubbering about my hard fate, and so he slipped this into my hand; but now I think on't, I ought to give it to you, for your kindness toward me—take it, Mr. Nipperkin!

*Nip* If I do—I'm—but I won't swear—no, Robin, keep it, my boy; I wish you had a thousand of them. [*Shouts without.*]

*1st Sailor* Oh, here comes some more of our messmates—and with them Jack Spy, as merry a fellow as any in the fleet.

*Enter JACK SPY and four SAILORS, 2 E. L.*

*Jack* He, yeo! my hearties—here you are, snug and comfortable, plenty of grog, and lots 'o pretty girls—that's as it ought to be—my Poll will be here presently, rigged in such style! there's a creetur for

you — lovely as venus, and as true as the needle ; hollo ! my little grampus, what, will you spout salt water again ?

*Robin* Not for a long while, if I can help it ; the guinea which you gave me —

*Jack* Stow that, young cockle-shell, you know you are welcome : if it'll do you good that's enough for me — I want no thanks ! I like to see people happy, that's all — I'm the sort of fellow, d'ye see, that fancies this world ought to be made up with merriment ; for heaven knows it's not long we have to stay in't — every shot, they say, has its billet, and perhaps there may be one a manufacturing at this blessed moment, what's destined to knock me to pieces in the next action ; well, if I am booked for Davy Jones, it's no more nor others have shared before me — so what's the use of sniveling ? let's live while we can, and be merry — for watching, drinking, fighting, everybody knows that Jack's the lad.

SONG.

Our ship's in port, so here I be,  
With a heart as light as cork, d'ye see ;  
Poor larboard quarter Poll is jigging,  
Dress'd in all her Sunday rigging ;  
Wench and fiddle always makes a Sailor glad.  
Old Nipperkin, the landlord, keeps the grog afloat,  
And so kindly is the liquor handed down each throat ;  
For if ever fellar took delight in  
Drinking, kissing, smoking, fighting,  
D — me, I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad !

Cheerly my beasts ! D'ye know Jack Spry ?  
So full of romps and rigs, that's I !  
To hear the merry fiddle going,  
'Sblood ! It sets me off a toeing,  
That's the catgut, " College Hornpipe ! " brisk old dad ;  
Let's have a reel, " Sir David Hunter Blais," that's Scotch,  
Or " Langolee," or anything but French or Dutch ;  
For if ever fellar took delight in  
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,  
D — me, I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad !

My locker's rich — no, the devil a mite !  
Why, here's a pretty rig ! oh, yes, I'm right ;  
An old friends like a blub'ring ninney,  
Look'd distress'd like — got a guinea,  
Can't help sniv'ling, somehow, when I see folks sad ;  
But howsomever, should I have the luck to fall once more,  
'Longside a Mounseer homeward bound, she'll pay the score.  
For if ever fellar took delight in  
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting ;  
D — me, I'll be bound to say that Jack's the lad !

*Nip* Bravo ! bravo ! Jack ! Come, wet your whistle after that !

*Jack* Ha ! ha ! ha ! well said, old shovel nose ! have an eye to the main chance ; send round the grog, and get shiners in galore — and

when your locker's full retire into private life, and laugh at the silly tars, who spent their money so forcibly, that you might enjoy ease and comfort.

*Nip* No, think me not so ungrateful.

*Jack* Well, for the honor of that noble fellar, whose pictur hangs over your door, I hope you won't behave ungrateful; but where's my Poll, all this time? she promised to meet me here—ha! here she comes—there's a craft for you! look at her sky-scraper, and her streamers—her jib, and her furbelows—don't she look like a yacht on a birthday?

*Enter POLLY, R.*

Well, my lass, how long you have staid—I warrant me now, that I'd splice a cable in less time than you've taken to rig yourself.

*Poll* La, now, Jack! and I thought I'd been so expeditious.

*Jack* An age, Poll; an age, by any reckoning.

*Poll* To tell you the truth, Jack, I had a bit of chat with Mrs. Pope; she called to me as I passed, and she says, says she, "La, Polly, how fine you look!" "Yes, I'm coming out!" said I! "Aint I! this is all my Jack's doing?" said I—"Ah!" said she, "it's lucky for some people that they have a Jack;" oh! I saw her envy in a minute—so says I, "And it shan't be long, ere there'll be an union with Jack"—ha! ha! ha!

*Jack* Union—Jack—good—damn good! well said, Polly! aye, and it's me, too—we will get spliced, and no mistake—you shall become Mrs Spry, and we'll have a lot of little Sprys—

*Poll* For shame, Jack!

*Jack* How d'ye mean shame? why, they say children are blessings—and I think so too; I'm sure I was to my dear ould parents, they had all my half-pay—and I was never so happy as when I was pouring all my prize-money into their laps; there, says I, bless your old hearts—you gave me a good broughtage up, there's payment for the same.

*Robin* Ah, me! I'm getting melancholy again; oh that I had a parent to show my gratitude!

*Jack* I'll father you, my lad; and Poll here shall mother you, won't you Poll?

*Robin* Oh, she's always kind to me; many a cup of milk have I had from her.

*Jack* How?

*Robin* Why, when she's been milking the cows, to be sure.

*Poll* Oh, yes! Robin and I are old friends; in fact, 'twas I that christened him Robin Rodbreast.

*Jack* Why, what's his real name?

*Poll* Robin Redbelt.

*Jack* Oh! well, that ain't far off; give me your hand, Robin, and here I promise, afore Poll, old Nipperkin, and all my messmates, to be your friend, your staunch friend; not by words only but by deeds; I hate your half and half sort of friendship.

*Robin* And see if I don't prove grateful for all favors.

*Jack* I'll be sworn you will; but come, the grog, the grog, and hey for a dance.

*[They fill their cups.]*

*Jack* Here's long life to brave Nelson, and the jolly tars who fought with him at the battle of the Nile! hurrah!

*All* Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

*Jack* Now clear decks, and I'll give you one of my best. [*They drink.*]  
*dances a hornpipe.*] I say, Robin Redbreast, look out for Jenny Wren,  
 and join us in the dance.

*Nip* I'll find him a partner; here, Nancy, Nancy! [*Calls.*]

*Robin* Yes, I like Nancy, 'cause she's so good to me.

*Enter NANCY.*

*Nancy* Did you call, father?

*Nip* Yes, dear; Robin wishes you to be his partner in the dance.

*Nancy* To that I have no objection.

*Jack* Start fair then. [*A general dance—and all exeunt into house, &c.*]

*Enter STERNHOLD.*

*Stern* So the youngster is not here; I shall not rest till he's disposed of; he's like an adder in my path—I feel not safe whilst he lives; for as he grows to manhood he will make inquiries about his father; and as I obtained the estate by villainy, it is my policy to crush all who are likely to mar my prospects.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Robin* Well, Mr. Sternhold—how does your conscience feel?

*Stern* My conscience?

*Robin* Yes; does it tease you o' nights—do you sleep comfortably?

*Stern* What mean you, minion?

*Robin* I have been told that when people do wrong there is such a thing as conscience that torments them; now, as you did wrong to my poor father, I wished to know if you felt sorrow and pain for the past, and also if you had any good feelings towards the son.

*Stern* When a toad or any reptile crosses my path, I take its life; I look on thee as something venomous—judge, then, my feelings towards thee.

*Robin* You have no cause to hate or fear me.

*Stern* Have I not? fool!

*Robin* Oh, yes! I know I'm a fool; and as you are wise, you ought to take compassion on me.

*Stern* Who told thee that I had wronged thy father?

*Robin* Somebody.

*Stern* His name?

*Robin* I must not tell.

*Stern* How must not?

*Robin* That is—I will not.

*Stern* I should like to know.

*Robin* It's truth, then, I suppose?

*Stern* No, no! 'tis false as hell; thy father was a villain! a robber!

*Robin* If he was heaven pardon him—and if you have wronged him, heaven pardon you too—I bear no animosity; Parson always says we must pray for our enemies; and I do for you most sincerely—your death-bed will be a most awful thing.

*Stern* Wretch! dare you talk thus to me?

[*Seizes him.*]

*Robin* Leave me alone, or I'll call out.

*Stern* Oh ! I could strangle you as I would a viper.

*Enter JACK SPRY.*

*Jack* Hollo, hollo ! let go your grappling irons, will you ; take your hands off that lad, or I'll lay mine o'top of you ; and if I do, my dear eyes, won't you nap it ?

*Stern* He was insolent to me.

*Jack* Aye, he's been telling you some wholesome truths, I suppose ; I've been watching you from that window—and I've heard a strange yarn about you ; they tell me you're a damn'd scoundrel, and if I may judge from your figure-head, I should say it's a fact.

*Stern* You should say—and pray, who are you ?

*Jack* A man-of-war's man, by name Jack Spry ; and for fighting in a good cause and capsizing a villain, why Jack's the lad, and no mistake.

*Stern* You're a meddling knave to busy yourself thus.

*Jack* I say it's every man's business when he sees a poor little boat adrift in the ocean o' life to take it in tow, and steer it into a comfortable harbor—look at him, poor little heart—now only just look at his forlorn phiz ; why, it's enough to melt the heart of a shark !—and since you talk about my busying myself—I'll let you into a secret—I'm a going to father this orphan, and I shall busy myself a deuced sight more afore I've done with you—I'll see him righted—Oh ! I will—there's no nonsense about me—you'll find you've a rum fellar to deal with.

*Stern* Indeed ! I may, perhaps, be a match for you.

*Jack* A match for the devil, you may be—but not for Jack Spry.

*Stern* We shall see : I caution you not to interfere with my concerns—so remember. [Exit R.]

*Robin* Oh, me ! I wish I was dead : I give people too much trouble.

*Jack* Nonsense—dead ! what d'ye patter in that way for ? dead ! no, you shall live—aye, live, my hearty, and be merry—Come along with me, and have a drop of summit to cheer your spirits ; I'm your father now, you know, and you'll find me an out and outer ; so come along, my son and don't pipe your eye.

*Robin* I can't help it.

*Jack* Can't help it—damn it, I'll make you—in—in—I say.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. A room in the House of old CAPIAS.

*Enter OLD CAPIAS and JEREMIAH, R.*

*Old C* Poh ! nonsense ! Jeremiah, don't tell me : you must have no scruples of conscience ; you must do as I order you, or you'll never rise in your profession.

*Jeremiah* Rise in my profession—yes, one way—the gallows, for instance—then how are you off for rope ?

*Old C* Pshaw ! Look at me, have not I thriven well ? am not I as rich a man as any in the country ? and am not I as great a rogue ? Look at me, I say, and answer me this moment.

*Jer* I do look at you—and how are you off for feeling?

*Old C* Always look to the main chance; get money, get money; I began the world a poor little half-starved charity boy—but I was running—I had a head.

*Jer* Yes, but how were you off for heart?

*Old C* 'Twas flint—I cared not for anything; my object was to get on, to become rich; I waded through difficulties which many men would have deemed impracticable—and as this world goes, lad, unless you persevere you'll never do any good in't.

*Jer* Aye, it's all very well—but a day of reckoning must come; there is such a thing as death, then how are you off for comfort; suppose you are sent below, to the old gentleman—how are you off for fire?

*Old C* Get out of the room, you rascal. *[Pushes him round.]*

*Jer* Ah! that's where 'tis—you can't bear the thought on't; how are you off for conscience? is it not spotted with sin? you'll want to wipe out the stains some day, then how are you off for soap?

*[Exit R.]*

*Old C* That fellow will die as poor as a rat—well, let him, he deserves it; not but what I have qualms occasionally—that affair with Redbelt often teases me, I sometimes dream of it—la, what a fool I am!

*Enter STERNHOLD, L.*

*Stern* To my wish your'e at home—I'd talk with you.

*Old C* Proceed, I'm all attention.

*Stern* I've just encountered that brat Robin; he begins to prate about his father's wrongs, he's becoming dangerous, for he's found a friend in some rough sailor, who has sworn to see him righted—therefore, the sooner he is silenced the better. I want your advice

*Old C* *[Holding out his hand.]* You know the terms.

*Stern* Have I not paid you well for all that has passed between us?

*Old C* You have; but this is a fresh transaction.

*Stern* Villain!

*Old C* True, or you wouldn't be what you are.

*Stern* There, then.

*[Gives money.]*

*Old C* Aye, now we can proceed; you want the boy removed?

*Stern* I do, and speedily.

*Old C* Leave all to me, I have a scheme, I'll do for him—you know how we tricked the father, so will we serve the son; not that you've much to fear, the estate is yours as long as I choose to be dumb; you know, Sternhold, that you are in my power—you were a poor gambler; I introduced you to Redbelt, whose passion for that vice was great—by false dice you won the estate; 'twas an illegal act altogether—so to put an end to doubts and fears, I persuaded you to make him drunk; you did so; you also, by my persuasion, placed your watch in his fob, and when he became sober, we accused him of robbery; he, terrified, fled his country—seven years have passed since then, and he returns not; am not I right?

*Stern* In all particulars; but to return to the boy.

*Old C* Well, well, leave all to me; I have a head, a scheming head, you know it well.

*Stern* There must be no delay.



*Old C* Call on me this evening : you shall be satisfied.

*Stern* 'Tis well.

[*Exit L.*]

*Old C* Jeremiah, Jeremiah, I say ?

*Enter JEREMIAH, R.*

*Jer* Here am I, sir ; I've just finished the writ against poor Farmer Springfield ; but la ! 'tis blotted all over ; my tears have fallen on it.

*Old C* Tears ?

*Jer* Yes ; how are you off for salt water !

*Old C* Dolt ! listen to me—you know the lad they call Robin Red-breast ?

*Jer* Right well do I ; many a time have we played at marlows together ; oh, he's a good little fellow !

*Old C* I want to see him on particular business, here at my house.

*Jer* What, that poor orphan ? you don't want him to take my place, do you ? how are you off for learning ?

*Old C* Do as I command you ; seek him out and bring him hither.

*Jer* I will, but I hope 'tis for no harm ; as I said before, he's a good little fellow, and if you attempt to wrong him, look to these fists—how are you off for bruises ?

[*Exit L.*]

*Old C* That fellow will ruin me if I keep him much longer ; I never saw such a driveler ; he weeps over writs, cries on every occasion ; now I can turn a family out of doors, and never feel the least remorse ; but I'm a man of business.

*Enter JACK SPRY, L.*

*Jack* Sarvant, your honor.

*Old C* Yours, sir.

*Jack* You're a lawyer, I believe, sir ?

*Old C* I am, sir.

*Jack* Aye, what we sailors call a land shark.

*Old C* Sir !

*Jack* No offense, your honor ; I'm come on a matter of business.

*Old C* Will you take a seat ?

*Jack* No, thank your honor, I never sit.

*Old C* To the point, then.

*Jack* I'll steer to it, your honor, in as straightforward a course as the best pilot in the navy ; you must know, then, that there's a great rogue not far off, a very great rogue, that's done a relation of mine a good deal o' damage ; leastways, he's not exactly a relation, any more than all mankind, they say, are brothers—consequently, I calls him a relation ; you're a brother of mine, for the matter o' that, only I won't own you ; well, as I was saying, this ere pirate has done this relation of mine a tarnation sight of wrong : sitch as smuggling all his goods, and turning him adrift on life's troubled ocean without rudder or compass, and in fact, without provisions ; now I want to know from you, what's to be done in the business ?

*Old C* I never give advice gratis.

*Jack* Gratis, ah ! if you comes the Latin business, you'll floor me ; I speaks to you as a true British seaman ought to speak, and without flummery.

*Old C* Well, then, in good plain English, and without flummery, I'll speak to you ; if you want my advice, you must pay for it.

*Jack* Oh, what, you must be paid for setting your jawing tackle going, must you? my dear eyes, what a lot of money a woman would get, if she was to turn lawyer! I suppose if I pay, you'll do justice to the parties?

*Old C* Most certainly I shall, 'tis my business to do so.

• *Jack* Then as a matter of course, the money shall be forthcoming—but first of all, I'll state the names of the parties—the one who is injured is Robin Redbreast, or more properly speaking, Robin Redbelt—the villain's name is Sternhold, aided by one Capias, a shark of a lawyer; now do justice, and here's the purse to reward you.

[*Shakes purse.*]

*Old C* [*Aside.*] Confusion!

*Jack* Oh, you thundering old rascal! you shake in your shoes, like a jib when making a tack; now ain't you a pretty fellar, to prate about honor, justice and uprightness of character? 'tis sitch as you, what brings the profession into contempt; you're a fellar, I take it, who, for six and eightpence, would hang a poor creatur at the yard-arm, and then go and drink yer grog, and cry "success to the law!" oh! I wish I had you tied to the gun for six dozen; my old shoes, wouldn't I give it you.

*Old C* Insolent! quit my house, I am not to be braved thus.

*Jack* Will you not do justice to the poor lad? 'tis rumored that you can do it, if you like; so come, and you shall have all my prize money—come, ould dog fish, don't hesitate.

*Old C* Quit my house, I say, or by heaven I'll punish you.

*Jack* I shan't quit your house, unless I like; d'ye think I have faced the enemy so long, and braved the fury of the elements, to be frightened by a land lubber like you? no! *Jack* Spry defies all threats and dangers, when I'm in a good cause; now, mark me, I'll give you till to-morrow to consider the affair; if at that ere time you don't think proper to do justice to the poor boy, and tell all you know about Sternhold, damme if I don't take the law on you; I'll clap you below a starboard, rake your fore and aft, and send you to ould Davy in the turning of an hour-glass.

*Old C* You, pshaw!

*Jack* Aye, I'll show you what I mean to do, ould fellar, and no mistake; remember, my name's *Jack* Spry, I belong to the good ship *The Victory*; so d'ye see, you've a man-o'-wars-man to deal with; so good day, I'll quit your house now, old polypus! but to-morrow, mind, I'm with you again; and for keeping his word, you'll find to your cost, that *Jack's* the lad. [*Exit L.*]

*Old C* Oh, dear! that sea-monster has set me all of a tremble; but I'll have vengeance for this; yes, yes, woe to all who molest me! 'tis time, indeed, to get rid of that boy, Robin—yes, and by robbing I will get rid of him; I've thought on an excellent plan; I'll place temptation in his way—this pocket-book filled with notes might induce him to steal, then won't I have him off to prison? but *Jeremiah* says—oh! that knave, how he does plague me.

*Enter JEREMIAH and ROBIN, L.*

*Jer* Here's poor Robin, sir!

*Old C* Good lad, good lad! now *Jeremiah*, attend to your business; I would converse privately with the boy.

*Jer* I go, sir; but be careful; no nonsense with him; I shall strike; then how are you off for broken noses? [*Exit a.*]

*Old C* So Master Robin, you've been letting your tongue wag rather too freely methinks; however, be a good lad for the future, and I promise to do something for you.

*Robin* Thank'ee, sur. I said no more than I were told; and if I've been misinformed, it be no fault o'mine.

*Old C* But you must never listen to idle stories, from idle fellows—there are a great many, who, having nothing to do but gossip, invent falsehoods, merely for the sake of mischief—you must not listen to such.

*Robin* No, sir; I won't believe anything I hear.

*Old C* Wisely said; stay here a moment; I will but speak to my clerk, and then rejoin you—I have something to propose for your advantage. I'll drop my pocket-book. [*He drops pocket-book, unserved by ROBIN.*] So now, Master Robin, I'll have you.

[*Aside and exit a.*]

*Robin* Well, I declare, his civility astonishes me; I always took him to be such a surly, gruff old fellow; he's right—one mustn't believe all one hears, nor all one sees—eh! [*Discovers pocket-book.*] La! here be a book. [*Takes it up.*] I wonder what it be about, some pretty story now, I dare say—[*Opens it.*] Eh, what! oh! lawks, it be full of bank notes! oh, dear! what a lot o' money; I wish it were mine; I'd build a big house, and be as grand as anybody.

*Re-enter OLD CAPIAS, with a SERVANT.*

*Old C* [*Pretending to seek for pocket-book.*] I've lost my pocket-book—and—ah, villain! robber! 'tis you that have stoleu it.

*Robin* No sur, no: I picked it up from the floor; I didn't want to steal it.

*Old C* 'Tis false, I charge you with theft; this way, fellow. [*Dragging him.*] Jeremiah, run for a constable; wretch! you shall suffer for this

*Robin* I am innocent, innocent!

*Old C* A constable, a constable, I say!

[*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE III.—*The interior of "The Lord Nelson" Public House—SAILORS and LASSES discovered.*

*Enter JACK and POLLY, L.*

*Jack* You should ha' heard me, Polly; you should only ha' heard me. I preached Parson Palmer to him in prime style—no chaplain ever let out sitch lingo as I did—he trembled like—like a powder-monkey in a storm.

*Polly* I'm glad of that, Jack, and I thank you, too; I've given your image a harboration in my bosom, and this strengthens my affection—there, now, there's some crumbs of comfort for you.

*Jack* Crumbs of comfort—captain's biscuits, Polly, to a hungry man. Ha! love you; my maxim is to please the girl of my heart. I say, messmates, hand over the grog: Polly, I pledge you—not at your uncle's—no, no; but in good liquor, my lass; here's success

to you, and may you always be as happy as you are at this here blessed moment.

*Polly* Thank you, Jack ; I *am* happy, and I'll always study to make you so.

*Jack* Then we may defy all breakers and rocks a-head ; I'm sartin 'tis people's faults generally speaking, when they're unhappy. I never was unhappy in all my life—in storm and battle I always sings, drinks, whistles, and fights, as if I was snug in my hammock.

*Sailor* That you do, Jack ; there's not a merrier fellow from stem to stern ; so come give us a song.

*Jack* No, I'll spin you a yarn—you never heard any of my yarns, Poll. eh ?

*Polly* No, Jack.

*Jack* Then here goes for a good 'un.

[*The SAILORS and LASSES come forward.*]

You must know then, when I sailed aboard the *Coopid* and *Sikey*—sloop o'war—I had a messmate, called *Mat Dendy*, who, from his figure, was styled *Lanky Mat* ; for he was seven feet high, and as thin as a lath. Well, we were once cruising off the Cape—wind nor-nor-east—when *Mat*, in crossing the deck, knocked off, by accident, a little midshipman's cap ; for *Mat* had a mighty nack of swinging his hands in this way, just for all the world like the wings of a windmill ; well, as I was saying, *Mat* came in contact with a young reefer, that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water, or bit the mask out of a king's biscuit, and knocked off his cap. "How dared you do that?" said the reefer ; "I ax your honor's pardon," said *Mat*, "'twas quite promiscuous." "You lie, sir," said the reefer ; and immediately went and told the first lieutenant, who hadn't long jined us. *Mat* was ordered aft, and questioned as to the insult : all the crew were anxious, for *Mat* was beloved by every one—in course he pleaded innocence, but all was no go ; and he was ordered to be flogged. Well, 'pon deck he was conducted, and the boatswain's mate ordered to give him a starting. *Mat* cast his eyes around, watched his opportunity, and sprang over the ship's side into the deep. "Shoot him!" said the first lieutenant ; but ere the marine could fire, a whale rose and swallowed him.

*Polly* La ! a second *Jonas*, I declare.

*Jack* Stop ! I ain't finished ; now, mark : about six months arter, coming through the Bay 'o Biscay, we seed something floating, which we took to be the hull of some craft what had been wrecked ; so the captain ordered all hands on deck, and we set to with ropes and pullies, and at length got it on board ; to our surprise it was a dead whale : so the captain orders it to be cut to pieces. We began, and had cut a little way into the whale, when a voice sang out, "O criky ! hold hard !" The crew started—a pause followed—each looked at the other—all was in amazement—hush ! the voice again sung out, "The *Coopid* and *Sikey* ahoy !" "It came from the whale," said the captain ; "'tis a mysterious affair, but cut away." We opened the flesh, and what should crawl out but a man as big as a giant ; a dread came over every one—the man rose, and to our surprise, we recognized *Mat* ; not the lanky chap as he was, but a fine, big, fat-headed fellow ; who, being sorry for his situation, had lived upon lubber for six months ; and being unfit for a sailor, when he

came to port was discharged. He then traveled the country as the Yankee Giant, and was shown for a six-pence a head. Now, if that ain't a true yarn, my name's not Jack Spry.

*Polly* Ha, ha, ha! well, then when I believe that—

*Jack* It's one of our galley stories, Poll; it's as true as the almanack; it happened a day afore, or a day after, as they say.

*[A loud peal of thunder is heard, and lightning is seen to flash at the window.]*

Hollo, a storm; I didn't expect that

*Polly* O dear!

*Jack* What's the matter?

*Polly* I'm always so frightened at thunder.

*Jack* Ah, my lass; the thunder and storms on these shores are nothing: you should be in a nor-wester off the Cape, if you want to know what a real storm is; eh, messmates?

*All* Aye, aye.

*Jack* There the black-winged tempest sports in all its glory; the sea, in wild terrific grandeur, swells its billows into mountains—the ship, now borne upon the waves toward the clouds, then sinks into the abyss of waters; whilst boiling surges lash her sides—a crash is heard—the mast is shivered, splinters of which fall on the deck, and massacre a messmate—a husband, perhaps a doting father; for many hours the crew stand thus in jeopardy. Oh Poll, Poll! talk not of storms that you have witnessed; they are but mild and gentle gales compared to a good nor-wester off the Cape.

*[Thunders again.]*

*Enter NIPPERKIN.*

*Nip* My good friends, there's a vessel now, laboring near the rocks—their fate seems certain.

*[A gun is fired.]*

*Jack* And hark!—a signal. Come, messmates, let's to the beach; we may be of service to the poor creatures. Poll, stay you here, my lass; I'll fly to help the suffering crew. Come, messmates—come, come.

*[He rushes out, followed by NIPPERKIN, SAILORS and LASSES—POLLY alone remains.]*

*Polly* Jack may talk about our storms being nothing, but he'll find there is a great deal of danger on our coast. Ah me! what a venturesome life a sailor's is! when we marry, I hope he'll be able to stop ashore; for the whistling of the wind will always set me a trembling for my true-hearted sailor.

SCENE IV.—*The beach—violent storm—thunder and lightning.*

*Enter STERNHOLD and CAPIAS.*

*Stern* The storm is terrible—how the wind roars!

*Old C* Yes; come on—come on.

*Stern* You tremble.

*Old C* I do—I do. We have just done a foul deed—the boy, Robin, is imprisoned—innocently imprisoned; and—*[A loud peal of thunder.]* Come on, I say.

*Stern* I look with wonder.

*Old C* On what?

*Stern* Thy abject fear.

*Old C* I cannot help it. Hark! some one approaches.

*Stern* Let's observe. [*They retire.*]

*Enter* JACK SPRY and SAILORS, with NIPPERKIN.

*Jack* My dear eyes, ain't it blowing great guns? See, see the poor craft, how she's laboring against the storm! [*Music.—The vessel is seen in great distress—thunder and lightning—she passes across—a crash is heard.*] Ha! she has split on a rock; come on, boys, and assist—the life-boat! the life-boat!

[*They rush off—STERNHOLD and CAPIAS advance.*]

*Stern* Why, how is this? but now you were in a hurry to go home—why desire to linger here?

*Old C* A vessel is wrecked yonder—something may drift ashore that may prove valuable—never give a chance away.

*Stern* [*Aside.*] Grasping old scoundrel!

[*Music.—The life-boat appears with JACK SPRY, REDBELT, and SAILORS.*]

*Jack* Now, lads, the ropes—the ropes! assist there.

[*They throw the ropes ashore—STERNHOLD and CAPIAS seize them, and help to drag the boat towards land—REDBELT leaps ashore, rushes to the front, and falls on his knees.*]

*Red* Thank Heaven! I once more tread on my own native land. O ecstasy of thought! O boundless joy! The slave who receives his freedom feels not more rapture than I do now! And as the tempest rages, bear my delight o'er all the earth upon its stormy pinions—let the ears of my darling son catch the glad tidings, that he may smile again! Ten thousand thanks to all around; the outcast Redbelt, in a transport of joy, bids you accept his thanks.

*Stern* Redbelt! can it be?

*Old C* [*Aside.*] I'm thunderstruck.

*Jack* Redbelt, did you say? Is your son's name Robin?

*Red* It is.

*Jack* Damn it; the very lad I've been fathering, aint it, ould Nipperkin?

*Nip* Even so.

*Jack* Hollo! here, if I mistake not, are your persecutors.

[*Pointing to STERNHOLD and CAPIAS.*]

*Red* Sternhold! villain!

[*Seizing him.*]

*Stern* Off, off, thou robber!

*Red* Liar!

[*They struggle.*]

*Jack* [*To CAPIAS.*] Come, ould dog-fish, confess all.

*Old C* I wcn't.

*Jack* [*Seizing him.*] Then damme, I'll scuttle you.

*Old C* O murder—murder!

*Enter* JEREMIAH.

*Jer* Hollo, old master, how are you off for bumps? give it him—give it him!

*Red* Wretch! thus I trample on thee!

[*He having thrown STERNHOLD to the ground, stands proudly over him—JACK SPRY be its OLD CAPIAS, who cries, "Murder!"—the SAILORS laugh, and Curtain drops.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Rocky view near the beach.*

*Enter OLD CAPIAS and JEREMIAH, L.*

*Jer* I say, it's a shame, a great shame, for you to go about like an old dragon as you are, to ensnare and destroy the innocent and virtuous—how are you off for feeling? there's poor Robin, for instance, whom you have accused of *robbing*; is he not shut up in a prison, although as guiltless as I am? how are you off for the milk of human kindness?

*Old C* Silence, sirrah! darest thou talk to me thus!

*Jer* I've not half done with you yet; I was about to observe, that old age is creeping on you apace; now when you are laid up with gout and rheumatism, not able to move from your chair without assistance, what will your feelings be when you think of by-gone days? Imagination will picture to you all your victims whom you have tortured—grim specters will dance before your eyes—your heart will swell almost to bursting—your blood will be on fire—then how are you off for consolation?

[*CAPIAS seizes him.*

*Old C* Villain! cease to prattle thus, or I'll tear thee piecemeal!

*Jer* That's right, go on! add another sin to the list—commit murder, do; oh, you old wretch! mind what you are about now; let me go, or 'pon my life I'll kick you.

*Old C* Pshaw! fool!

*Jer* Mind, I'm no longer your servant; I discharge you—I disclaim all connection with you; I'll go and tell all I know about poor Robin—I'll prove his innocence and your guilt—I'll—

*Old C* Stay, Jeremiah, stay; here's a guinea for you.

*Jer* 'Tis Old Nick's money—I'll not touch it—I'll warrant 'twould burn a hole in my pocket.

[*REDBELT appears at the back.*

*Old C* Silly fellow, take it.

*Jer* Will you set poor Robin at liberty then, and publish his innocence?

*Old C* No, no.

*Jer* You know he is innocent.

*Old C* He would have robbed me!

*REDBELT rushing forward.*

*Red* Liar!

*Old C* Ha!

*Jer* Give it him; he's got no freinds!

*Red* Oh, monster! oh man with a stony heart! how hast thou persecuted me and mine! what have I suffered through thy villainy! driven from my native country to wander o'er the earth a beggar—an outcast! Many a day have I gone without food: many a day have the pangs of hunger driven me forth to acts of desperation; and now I return almost broken-hearted to my native land, I find *my poor boy* in prison on a charge of robbery.—Is he not innocent?

*Old C* No.

*Jer* I say, yes; I'll go and prove his innocence. [*Exit JEREMIAH.*]

*Red* Impostor! cheat! 'tis some act of treachery which thou hast been guilty of; I know thee for a villain—wilt thou not set him free?

*Old C* Never.

*Red* [*Seizing him.*] Then mark me, fiend, I have visited this spot for the sole purpose of beholding my poor boy; I would relate to him his father's wrongs, that he might some day avenge them—set him free then; I am desperate, most desperate! set him free, I say, or, by the heaven above us, I'll have thy heart's best blood!

*Old C* Help! help! murder!

*Red* Give him freedom!

*Old C* Help! help!

*Enter STERNHOLD.*

*Stern* Hold, ruffian!

*Red.* Never! even in death, I'll grasp him thus.

*Stern* [*Presenting pistol*] Hold off, or this moment is your last.

[*JACK SPRY rushes on and snatches the pistol from STERNHOLD.*]

*Jack* Oh, is it tho'?—it strikes me that you lie; and if you don't sheer off, damme, but you shall lie as flat as a flounder; oh, it's true, and no gammon.

*Old C* You shall repent this conduct; you have put me in bodily fear.

*Stern* And I'll go and denounce thee, robber!

[*Tb Red.*]

*Jack* You may go to the devil; you will, sooner or later, I know

*Stern* I'll have a sweet revenge, be sure on't.

[*Exit R.*]

*Old C* And so will I.

*Jack* [*Bonneting him.*] So you shall; ha, ha, ha! damme, I'll extinguish you—take that, and that!

[*Beats him off.*]

*Red* Gracious heavens! what will become of me? Why am I thus persecuted?

*Jack* Why, because you're a good man; for, d'y'e see the more you suffer in this 'ere world, the more you'll enjoy your berth in the next. Now those two swabs go on like piratical scoundrels, and enjoy all the mischief they can make; but my precious eyes, when they go below, as surely they will, won't their weather-beaten hides crackle? Shiver me, but roast pork will be nothing to it!

*Red* Oh, could I but see my boy, my dear Robin, I'd bear him off with me, and never again visit this land: no, I'd bid adieu to it for ever, and end my days on some foreign shore.

*Jack* A thought strikes me; the poor lad is now in what they call the strong room—now, I know the strong room is not very strong; what if I climb upon the roof, (for I can climb like a monkey), make a great hole, and pull him up like a tar-bucket?

*Red* 'Tis a desperate effort.

*Jack* I know it is; and I dare say I shall find myself in limbo for it: but it's a good cause, and you know they can't eat us; what if they give me a round dozen, I can bear it—oh, Jack's the lad that never sticks at trifles.—Come, no time must be lost—now cheer up.

*Red* I will endeavor to be cheerful—but oh, my heart aches sadly.

*Jack* But in the turning of a wave, joy may come to you. I'm all



agog for the undertaking ; poor little craft, how pleased he'll be to see his father ; I meant to have fathered him myself if you hadn't arrived ; but come, let's to the strong room, and it must be strong indeed, if Jack Spry can't snatch from the sharks of the law a poor little persecuted cherub. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The interior of the Strong-room with grated window—roof practicable.*

JEREMIAH and MISS NANCY discovered below—ROBIN at the window.

*Jer* Well, but I hope they don't starve you, Robin ; tell me, how are you off for grub ?

*Robin* I only get bread and water.

*Nancy* Oh dear, poor Robin ! only bread and water ! I wish I could get at you, I'd bring you a nice seedy cake.

*Robin* Alas ! I am very cold and cheerless ; I shall never be at rest till I am laid in my grave.

*Jer* Do not despair, your father is at hand ; he, perchance, may see you righted.

*Robin* My father here ? Oh, joy beyond expression ! Yes, he will see me righted ; he'll never know a moment's peace until he sets me free.

*Nancy* I'm sure I shall never know a moment's peace until you are out of that nasty dark dungeon ; now you do look, indeed, like a Robin Redbreast in a cage ; sweet little dickey bird !

*Jer* I shall be a witness in your favor, my little cock, and I doubt not but all will soon be well. Oh ! I'll show that lawyer up in prime style, and the villain Sternhold, too ; then how will they be off for compassion ?

*Nancy* I should like to give them both a dose of poison, the brutes.

*Jer* Come, Miss Nancy, let's go home to your father ;—the trial will come on to-morrow, then, Robin, if my rhetoric fail me not, I'll gain your liberty—come, Miss Nancy.

*Nancy* Good bye, dear Robin.

[*Exeunt* B.]

*Robin* Liberty ! oh, blessed word ! now I can feel for the poor little linnet, that I caged the other day ; when I beheld him flutter against the wires, I did not reflect or think of his heart's pangs ; I smiled at his gestures when I should have wept ; adversity teaches us to feel for others, and this imprisonment of mine, will, I hope, be a useful lesson to me, and make me grow up a good and an honest man !

*Enter JACK SPRY and REDBELT, L.*

*Jack* There, my good friend, behold your son.

*Robin* Father !

*Red* My son ! oh, for a giant's strength, to wrench those iron bars ! To meet thee thus, after so long an absence ! Curse on the treacherous heads that brought thee to it—curse on the tyrants !

*Jack* Avast ! avast ! waste no time in words—stand you aloof, and leave all to me—I've promised to set him free, and you shall see him—I'll do it ; hide you beyond yon hedge for a while—so gently, gently. [*Music—REDBELT cautiously hides—JACK takes out a rope and a*]

*large knife, he then mounts on the roof and cuts an aperture through it—he lowers a rope to ROBIN.] Now, my little cockle-shell, hold that, and all's right as a trivet. [ROBIN seizes the end of the rope and succeeds in getting on the roof—JACK brings him down and rushes forward with him, exclaiming, Victory, victory! he is free, free! father, receive your child.*

REDBELT advances.

My boy, my persecuted boy!

*Enter CAPIAS, STERNHOLD, and two officers.*

*Stern* What do I see, the boy at liberty? treachery! treachery! seize them! *[The officers seize the boy.]*

*Robin* Oh, my father!

*Stern* Aye, you will repent this—who can have done this deed—who effected his escape?

*Jack* If you must know, old blubberchops, I did it.

*Stern* Away with the boy; alarm the village—our prison has been broken.

*Red* Stay! persecute him no farther, he is innocent—vent all your spleen on me—I'll yield myself to justice—why trample on a poor weak boy? have you not my frame, more noble, still unbent, and unbroken? can you hurt such a piece of heaven's handiwork as that trembling youth? can you not rend these sinews with a nod? man! if you are one, listen to the pleadings of a father: that child is my joy, my hope, my pride! give him back to me—I ask no more. Oh, let your hearts melt in tenderness; see, he weeps; command those men to take their base hands from him—they grasp his tender flesh too firmly—oh, heed me; on my knees, I sue to you—give him back to me, and we will leave this country, and never trouble you more.

*Capias* It must not be.

*Jack* Hold your tongue, old dog fish.

*Stern* You plead in vain; you have offended the law, and I am resolved that punishment shall await you.

*Jack* Then, as the old saying is, we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; so here goes to action.

*Enter POLLY with a large bludgeon.*

*Polly* That's right, Jack; here's a weapon to begin with.

*Jack* Thank'e Polly; now come on, you swabs.

*[Music. JACK rushes on the OFFICERS—REDBELT seizes STERNHOLD, and a violent scuffle ensues—POLLY runs at old CAPIAS, and beats him round the stage—ROBIN is seen to make his escape, and the scene changes.]*

SCENE III.—A room in "The Lord Nelson."

*Enter NIPPERKIN, MISS NANCY, and JEREMIAH.*

*Nip* Gently, and softly; I cannot understand you; one speak at a time—what is it you want?

*Jer* Why, Mr. Nipperkin, the fact is, I have resigned my situation

with old Caplas : I am alone in the world—but I wish to meet with a female helpmate, and unite myself in the holy bonds of wedlock.

*Nancy* Forshame, Jeremiah ; how can you talk in that way, whilst poor Robin's a prisoner.

*Jer* Oh, Miss Nancy ! how are you off for love ?

*Nancy* In my heart, I have plenty —

*Jer* Oh, Miss Nancy !

*Nancy* For poor Robin.

*Jer* Yes, but he's such a little fellow—a mere boy : now look at me ; here's something substantial.

*Nip* Yes, you're a good portly fellow.

*Jer* Not much of the living skeleton, is there ? come, now, Miss Nancy, beam kindly on me—how are you off for good nature ?

*Nancy* Really, Mr Jeremiah, you are too hurrisome ; but I shall leave it to my father.

*Nip* No, I'll never be mixed up in any love affair ; it too frequently occurs that the harsh dictates of parents entail misery on their offsprings, in matrimonial matters. Make your own election ; if Jeremiah loves you, and you love him, why have him, by all means.

*Nancy* Why, father, he never told me that he loved me till to-day.

*Jer* Oh, Miss Nancy, how can you say so ? don't you remember about fourteen months ago, during the fair, I offered you six pen'orth of sweet-meats ; and said, at the same time, how are you off for sweethearts ?

*Nancy* No, I cannot, indeed.

*Jer* Why, here it is down, in my memorandums. [*Takes out book, reads.*] "*Mem.*—on Wednesday afternoon, about half past three, August 7, 1800—gave to Miss Nancy Nipperkin, six pen'orth of sweet-meats, and told her at the same time that I loved her." Here it is in black and white.

*Nancy* Oh, I remember ! and I turned up my nose at you.

*Jer* You did, and called me a scrubby boy ; now, how are you off for ill natured remarks ?

*Nip* I'll tell you what, Jeremiah ; wait but a few months longer, and I think she'll be inclined to listen to you ; first let's see what Robin's fate will be.

*Jer* Well, but Mr. Nipperkin, your daughter's affections for Robin is not that of matrimonial love, I should hope ; more out of friendship, eh ?

*Nip* I should think so.

*Jer* So should I ; or how are you off for men ?

*Enter JACK SPRY and POLLY, L.*

*Jack* Where is he, my hearties ? where is he stowed away ? come, let go your jawing tackle, and tell me all.

*All* Where is who ?

*Jack* Why Robin, to be sure.

*All* He is not here.

*Jack* Not here ! you don't say so. Damn it, Polly, here's a mistake ; why, where can he have cut and run to ?

*Polly* O dear ! perhaps he's drowned himself.

*Jack* Drowned ! nonsense ; he would not do that.

*Nancy* I thought you went to rescue him.

*Jack* So we did, and a regular pitch battle we had ; but in the scuffle he mizzled ; I could ha' sworn he had come here ; but it's no use pattering, find him we must—arm yourselves with pitchforks, bludgeons, and marlinspikes ; come, young and old, great and small, little and tall, we must all go—I expect another jolly good row.

*Jer* I'll arm myself with a red hot poker, and woe betide the person who comes in contact with it.

*Polly* And I'll arm myself with the frying-pan, and if I meet old Capias, I'll beat him as flat as a pan-cake.

*All* We'll all arm ourselves—all, all !

*Jack* Come along, then ; I'll be your admiral, I'll lead you on ; strike heartily, my—boys, I was going to say—but tars, I will say ; come on, and, as the man in the play says, " victory will sit 'pon our helms"—come, come, come ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The borders of a forest—A large blighted oak in center—thunder and lightning.*

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob* Gracious heaven ! whither shall I wander ? my heart sinks within me ; fear and fatigue now weigh me down to the earth ; this storm is terrible, and night's dark pinions gather fast around me ; would I were dead ! for to live thus is agony insupportable—hark ! some one approaches ; my enemies I doubt not—where shall I hide ? ha ! yon tree—[*He ascends the tree.*] Oh, gracious heavens ! the trunk is rotten, my footing weak—I sink, I am lost !

[*He sinks into the hollow trunk.*]

*Enter* STERNHOLD and OFFICERS, L.

*Stern* He must have passed this way ; come on, I'll follow him like a blood-hound ; [*Lightning*] by the lightning's glare we may find him—pursue, pursue ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* REDBELT L.

*Red* They have him not, poor timid boy ; still he eludes their vigilance—great Heaven, before you now I kneel ; now, whilst the angry thunder rolls and vivid lightnings flash ! hear, oh hear, a broken hearted father—if I have done thee wrong, [as well thou knowest all mortal flesh is sin] pray pardon me ; restore my darling boy to me, and in some solitary spot we'll end our days devotedly to thee. [*A loud peal of thunder is heard—a thunderbolt falls and splits the tree with a crash, and ROBIN is discovered almost exhausted.*] My prayer is heard—my boy's restored to me ; thanks, bounteous heaven, thanks ! thanks !

[*Music.—He brings ROBIN forward—they both kneel—a glare of red fire is kept up till the scene closes.*]

SCENE V.—*A landscape.**Enter STERNHOLD and CAPIAS, with the OFFICERS.**Stern* Come on, come on, old dotard!*Old C* I cannot, 'tis too much for me; my nature won't bear it—I lack rest,*Stern* Rest? pshaw! what rest can you expect till the boy's secured?*Old C* I always go to bed at eight; wait till to-morrow—I faint, absolutely faint.*Stern* Devil, come on!*Enter JACK SPRY, JEREMIAH, NANCY, and POLLY, all armed.**Jack* Here's the whole fleet on 'em; now, you tarnation set of Buccaneers, I've just one question to ax you, afore we goes to action; for d'ye see, we are all prepared to smash the whole crew on you, ain't we Polly?*Polly* That we are, Jack; and I'll fight like a man.*Jer* And I like a Salamander; look here. [*Shows red hot poker.*] How are you off for burns? I say, old Capias, "Burn's Justice."*Nancy* And I can scratch like a good one.*Jack* Avast, avast! let's come to the pint at once. The question I would ask is this—Are you content to leave unmolested poor Redbelt and his son? if you are, I forgive you, and you shall depart without being battered to pieces; if not, say the word, and here goes to work like a bull in a china shop.*Stern* Then take your answer from me; I will not eat, or drink, or sleep, until I have placed them both in prison.*Jack* Oh! is it so? then lay on, boys and women; give it them, and show no quarter.*Old C* Oh! mercy, mercy!*Jack* Not a ha'p'orth; go it, go it.*[A scuffle takes place—CAPIAS, STERNHOLD, and OFFICERS are beaten off—all exeunt save JACK and POLLY.]**Polly* O deary me, how tired I am with striking!*Jack* Bravo, Polly, bravo! I'll make you Lord High Admiral! you fought like a Briton—you are fit to be the wife of Jack Spry.*Polly* In the cause of innocence I can boldly dare.*Jack* I say, what daring young devils our babbies will be! We'll send 'em all to sea to fight their country's battles.*Polly* But suppose they should be all girls?*Jack* Why, then we'll make female sailors of 'em. I'm convinced, Polly, there's many a noble heart beats within the bosoms of women; who, if their courage were tried, would put to shame our sex in deeds of intrepidity. But let's pray for them all to be boys: I should like to have as many as would man a seventy-four.*Polly* La, Jack, what a large table we should want to dine upon; and what a lot of plates; and deary me, what a quantity of victuals!*Jack* Ah, but then, the prize-money they'd get! But come, it's

o' no use pattering here in the dark; let's go to old Nipperkin's, and see whether they've gained any news of poor Robin—once settle their business, you and I'll get spliced, Polly. Oh! bless your beautiful phiz, you are lovelier nor wax-work. Heave ahead, my darling. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*A bed-room in "The Lord Nelson," with a bed in one corner—a practicable window at the back.*

*Enter NIPPERKIN, REDBELT, and ROBIN—NIPPERKIN places a light on the table.*

*Nip* I am glad to find you have recovered your son, my dear old friend; here you may rest until to-morrow, then I should advise you to leave these shores, for nought but sorrow and trouble await you. Good night.

*Red* Good night. Once more, then, my son, we are alone—alone in this ruthless world, surrounded by enemies, our good name destroyed—our every hope blighted. This, Robin, is my work.

*Robin* Yours, my dear father?

*Red* Mine. Listen to me; when I first married, my home was dear to me—a blissful scene presented itself—and my heart was blithe. I went to London, (carse on the fatal hour!) there I became acquainted with a nest of gamblers—men whose minds were hardened—whose bosoms flint. I became enamored with the fatal vice—for fatal it is indeed; yet there is a fascination about it, which draws you madly on, and you see not your error until too late; and so it was with me. I returned here to my native home with vicious habits—gaming was my idol. Sternhold saw my weakness, and lured me still deeper; with him I lost all—yes, ruined my fair hopes. My wife died broken-hearted—I was accused of robbery, though innocent, my boy—yes, by Heaven, innocent! and was obliged to fly the country.

*Robin* As we must now do.

*Red* True: but what am I to say to thee, my child, for hurling this ruin on thee? what atonement can I make? Grant we fly to foreign shores, what is our fate? a life of beggary—to be spurned, perhaps, from door to door! the sport of idle boys. O agony of thought! life will be hell to us—'twill drive me mad.

*Robin* No, father, no; let us bear with resignation all that may be inflicted on us. I'll never upbraid you; no, I'll sooth your sorrows; I'll gain food for you, and endeavor to make your latter days most happy.

*Red* There's no happiness in store for me, my child; no, we must die, even now.

*Robin* Die!

*Red* Yes, by steel or poison—behold! [Produces a knife and vial.]

*Robin* You cannot mean it, father.

*Red* I do, by Heaven! 'twill end our miseries.

*Robin* No, 'twill increase them.

*Red* How?

*Robin* There is an hereafter.

*Red* Ha!

*Robin* And remember the words, "Thou shalt do no murder."

*Red* My boy, my noble boy, I will live! yes, come what may, I will live! Hence, fatal ministers! [*Throws away knife and vial.*] Come to my heart, my child, I've still a blessing in thee.

*Robin* I will prove a blessing to you, father; but sleep weighs my eyelids—I would fain rest.

*Red* Thou shalt on yonder couch rest thy weary limbs.

[*Music*—*ROBIN kneels—his father blesses him, and he retires to bed—REDBELT watches him, and at length, overcome by his feelings, rushes out—presently the window is opened, and STERNHOLD appears—finding all quiet, he enters, followed by OLD CAPIAS.*

*Stern* All's right—no fear, old man; I have sworn it he—dies!

*Old C* Hold, for mercy's sake!

*Stern* Away!

[*As STERNHOLD goes to stab ROBIN, JACK SPRY, who has been observing all from the window, fires, and shoots OLD CAPIAS—STERNHOLD, alarmed, leaps through the window—JACK is seen to pursue him.*

*Robin* [*Starting.*] What means all this!

*Old C* O, I am slain!

*REDBELT, NIPPERKIN, and MISS NANCY enter, with lights.*

*Red* Why this intrusion?

*Old C* You here? listen to me—listen all. Redbelt and his son are innocent. All that Sternhold possesses is theirs; I say it with my dying breath. Lead me hence—pardon, pardon!

[*NIPPERKIN bears him off L.*

*Red* Then there's happiness yet in store for me, my son.

*JEREMIAH appears at window.*

*Jer* Oh, hasten, hasten! the villain Sternhold has fled, Jack Spry pursues him with all might. Come, all of you, and assist him—how are you off for speed? Come, come. [*All exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Practicable rocks on each side of the stage—water in c.*

[*Music.*—*STERNHOLD rushes on, followed by JACK SPRY—he runs up rocks, JACK hurries after him, and when they get to the summit they struggle—STERNHOLD and JACK form the picture of the death struggle, and at length STERNHOLD is hurled into the waters beneath—REDBELT, ROBIN, &c., enter—a shout of general joy, and curtain drops.*

THE END.

**FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.**

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**MUCH ADO ABOUT****A****MERCHANT OF VENICE****FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT—A LONG WAY.**

Scenery from sketches taken on the spot, or nearer; Costumes copied from the Fashion Plates of the Period; Music by the most celebrated composers, unblushingly appropriated, disconnected and placed in unaccustomed positions; Tableaux and Incidental Choregraphics.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1838, by JOHN BROUGHAM, Esq., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

[*Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice.*]

*Shylock*.—A shamefully ill-used and persecuted old Hebrew gentleman, in fact, an Israelite of other days, whose character was darkened by his Christian contemporaries simply to conceal their own nefarious transactions, victimized, as he was, by sundry unjustifiable confidence operations.....Mr. Brougham.

*Lorenzo*.—A fast young Venetian swell, who swindles Shylock out of his duck of a daughter, and his ducats as well, and by so doing ultimately catches Jesse.....Miss Effie Germon.

*Bassanio*.—Another interesting youth without an atom of principle, but being anatomically attractive, secures a wealthy heiress in a very tricky kind of a way.....Miss Eliza Newton.

*Antonio*.—The gay and sportive Merchant of Venice, who narrowly escapes venisection at the hands of Shylock, who has a lien upon his chest.....Mr. A. Matthison.

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Mr. C. Hale.

*Gratiano*.—A remarkably stylish serving gentleman, out of livery, attached provisionally to Bassanio, being on board wages.  
Miss A. Firman.

*Launcelot*.—Shylock's man of all work, and only domestic; a hungry hack discontented with his fare.....Miss E. Allen.

*Chief Justice* of the high old Court of Venice, with a heavy charge, which he discharges at the Jury.....Mr. Geo. Stoddart.

*Associated Judges* of mixed nationality.....Messrs. Gosli & Crosby.

*Page to Portia*.—A patent annunciator.....Miss Clara Fisher.

*The Prince of Arragon*.—An arrogant individual, and a suitor to Portia, who does not suit her.....Mr. E. Edmonds.

*King Theodore of Abyssinia*.—The adorer of Portia, also, who is likewise referred to the door.....Mr. F. Gough.

*Crier of the Court*.—An important, imported functionary, Mr. J. Hurley.

*Policeman of the Period*.—An intrusive Official.....Mr. Jones.

*Portia*.—A well portioned heiress, with a tendency towards the tender passion and practical conundrums.....Mrs. J. J. Prior.

*Jessica*.—The Jew's undutiful daughter, who makes a jubilee of her Sire's sorrows, and gives a further proof that love laughs at shylocksmiths.....Mrs. L. Eckhardt.

*Verissa*.—Portia's Irish hand-maid, distressingly in love; evidently a Bridget of Sighs.....Miss E. Ames.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Masqueraders, Men-at-Arms and other  
Mediæval Personages.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT A MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Venice.* LORENZO, BASSANIO and others discovered.

### OPENING CHOROUS.

Merry maskers, merry maskers,  
Come and join the festive dance;  
We're the newest  
And the bluest  
That originate in France.  
Joys inviting,  
Fun exciting  
As the rosy hours advance,  
Will be sounding  
And abounding  
At the jolly Liederkrantz.  
Come with the throng, then,  
Haste along, then,  
To the joyous Liederkrantz.

*Lorenzo* Thanks for your minstrelsy, harmonious friends,  
For your amenity I'll make amends;  
Anon, amidst the mazes of the dance  
I'll see your leader at the Liederkrantz.

[Repeat chorus, and exeunt singing.]

*Bassanio* It's strange that your adored one doesn't show.  
She must be deaf as a door nail.

*Lor* That's so!

In yonder attic room, it isn't high,  
The precious jewel of my life doth lie.

*Bas* The jew ill, say you, is her father sick  
And in yon attic room lies rheumatic?

*Lor* Now, see, Bassanio—

*Bas* No, see bass am I,  
In Fulton Street to be hung out to dry?

*Lor* I'm serious.

*Bas* You are, *night blooming*, too.  
 To this *Jew's* daughter you must bid adieu;  
 I have no patience with such spooney talk.  
*Lor* He jests at cigars who never learnt to smoke.  
 One effort more let's make to gain her ear.

## MILKMAN'S SONG.—(Original.)

*Lorenzo.*

Sweet Jessica, come down, it's early in the morning, love.  
 Don't you hear the housemaid taking in the cream?  
 The Sun upon the house-tops, the city is adorning, love.  
 Wake up from your slumbers for it's later than you dream.  
 Rise up from your downy couch and come down to your only love  
 Beaming like a bright ray, his gloomy breast to cheer.  
 While you are out of sight he is ever sad and lonely, love.  
 Wake up from your slumbers then, and banish every fear.  
     Mieau! Mieau!  
 That's the way the milkman sings  
     Mieau! Mieau!  
 At the break of day,  
     Mieau! Mieau!  
 When the breakfast cream he brings  
     Mieau!  
 At the break of day.

Sweet Jessica, rise up, don't you hear the swallows twittering  
 Around the little bird hotels, hopping from each nest?  
 With the golden glow of day all the pinnacles are glittering,  
 And so you see, my dove should be awake like all the rest.  
 Adown the busy streets crowded railway cars are lumbering,  
 Taking early business men to office or to store;  
 So Jessica wake up, and no longer there be slumbering,  
 The poor, impatient dairyman is shouting at your door.

[*Chorus as before.*]

*Lor* There's the Jew's porter, clerk and *vale*, he, our friend,  
 Might very *valleyable* counsel lend.

*Bas* The porter, well, I can't say that he's stout,  
 He looks as if he'd just come down the spout.

*Lor* [*Taking out purse.*] For his assistance *greenbacks* will I pay.

*Bas* You're *green*, my youthful friend; that's not the way.

To *tender* open bribery's all stuff;

To *tender* consciences it's rather rough.

Like an old lobby agent use your pile,

And *pass* your *bills* in legislative style.

*Lor* I'll ask him to serve me. If he engages,

*Promise* to pay the fellow stunning wages.

He comes.

*Enter LAUNCELOT, from house, L. 2 B.*

## PITIFUL PLAINT.—(Recitativo.)

*Launcelot.*

Oh, my! Oh, my! this place of mine grows harder,  
 There's not *an atom* left in the old *hog's larder*.  
 If I stay longer here, assuredly,  
 I'll be anatomized before I die:  
 The commissariat here uncommon *lax* is  
 And my internal revenue severely *taxes*.

ARIA.—“*L' Eliser d' Amore.*”

I am starving! I am starving!  
 Like a politician out  
 Of an office, who the scoff is,  
 Of the “*ins*” that are about,  
 I'd cut away without a doubt;  
 But, really, I don't mean  
 To throw the dirty water out  
 Before I can get clean.

TRIO.—LAUNCELOT, LORENZO AND BASSANIO.

*Lorenzo and Bassanio.*

Better service can we offer,  
 For you couldn't much have worse,  
 If you'll leave this stingy duffer  
 And come live along with us.

*Launcelot.*

Sirs, your service I will enter  
 Without any more ado,  
 So from the Jew I'll canter  
 And go live along with you.

[*At end of trio, LORENZO and BASSANIO push LAUNCELOT off into house.*]

*Bas* Pshaw, none so deaf as those who will not hear.  
 Her pop will give you *Jessie* if you stay.

*Lor* The moment he does that, I'll go away.  
 My heart with *pain* a *stone* lies in my breast.

*Bas* Then fling one up at her's, and break her rest.

*Lor* Ah! no, my *Jessie* sleeps, that's very clear.  
 Well, since with *music's tone* we can't surprise her,  
 We'll with a paving *stone* macadamize her.

[*Flings stone—crash of glass.*]

*Bas* The ice is broken now, I mean *la glace*,  
 It's all the same in French! And here's the lass.

[*JESSICA appears at balcony.*]

*Jessica* That gentle summons I respond to, quick.  
 I pray you tell me who threw that last brick?

*Lor* 'Twas not a brick ; the brick remains below,  
'Twas I, Lorenzo !

*Jes* What ! Delmonico ?

*Lor* No, your own love, who'll strive till all is blue  
To gain his *duck*.

*Bas* Aye, and her *ducats* too !

*Jes* Seductive gentile whom all else above  
Papa detests, and therefore I should love.

*Lor* Why does he hate a fellow ?

*Jes* I can't tell ;

Because you're such a darling little swell ;  
But its such bliss for me to hear you speak,  
And rain down kisses on your head.

*Bas* That's cheek !

*Jes* Why are we parted thus ? Oh, would that I  
Could jump into your arms ; but it's too high.

*Lor* I'd be beside thee, love, thy heart to soothe ;  
If I could only climb like Edwin Booth.

To my *Jewess* I could as nimbly get  
As ever Romeo got to his Juliet.

*Jes* Oh ! you nice, dear, delightful little man,  
For you I'll *steal* away.

*Lor* Steal all you can,  
And bring the plunder with you, there's a dear.

*Jes* I can't, for pop's asleep upon the stair.

*Bas* Couldn't you pop him over them, and let him drop,  
And raise a loan on him in his pop-shop ?

*Lor* If we could only find a way to lure him out.

*Bas* Stay, have you anything that you could spout ?

*Lor* Nary a thing.

[ANTONIO sings without, R. H. 2 E., part of the "*MISERERE*."

*Lor* Who's that ?

*Bas* Antonio !

*Lor* Gambling, that's odd !

*Bas* He's a gone cotton broker.

*Lor* Yes, a busted pod !

*Enter* ANTONIO, R. H. 2 E.

*Antonio* Cleaned out, gone in, dead broke, and up a tree !

*Lor* What, floored again, Antonio ?

*Ant* Yes sirree !

I'm on the borrow.

*Lor* And I'm on the make.

*Ant* Do you know where a chap can raise a stake ?

*Lor* Why, at the butcher's, I presume.

*Ant* And drovers' thanks.

I don't do business with those kind of banks !

DOUBLE DUET.—“*I know a bank.*”

ANTONIO, LORENZO, BASSANIO AND JESSICA.

*Antonio.*

I know a bank where I am sure to win,

*Lorenzo, Bassanio and Jessica.*

He knows, &c.

*Antonio.*

If I have luck, a jolly lot of tin.

*Lorenzo, Bassanio and Jessica.*

If he, &c.

*Antonio.*

There sits the dealer keen ;

There sits sometimes all the night

Counting the chips out until the broad daylight.

I know a bank, &c.

*Ant* Oh ! if I only had a small advance ;  
If it were but a fifty.

*Bas* Here's your chance ;  
Old Shylock will shell out as much as that.

*Ant* He ! the old skinflint ! what, without collat ?

*Bas* Have you no personal, or real ?

*Ant* Not even a Charles Surface flower-pot.  
Nothing to raise a stake from, this child owns,  
Except the flesh that covers his poor bones.

*Lor* Then why not let him have a lien on that ;  
You wouldn't miss it if you should get fat.  
All flesh is grass, you know, the sages say—  
It's only mortgaging a load of hay !

*Bas* My gracious me, to go by such a measure.  
Oh, wouldn't a grass widow be a treasure ?

*Ant* Faith, the idea's mavelously droll,  
To pawn my flesh is good, upon my soul !

*Bas* I'll guarantee he'll do it just for fun,  
You've urgent need, and so we'll urge him on.

[*Knocks at door of house.*]

*Jes* That's waked pa up, I know, by that loud snore ;  
And Launcelot is going to the door.

*Bas* Meanwhile I think you'd best absquatulate,  
While I the loan alone negotiate.

*Jes* Ask him to supper.

*Bas* What's his weakness, say ?

*Jes* Oh, anything for which he doesn't pay !

[*Exit BASSANIO, 2 R. L.*]

*Lor* Load yourself well.

*Jes* With everything that's portable.

*Lor* But take no bonds unless they are convertible.  
 No matter how much *booty* you may bag  
 I'll have a butcher's cart here for the swag.

*Jes* Lorenzo, dearest, you must cut along.  
 They're coming out—

*And* I hope they'll come out strong.

[LORENZO and ANTONIO *exunt*, B. II., and JESSICA *into the house*.

*Enter* BASSANIO and SHYLOCK, *from house*.

*Shylock* Antonio wants a fifty spot, eh? well!

*Bas* He's good for fifty, ain't he?

*Shy* I can't tell.

If I credited the police report—

It's very doubtful. Isn't he a sport?

I mean, ma tear, he likes a little game.

*Bas* He operates on Wall Street.

*Shy* Well, it's all the same.

*Bas* You recollect him, don't you?

*Shy* Yes, ma tear,

I have some recollection of him, here,  
 In uncollected bills. Oh, he's a man of note.

I wonder if he stole my overcoat?

Many's the time, sir, when we've chanced to meet

He's treated me most shameful on the street.

Told me that stocks were up when they were down;

Made me the laughing stock of all the town;

Gave me nice points on which to try my luck,

And laughed like Lucifer when I was stuck;

Put, unawares, pork pies upon my seat,

Or filled my pockets chock full of pig's feet;

Invited me to drink with many a lot

Of loafers, and left me to pay the shot;

Made me, in short, a jest to all who'd come,

And chaffed me worse than Travers or Jerome.

*Bas* That was all fun, and nothing has to do

With what I've come about—

*Shy* That's very true;

But don't you think, ma tear, it would have been more funny

If he hadn't to send to me to borrow money.

I tell you what it is, those Wall Street folks

Should think of that sometimes, when making jokes.

*Bas* You'll lend it to him, Shylock, won't you?

*Shy* Well,

Between you and me, no, I don't think I *shell*.

*Bas* Shell out, why of your *tin* be so *tenacious*?

*Shy* I can't, I really can't; So help me gracious!

*Bas* You must!

*Shy* I shant!

*Bas* Why not?

*Shy* I'll tell you why—  
 Wall Street can't hold us both ; so he or I  
 Must go to the Wall ; for many a time, and oft,  
 At me, and at my calling he has scoffed.  
 Oh ! for himself he's brewed a fine Egg-nog,  
 Which he must drink ; he called me Hebrew dog !  
 A dog ! strange brute to borrow from, my friend ;  
 I knew not dogs had anything to lend.  
 I may be wrong, but it occurs to me  
 Curs know but little of the currency.  
 Yet that's not all ; I could forgive each jibe,  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
 Aye, every insolence without a groan,  
 If he had let my Synagogue alone,  
 But at our ancient faith he mocked and jeered,  
 Made *barberous* jokes upon my Jewish beard ;  
 Dangled forbidden meats before my nose,  
 And voided his rheum upon my Sunday clothes,  
 Well and well, well, it's proper, I suppose,  
 Being a *Jew* I must endure it all ;  
 And say, good Christian gentleman, you call  
 Me dog, and soil with vile tobacco juice  
 My coat, for which, fair sir, pray take the use  
 Of all my goods, my chattels and my cash ;  
 Now take my answer in one word, sir. Bosh !  
*Bas* Come, come, we know that you are ever thrifty,  
 He'll give you back a hundred for your fifty.  
*Shy* He will, on what security, ma tear ?  
*Bas* That which he offers you is rather queer.  
 He says, if he don't fetch the money round,  
 Out of his body you may take a pound  
 Of flesh—  
*Shy* A pound ? that's not enough, all told ;  
 For fifty dollars is ten pounds in gold.  
*Bas* He's *spare*, he couldn't *spare* as much as that.  
*Shy* Well, to be sure, he isn't very fat ;  
 So make the contract out at once.  
*Bas* Nuf ced.  
*[Aside.]* The fools are evidently not all dead.  
*[Aloud.] Jew* you're a Jewell. *[Aside.]* What a jolly sell.  
*[Aloud.]* I'm going to take a dozen on the shell.  
 Will you join me ?  
*Shy* Well, I doesn't care.  
 Where's the cellar ?  
*Bas* Just across the square.  
*Shy* Go, get them open, while I shut up shop,  
 And very quickly after you I'll pop.



DUETT.—“*Nora Creina.*”*Bassanio.*

We shall have a Jew de spres,  
 And before the night is over,  
 Lovers, it appears to me,  
 You'll be off and live in clover,  
 Then we'll sing, right too ral li,  
 Likewise, fol de dol de diddle,  
 Not forgetting right um ti,  
 And also, fol de rol de riddle.

*Shylock.*

I shall have a dozen raw  
 Saddle rocks or else East rivers,  
 And perhaps a lobster's claw;  
 Blessings on the cheerful givers,  
 Then we'll sing right too ral lu  
 Likewise, fol de dol de diddle,  
 Not forgetting right um tu,  
 And also fol de rol de riddle.

[*Exit* *BASSANIO*, R. 1 R.]

*Shy* He little knows how long I have been itching  
 For just this chance that little popinjay to pitch in.  
 Like a hard creditor I'll play my part out;  
 And if he fail to pay me, cut his heart out!  
*Jessica*! I must get her to watch while I'm away  
 And see all safe! Ho, *Jessica*, I say!

*Enter* *JESSICA*, from house, L. 2 R.]

*Jes* Here I am, pa, I'd dropped into a nap.  
*Shy* Art sure you weren't dreaming of some chap?  
*Jes* Papa, how can you? I don't know one.

*Shy* No;

I'm glad to hear it, it is better so.  
 The Liederkrantz takes place to-night.  
 A scene of riot.

*Jes* Liederkrantz, what does that mean?

*Shy* It means a place where our fast youth are flocking  
 To set sobriety at naught.

*Jes* How shocking!*Shy* You don't wish to go there?*Jes* No, indeed,

I have no wish to follow such a lead.

*Shy* Good girl, now listen to me, I'm about to go  
 Eat a few oysters with Bassanio.

*Jes* Bassanio, who is he?*Shy* Well, never mind.

Here are my keys, you know, safe bind, safe find,  
 Lock yourself in, then throw them out to me.  
 You'll never leave me, *Jessie*?

*Jes* No sirree!

## S O N G .

*Shylock.*

If you ever should deceive me  
Any way or anywhere,  
Or for another leave me,  
I would perish in despair,  
For you're dearer unto me  
Than all humanity,  
If from me you should depart  
It would break poor Shylock's heart.

*Shy* I'm forgetting the oysters.

[*Runs out, R. 1 n.*]

*Jes.* He must be awful hungry, I swear!  
He's gone and left his keys, I do declare!

SONG.—“*The Sea.*”

*Jessica.*

The key! the key!  
I have the key!  
And that, quite accidentally,  
Quite accidentally!  
Without a doubt, without a doubt!  
I can let anyone in or out.  
I have the key!  
I have the key!  
And go wherever I wish to be.  
The house above, and the house below,  
And silence wherever I go!  
If Lorenzo should come, and his promise keep,  
His wife I shall be, and that before I sleep.

[*Exit JESSICA, into the house.*]

LORENZO and LAUNCELOT D. of house.

*Lor* The Jew is dished judiciously, and now  
To sing the signal, and then off we go.

Is the coast clear?

[*To LAUNCELOT at L. wing.*]

*Loun* All right.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter all the MASKERS. Music very piano, Chorus increasing as they come on. The Glee Party of Serenaders.*—“*Hark the Lark.*”

*Lor* [*To MASKERS.*] May I ask your aid  
To wake my charmer with a serenade.

*Jes* [*At casement.*] Yes, and twixt me and you,  
I've lost no time. The house is well cleared, too.  
Here, catch!

[*Throws out bundle.*]

*Lor* This is a glorious catch, in fact, a glee.  
Get the ladder, here my lad!

*Jes* I've got the key.

[*Throws out key and goes into house.*]

*Lor* Then be on the *qui vive*! This quiets, past my hope;  
In point of fact it's a pacific slope.

## C H O R O U S .

*Gustavus 8d.*

Now haste away, no longer stay,  
 Success attend your wedding day;  
 If Shylock, gray, should come this way,  
 There would be the deuce to pay, etc.

[*Enter, from house, LORENZO and JESSICA. They conceal themselves among the MASKERS.*] *Enter SHYLOCK. All laugh.*

*Shy* Away, you masquerading fools, give place,  
 And don't this quiet neighborhood disgrace.  
 Ho! Jessica! what's this, all silent? I begin  
 To fear. Ho! Jess, come down and let me in.  
*Gratiano* She's let you in already, my good friend,  
 And handsomely!

*Shy* Ha! what does this portend?  
 My blood stands still and my heart burns  
 And freezes, growing hot and cold by turns.  
 What do you mean?

*Grat* I mean a gentleman has caught her.  
 Too good a match too, I think, for your daughter.

*Shy* My safe! my safe!

*Grat* Your safe is safe enough, but there is nothing in it.

*Shy* Which of you have done this, you or you?  
 'Twas one of this vile caterwauling crew.  
 Oh! that she should be kidnapped by such shysters.  
 I've lost her, lost her, and for a dozen oysters!

LAMENTATION.—“*Jeannette and Jeannot.*”

*Shylock.*

She has vamoosed far away,  
 Far away from old Shylock,  
 There's no one left to comfort me.  
 All at my sorrows mock.  
 They have stolen all my money, too.  
 And filled my heart with woe,  
 And you may rest assured I feel  
 The little game keeno.  
 And you may rest assured I feel  
 The little game keeno.

All the profligate companions  
 Of the swell that bagged my gains  
 Insult and wag their heads at me,  
 To aggravate my pains;  
 But if I get a chance at them  
 My vengeance won't be slow,  
 I'll make them feel, as I have felt,  
 The little game keeno.  
 I'll make them feel, as I have felt,  
 The little game keeno.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Portia's Drawing Room, U. E. L. In which the lottery is drawn. NERISSA discovered dusting furniture.*

*Enter GRATIANO, U. E. L.*

*Grat* The top of the morning to you, Miss Nerissa. [*Kisses her.*  
*Nerissa* Well, I'm sure it's like your impudence, to kiss a  
 Body without any sort of preparation!

*Grat* Well, it was wrong, so I'll make reparation;  
 There! [*Kisses her again and again.*

*Ner* Have done! be off with you, this blessed minute.

*Grat* Don't you like kissing?

*Ner* No; I set my face agin' it! [*GRATIANO kisses her again.*  
 Now, drat the man!

Why, you've been drinking!

*Grat* Yes!

*Ner* What?

*Grat* Kissengen? [*GRATIANO kisses her again.*

*Enter PORTIA and TUBAL, from U. E. L.*

*Ner* It's missus! [*Screams and runs off.*

*Portia* May I know what brings you here?

*Grat* My name is Gratiano.

*Por* What! Bassanio's valet?

*Grat* And your poor servant, too, identically.  
 My master bade me say he's got his ticket  
 For this day's lottery; and though he's sick at  
 Heart, that you such policy should use,  
 He'll take his chance the prize to win or lose.

*Por* Give him my love; and tell him Portia says  
 He cannot lose, he has such winning ways. [*Exit GRATIANO.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Tubal* What lottery was that he spoke of?

*Por* My lands, and pelf,  
 Saddled with one encumbrance, though, myself.  
 The fact is, matrimony is so expensive.  
 The dry goods question too, so comprehensive.  
 Men have become so selfish and detestable,  
 They snap at nothing but gold bait.

*Tubal* That's indigestible!

Have you got a license?

*Por* No.

*Tubal* [*Aside.*] Why, then, if I  
 Don't peach and bag half the fine, I wish I may die!  
 [*Aloud.*] Friend Shylock's daughter, too, a spouse to win;  
 Burgled his safe and bolted with the tin.

*Por* That game of cribbage, I think rather rough.  
 Must I receive them?

*Tubal* If they've cribbed enough.  
 Here Shylock comes, his locks are shy, I swear.

It's very lucky he can't tear his hair.

*Por* He certainly does not look at all serene,  
So I won't see him, for I hate a scene. [*Exit* PORTIA, U. R. L.]

*Tubal* My epidermis oft has felt his claw,  
Now I've a chance to touch him on the raw.

*Enter* SHYLOCK, L. R. 1 R.

CANTATA DISCONSOLATA.—“*Wearing of the Green.*”

*Shylock.*

Oh! Tubal dear, did you not hear  
The news that's going round,  
My Jessica has cut away  
And nowhere can be found.  
In the *Personals* I've advertised,  
But that has been no go,  
And said I'd ask no questions,  
But I haven't had a show.  
Oh! the way that I've been victimized,  
To Moses is a sin;  
Some scaley thief from Herring's safe  
Has fished out all my tin.  
But if I get a chance at him,  
My vengeance shall be seen,  
For I swear, so help me gracious!  
I'll have wigs upon the green.

I told my case to Kennedy,  
Likewise to Mayor Hall;  
But the comfort that they gave to me  
Was miserably small.  
They said I acted stupidly,  
Within my safe to leave  
Such valuable property,  
Temptation was to thief.  
But they'd get a proclamation out  
And offer a reward,  
And then the thief, without a doubt,  
Would, of his own accord,  
To the nearest police officer,  
Say, I'm the man you mean.  
But I'm pretty sure the burglarure  
Won't be so jolly green!

*Shy* Tubal, good Tubal, have you seen her?

*Tubal* No.

I've seen a party who did see her though.

*Shy* Who?

*Tubal* Why, Grace Church—Brown, he saw the wedding feast.

*Shy* Who's wedding?

*Tubal* Her's!

*Shy* You lie!

*Tubal* Not in the least.

*Shy* With whom?

*Tubal* Lorenzo!

*Shy* And a Christian too;

Christopher Columbus! what am I to do?

*Tubal* They tell me that she spends the money faster  
Than A. T. Stewart or John Jacob Astor.

*Shy* The earnings of a life; I little dreamed  
That all those pledges lost or unredeemed;  
The profits and the plunderings of years,  
That cost their owners cataracts of tears.  
And consequently full of joy to me,  
Should be expended on a *few desprit*.

*Tubal* They say her diamonds outshine already  
Those of a Revenue Collector's lady!

*Shy* Gems upon which I've lent enormous sums;  
No ill luck stirring but against me comes.

*Tubal* Others are singing to the self-same tune.  
Antonio's gone!

*Shy* Where?

*Tubal* Up in a balloon!

*Shy* Broke?

*Tubal* Dead broke; knocked higher than a kite!

*Shy* Great news! Great news! His ribs shall feel my spite.

*Tubal* You know that torquoise ring?

*Shy* Yes, a present from my wife.

*Tubal* It's gone!

*Shy* Gone! Oh, you've stuck me with a knife!  
Where is it gone?

*Tubal* This day I saw her flunkie  
Give it to an organ grinder for his monkey.  
Come, come; try back!

*Shy* Try back—give o'er—

The curse ne'er fell upon our tribe before.

*Tubal* Antonio's yours!

*Shy* He is, and nothing shall protect him,  
For though all Venice should cry out, I'll venesect him.  
I'll have his flesh.

*Tubal* What could you do with that?

*Shy* No matter what; I'll give it to the cat.  
Fling it like carrion out on the highway,  
Or catch soft crabs with it at Pleasure Bay!  
I hate him, Tubal, for he's cooked my goose  
In many ways, and what is his excuse?  
That I'm a Jew; well, between him and me,  
There ain't no difference as I can see.  
Has a Christian more fingers or more toes,  
More ears, more cheek, more chin, more nose?  
Won't a Jew grin as well at jokes that tickle him?  
Will a Christian last any longer if you pickle him?  
Is he less eager for Official Spoil,

Or poisoned easier with fusil oil?  
 If a Jew wrong a Christian, what does he?  
 Why, brings an action for it, so do we.  
 The example that they teach us we but follow,  
 And on financial questions, beat him hollow!

[*Music.* *Exit SHYLOCK, L. 11.*

*Enter PORTIA, LADIES and all the CHARACTERS.*

*Por* Is Shylock gone?

*Tubal* Yes, in a tearing passion.

I touched him up in a most delicious fashion.

*Jes* Has pa been here?

*Tubal* Yes.

*Lor* Gracious! how distressing,  
 We didn't see him, dear, to ask his blessing.

*Tubal* He says you stole his money and his daughter.

*Lor* How?

Stole? Fie! That word is not in fashion now,  
 Save in the dictionary of the poor.

*Tubal* He says he'll seek the law against you, sure,  
 And sorely punish you for your transgression.

*Lor* Law! I've nine points of that, you know, possession.

*Tubal* [*To ANTONIO.*] And for your bond he's going to distress you,  
 And of his pound of flesh he'll dispossess you.

*Ant* My solid flesh will never, *entre nous*,  
 Thaw and resolve itself into a Jew.

*Por* Judicious let us be, whate'er betide,  
 Nor care for law, with justice on our side.

[*Flourish.* *Song.*

*Enter PAGE.*

*Por* Who comes here in such arrogant array?

*Lor* The Prince of Arragon 'tis, I should say.  
 Show him in.

[*Flourish.*

*Enter ARRAGON and SUITE.*

*Arragon* Most gracious Portia, I am come to take  
 My chance with all the rest in this great stake.

*Por* It's not for love of me, then?

*Arra* Not at all!

I know that you're a wealthy party, and that's all.  
 I'm the new Governor.

*Lor* Of Coney Island?

*Arra* No;

Of Cuba; there's a revolution there.

*Tubal* That's so.

*Arra* It's very probable, if it continues.  
 Of war we're pretty sure to want the sinews.  
 If the Yankees come, we're sure to make our exit.  
 The next thing that they'll do will be annex it.

[*Music.*

*Enter THEODORE and BAND.*

*Theodore* I am King Theodore of Abyssinia,  
 From all competitors come here to win you!

*Por* Now for the lottery your chances make,  
 [To Bassanio.] I'll give *you* the office which to take,  
 A wedding ring is there amongst those three,  
 Whoever chooses it, my spouse shall be.

*Arra* You first!

*Theo* No, you!

*Arra* But you're a king!

*Theo* All right!

And, therefore, can afford to be polite.

*Arra* Here goes, then!

[*Music. Takes golden casket.*]

*Who chooses me will certainly be sold,  
 As all deserve, who speculate in gold!  
 I pass!*

*Theo* [*Music. Takes silver casket.*]

*The whiskey ring, your choice, no fortune lacks,  
 If you can only swear away the tax.  
 I'm dished!*

*Bas* Now for-my chance!

*Lor* You're not of sense bereft,  
 Quite right to take the only one that's left.

*Bas* [*Music. Takes lead casket. Reads.*]

*You've chosen well, your wife is no virago;  
 Get married soon, and don't go to Chicago.  
 She's mine, she's mine, and now we'll have a spree!  
 And finish up a la Cercle d'Harmonie.*

#### CONCERTED PIECE OF ANTAGONISTIC HARMONIES.

*Chorus.*

Now let us have a jolly spree.  
 Gaily we'll sing and dance and be  
 Brimfull of mirth and harmony;  
 And we won't go home till morning.

*Antonio.*

I'm not the man to remember his distresses  
 Among such a band of Bohemians as these,  
 And though I'm in the unpleasantest of messes,  
 The joy of the hour it's philosophy to seize.

*Bassanio.*

My portion of joy in my Portia I see,  
 And that's a pretty good slice for me.  
 So let us all united be  
 In the sweetest harmony.

*Lorenzo.*

I'm just as happy as a little'swell can be,  
 And my Jessie sings the same kind of story;  
 From the old hunks she has managed to get free,  
 And so we are all hunkidory.



*Jessica.*

Now, dearest, mind what you promised me,  
You soon would take me to see *Paræ*;  
For I have the liveliest wish to see  
The city, 'tis said,  
To which, when they're dead,  
All tip-top Americans go.

[*At end of Music, enter SHYLOCK and OFFICER.*

*Shy [Sings.]* There's my man, arrest him, take him hence!  
For this is not a bailable offense.

I have you now, you scamp, and I'll be bound  
I'll keep you till you're lighter, you're lighter by a pound.

I'll have law! I'll have law  
And his great temerity  
Punish with celerity.

I'll have law! I'll have law!  
And that is just as certain as a breath I draw.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Front Chamber. Enter PORTIA and BASSANIO, L. 1 R.*

*Por* What can the meaning of this outrage be?  
Must we submit to such indignity?  
Have the Police authority to force  
Themselves into our houses?

*Bas* Why yes, of course,  
At any time, and lug you out of bed  
At break of day, and may be, break your head.

*Por* Is there no law to check these rude commands?

*Bas* The law? they carry that in their own hands.

*Por* But, if we should resist?

*Bas* Aye, there's the rub!

Why, then they'll introduce you to their club.  
The force is very forcible at times,  
And deals relentlessly with petty crimes.

*Por* What is Antonio's?

*Bas* That which people hunt—  
The sharpest of them all—he has no *blunt*.

*Por* Why don't he call on the new Bankrupt Act?

*Bas* He would, but for one obstacle; in fact,  
He has no tin to pay the counsel's fee.

*Por* That's bad! Stop, stop, I have a bright idea!

*Bas* Have you?

*Por* I have! I shall his counsel be.  
If Shylock treat us to his spouting process—  
Why, I have learnt to spout at the Sorosis.  
I'll borrow a *law*-suit from some one near.  
But, see, the Jew himself is coming here;  
The devilish glee is gleaming from his eyes,  
I'll try if we can't make some compromise.

*Enter SHYLOCK, L. 1 B.*

*Shy* I've had him cuffed and handcuffed both ; in jail  
He lies, and it's so late he can't get bail.  
[*To BASSANIO.*] You here? Away, you fortune hunting scamp!  
Poor fool, he'll skin you out of every stamp.

*Por* Stay, Shylock.

*Shy* I can't; I'm going to the court.

*Por* A moment only.

*Shy* What? To be the sport  
Of this fine Christian gentleman ; to hear  
Him call me dog, and impudently jeer  
At the deep sorrow which such shallow things  
Can no more fathom than the cloud that flings  
A passing shadow on mid-ocean's breast?  
Stay here! oh, very likely, Sir, at your request,  
To be the victim of another sell—  
Be asked to take a dozen on the shell  
While your associates perform their function,  
And stave my case off with a fresh injunction.  
No, not a bit of it, my Christian friend.

*Por* Have pity, Shylock, and some hope extend ;  
Restrain this rancor.

*Shy* Aye, bid floundering whales,  
By harpoons struck, restrain their angry tails;  
With a half masticated morsel in his maw,  
Bid the enraged lion hold his jaw!  
Pity? Of course, ma tear, my heart's so tender—  
Pity? Yes, as much pity will I render  
As the Spaniards show each Cuban home defender,  
Or the police extend to every small beer vender?

[*They attempt to speak to him.*]

Bah! we've had gab enough, I'm not so fond  
Of chin music. I won't have it, but I'll have my bond!

[*Exit, L. 1 B.*]

*Bas* What's to be done with this unfeeling Jew?

*Por* Money is strength; My *purse* belongs to you,  
With that you can *sue* him, and *pursue* him too  
Through all the tortuous windings of the law  
And floor him if we only find a *flaw*!

*Bas* If the worst come, while he's to jail conveyed,  
Some comrades I shall find to make a raid  
Upon the officers, and set him free!  
The notion don't originate with me;  
But it's the only way to cheat the state.

*Por* It's a *crooked* way, and so about it *straight*.

[*Exeunt PORTIA and BASSANIO, R. 1 B.*]

Justin  
Now, dearest, mind what  
You soon would take  
For I have the lives

Justice discord  
Men-at-Arms, People  
of Scene.

The city  
To us  
All tip-top *enlarge*

Shy [Sings.] There's a first place,  
For this is not a ballad,  
I have you now, yer  
I'll keep you till

He understands  
The Court thinks she do,  
And her legal knowledge brags a few;  
And, although the City's name  
Is somewhat tainted with a kind of shame—  
Corruption reigns enough to make a man sick  
In all pursuits, excepting the forensic.  
All other kind of folks their friends are cutting.  
Stick at each other, while we stick at nothing.  
You're nothing in the world to do with that,  
But read the news, or have a friendly chat.  
The Court will do the summing up, you know;  
The road she points, you'll only have to go  
And give your verdict, as she gives the cue;  
Or she'll keep you from your rum until you do.  
So please to put that in your pipe and smoke it,  
And now call up the first case on the docket.

[Great noise.]  
Associate J [Dutch.] Mein gracious! vot a peeples 'tis for noise.

Enter BASSANIO, L. 1 R.

2nd J [Irish.] We'll clear the Coort if yer not quiet, boys!

Crier Silence in the Coort!

Chief J Call the case, Crier.

Crier [Reads.] Shylock agin Anne—

Anne Somebody; I can't make out the han'

Bas Antonio, fool!

Crier Antonio Fool!

[All laugh.]

Silence in the Coort!

Chief J What is the plea?

Bas Malicious cutting, it appears to me.

Chief J Who is the plaintiff's counsel?

Bas Francis B.

Chief J Then yours is a gone case!

Bas I think not, your honor,

For we happen to have Chas. O'Connor.

Chief J Indeed, then I should say your chance is good.  
O'Connor, wasn't he the counsel for those whiskey men?

Bas 'Twas his great grandfather who pleaded then.  
The time the Revenue Whiskey cause began.

*Chief J* The same we're now deliberating on.  
 Yes, yes, I know the small rogues died in jail  
 As all rogues should, who can't command good bail;  
 But the great rogues left wealthy heirs, and, by the by,  
 In all such cases causes never die.  
 Bring in the parties to the present suit.  
*Crier* Shylock and Anne What's-your-name, come into Court!

*Enter SHYLOCK and ANTONIO, guarded, followed by TUBAL and others. The crowd groan at SHYLOCK.*

*Shy* [To TUBAL.] Is the court squared?  
*Tubal* All right.  
*Shy* The Jury?  
*Tubal* Sure.  
*Shy* Why, then in spite of law I am secure!  
*Tubal* [Aside.] Didn't see either of them; but I hope  
 I may die if I haven't securely bagged the soap.  
*Chief J* Come, tell us how the case stands, now?  
*Bas* I can't.  
 The depositions are as long as Griffith Gaunt.  
 Reade against Sweetser scarcely could exceed it.  
*Chief J* Then sweet sir, get Vandenhoff to read it!

[Cries of Oh! Oh! from the crowd.]

*Crier* Silence in the Court!

[A large roll handed to CHIEF JUSTICE.]  
*Chief J* The Court these papers has looked over duly,  
 And understands the Jew's position truly.  
 If our advice he's not averse to, he'll show mercy.  
*Shy* [Aside.] I rather think you'll find it vice versa.  
*Chief J* Shylock, come, let him up!  
*Shy* Upon what plea?  
 Do you your debtors use with clemency?  
 When they're undone, do you proceedings stop?  
 No, their life's blood you squeeze out, drop by drop.  
 What even-handed justice do you show  
 That I should here my lawful claim forego?  
 My daughter and my cash were stolen away;  
 But the mean thief with my own means can pay  
 For such immunity—I cannot reach him.  
 Oh! if I could, in the same style I'd leech him!  
*Lor* Papa, don't put yourself in such a passion;  
 I'll make my wife the leader of the fashion.  
 You should be pleased at that, so please don't row us,  
 But come an income handsome just allow us.  
*Shy* Oh, grant me patience! From my sight begone!  
*Chief J* What mercy do you hope for, showing none?  
*Shy* Well, that's my business; I won't bate a jot!  
 Can I buy justice in this Court, or not?

*Bas* Remember 'twas for me Antonio's blundered,  
And for your fifty dollars here's five hundred.

*Shy* If every dollar that the whiskey ring,  
To check judicial action, here could bring;  
And were each dollar doubly multiplled  
By millions made by other rings beside—  
And add the proceeds of the latest sell,  
That barren spot for which we were stuck well.  
The windfalls dropped from the Alaska job,  
I wouldn't take it, or my vengeance rob  
For fifty times as much!

*Ant* May it please the Court.  
Seek not to melt this Jew's obdurate heart;  
As well the wolf might spare the gentle lamb  
And leave the yearning ewe not worth a dam!

*Crowd* Oh! oh! oh!

*Ant* Don't be alarmed, D A M, sheep's maternal relative!

*Crowd* Ah! ah!

*Ant* So let that grizzly bear do all he can;  
My heart I'll bare and bear it like a man! [*JUDGES consult together.*]

*Foreman of Jury* We're ready with our verdict!

*Chief J* Stop! the case is done!

We've tossed up coppers, and the Jew has won.

[*Card handed to BASSANIO by PAGE, who enters, L. 12.*]

*Shy* Impartial Judges, for you all, in every ward I'll vote  
Early and often. [*To ANTONIO.*] Now, if you please, sir, just take of  
your coat.

*Bas* Hold a minute, Jew, I move a stay!  
I expected a Philadelphia lawyer here to-day;  
And here's his card. He's just come in the nick—

*Shy* A Philadelphia lawyer, Tubal, see him quick!

*Tubal* I will. [*Aside.*] I'll see you hanged first! [*Music.*]

*Enter NERISSA, then PORTIA. All applaud.*

*Crier* Silence in the Court!

*Por* I must claim the Court's indulgence, for the fact is,  
This is, to me, a novel kind of practice. [*Music.*]

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Shy* He might have seen that without asking. Sir, to you,  
I am the plaintiff, if you want to know.

*Por* Why, then you really must some mercy show.

*Shy* Mercy? too often I've heard that to-day.  
On what compulsion must I, say?

*Por* The quality of mercy is so strained  
In this, our day, and all our prisons drained  
By legislative pardons, that our city  
Will need, I fear, a Vigilance Committee  
To stem the current of outrageous crime  
That leaves blood marks upon the banks of time.

Guilt, from immunity, more daring grows,  
 And the red hand still undetected goes.  
 Rumor is rife that men in high-position  
 Are not like Caesar's wife—above suspicion.  
 Justice withdraws the bandage from her eyes  
 And sees upon which side the balance lies.  
 While this is thus no eloquence can reach her—

*Shy* Well, I'll be hanged if he don't talk like Beecher!  
 Look here, my friend, I really fail to see  
 What the deuce this has got to do with me.

*Por* Not much; but do you stick to your avowal?

*Shy* Jesso, Judge.

*Por* Have you no bowels of compassion?

*Shy* Nary bowel!

*Por* The case is over then, we've no resource;  
 I grieve to say the law must take its course.

*Shy* Oh, wise young Judge, he knows a thing or two;  
 Oh, beautiful young Judge, I honor you,

A second Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel Drew!

*Por* Have you a pair of scales? for that, you know, sirs,  
 Needed—

*Shy* I have them here; I got them from the grocer's.

[*SHYLOOK whets his knife.*

*Por* Why do you whet your knife with so much care?

*Shy* To cut the heart out of that bankrupt there.

He must assent; a sentence, come, prepare!

*Por* I'd send for Carnochan, sir, if I were you,  
 You're *carnival* to surgically view.

And see that you don't go his ribs beyond,

*Shy* Is it so nominated in the bond?

I see nothing but my pound of flesh alone.

*Por* Well, you may take the pound of *flesh*, we own,  
 But there's no mention made about the bone!

[*Chord. General movement.*

So cut away, but as you cut, beware,

If, in the estimation of a hair,

You should exceed that weight, or get below,

Or else, beyond his ribs—he's thin—should go,

You're booked for Sing Sing, that's as sure as fate;

And all your goods are forfeit to the state!

[*Loud applause.*  
*Lor* Oh! upright Judge, those words I learnt from you,  
 What do you think now of your Daniel Drew?

*Shy* I'm sold, I think; is that the law?

*Chief J* That's so!

*Shy* Give me my fifty then, and let me go?

*Bas* 'Tis here, sir!

*Por* There's another law, I know,  
Which says the man that carries such a knife,  
Is subject to imprisonment for life!

*Shy* For life; Oh! oh! I'll ne'er escape from thence,  
In politics I have no influence.

I'm sick, I'm sick; I pray you, sirs, be silent.  
Take all I have; I'll go to Blackwell's Island.

*Crowd [Noisily.]* Away with him! Turn him out!

*Shy* I've no influence!

*Omnes* Away with you!

And serve you right. Ha! ha!

*Chief J* Come, come, the old man don't be hard on!  
Shylock, I'll see that you shall have a pardon,  
If you—as you can't help what's taken place—  
Will look upon it with a pleasant face.

*Shy* A pleasant face! How hard to play such part.

*Chief J* Will you do it?

*Shy* I will! I will! with all my broken heart!

*Lor* That's right, old boy! and now, 'twixt me and you,  
I'll tell you a secret—I've turned Jew!

*Jes* You do forgive me, pa?

*Shy* Yes, yes!

*Crowd [All around him.]* And me? And me?

*Shy* And all. For pity's sake, pray let me be!  
A poor old persecuted man behold,  
Bereft of all—by Christian cunning sold.  
But though my tribulations are not small.  
Pardon my faults and I'll forget them all.

THE END.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.



THE

ARTFUL DODGER;

A Farce—in one Act,

BY E. L. BLANCHARD, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

*"The Road of Life," "Faith, Hope and Charity," "Adam Buff," "Pork Chops," "Angels and Lucifers," &c., &c.*



WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[THE ARTFUL DODGER.]

*As first produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, February 2d, 1842.*

<i>Mr. Gregory Grudge</i> ,.....	MR. TURNOUR.
<i>Timotheus Trundle</i> ,.....	MR. ROSS.
<i>Tom Toddle</i> ,.....	MR. THOMPSON.
<i>The Honorable Frederick Flamwell Fitz Fudge</i> ,.....	MR. FITZJAMES.
<i>Demosthenes Dodge, Esq.</i> ,.....	MR. G. WILD.
<i>Nudge</i> ,.....	MR. ROGERS.
<i>Budge</i> ,.....	MR. WALTON.
<i>Emily Wilton</i> ,.....	MISS FITZJAMES.
<i>Susan Smudge</i> ,.....	MISS ARDEN.

## COSTUMES.

*Grudge*.—Blue or brown modern square-cut coat, waistcoat, breeches and gaiters, low crown black hat, dressing-gown for the First Scene.

*Fitz Fudge*.—Black coat. *Last Scene*—A drab one.

*Trundle*.—Short tail livery coat, (modern) breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

*Nudge*.—Broad brim black hat, black wig and whisker, cut away coat, breeches and top boots.

*Toddle*.—A groom's dress, frock coat, breeches and gaiters, or top boots, &c., &c.

*Dodge*.—Dark coat, check trousers. *2nd dress*—Drab coat, old man's hat.

*Emily*.—Modern.

# THE ARTFUL DODGER.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Chamber, [1st grooves.] Table and two chairs, c.*

*Enter TIM TRUNDLE and SUSAN SMUDGE, R.*

TRUNDLE. Well, now, isn't this some of the blessings of early rising, Susan? Haven't we been ever since seven, a-sitting by the kitchen table without as much as disturbing our *tatur treat*, as the French say, by getting up to dust the furniture?

SUSAN. Ah, Tim, but master will be *down* presently, and then when he's *up* to you, what do you think he'll say?

TRUNDLE. Oh, never mind what he'll say, listen to what I say. Now, as I told you before, Susan, I've got twenty pounds, what I have saved out of my wages and *Perkwisites*, screwed up in an old worsted stocking.

SUSAN. Lord, Tim, then, don't put your foot in it.

TRUNDLE. You know, when I comed into Mr. Grudge's service I found you Susan Smudge.

SUSAN. Yes, Tim, I know. You *found* me Susan Smudge, but I hope you ain't going to *leave* me Susan Smudge. I wants to change my name; but missis, you know, is in love with the Honorable Mr. Frederick Flamwell Fitz Fudge.

TRUNDLE. Yes, I knows she is, but master don't. I expect he'll find it out, though, and when he wants to cut the connection, he'll say—

GRUDGE. [*Without, R.*] Tim, where are my razors?

TRUNDLE. [*L.*] Oh, there's master—I must go up to him. One kiss, Susan, afore we part, by way of a morning draught. [*Kisses her and crosses, R.*] Ah, I don't know what parliament wanted to take the duty off sugar for when there's so much of it to be had here for nothing.

[*Exit, R.*]

SUSAN. There he goes. What a blessed little fellow it is! He's as clever as Tom Thumb, and as valiant as the "Seven Champions" rolled into one. Well, master will want his breakfast, I suppose, [*laying cloth on table*] so I had better set the things at once. Missus always breakfasts in her own room, so he can enjoy his bachelors comforts as much as he likes. [*Postman's knock.*] There's the postman! Now he's got a letter for somebody. I'll be bound it's another *billy* do from Mr. Fudge for Miss Emily, I shouldn't wonder. Well, as no one seems inclined to answer the knock, I suppose I must. And as Tim has began to *adore* me, I think I had better go to a door myself.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Enter GRUDGE, followed by TRUNDLE, R.*

GRUDGE. Tim!

TRUNDLE. Sir!

GRUDGE. Nothing—I shan't tell you. Breakfast ready?

TRUNDLE. Yes sir. Please, sir, should I—

GRUDGE. No, certainly not. Bring up the urn.

TRUNDLE. I will, sir. Hadn't I better get—

GRUDGE. No you hadn't. Bring the toast.

TRUNDLE. I will, sir. [*Aside.*] That's so like master. Just the very thing I was going to ask him if I *should* bring.

GRUDGE. What's that you're muttering, sirrah? Do as I order you—bring the morning paper.

TRUNDLE. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] I hope it will be damp enough to make him sneeze a fortnight.

[*Exit, L.*]

GRUDGE. [*Sits R., at table.*] Phew! there's one plague got rid of—now to encounter another. Here I am at last, comfortably established in my villa at Highgate, left to enjoy all my little eccentricities as I like, and though my wealthy brother-in-law did leave me his daughter, Emily, to take care of, yet knowing my dislike for feminine society, she generally humours my peculiarities, and leaves me in all the enjoyment of a bachelor's life, without participating in any of its annoyances. Oh, here comes that rascal, Tim, with the paper.

*Enter TRUNDLE, with breakfast on tray, and newspaper and letter, L.*

Well, Tim, what makes the paper so late?

[*Taking it.*]

TRUNDLE. Please, sir, the newsboy, who brought it, says there was a long debate in the house last night.

GRUDGE. Ah, they talk a great deal there, Tim. Ministerial speeches are like country roads in the winter time, generally very long and very dull.

TRUNDLE. Yes, sir, and very often like the passengers they get stuck in the mud. Ha, ha, ha!

GRUDGE. Who told you to laugh, sirrah? Ah, this, now, is one of the delights of London, to be able, alternately, to devour a piece and a paragraph is the very height of luxuries. Now for the news. [*Reads.*] "Greenwich Fair—One-tree Hill." Let me have a roll, Tim. [*Tim, who stands L. of table, hands it.*] Ah! "Shipping Intelligence. Isle of Wight—Arrival from *Coves*." Where's the milk, Tim?

TRUNDLE. Here it is, sir. But it's my opinion that the milkman's a regular teetotaller.

GRUDGE. Why so!

TRUNDLE. Cause he's so werry partial to water, sir, and doesn't like to see the milk *drunk*.

GRUDGE. Come that's not so *bad*, though the milk is, but let me look again at the paper. "Rise in Bread—Latest News from the [Y] east—Preparation for war." More hot water, Tim.

TRUNDLE. Yes, sir.

[*Goes off, L. 1 B., and immediately returns with hot water and letter.*]

GRUDGE. "Herne Bay."

TRUNDLE. There's the *urn*, sir—the *bay's* in the stable.

GRUDGE. Do you *bruise* your own oats?

TRUNDLE. No, we *brews* our own beer.

GRUDGE. Silence, sir. "Fashionable Arrivals. The Turkish Ambassador and Suite." More sugar, Tim. [*TRUNDLE gives it.*] "Grand dinner at Liverpool—Health of the Queen." [*Taking up toast.*] Is this the *same* toast as usual, Tim?

## THE ARTFUL DODGER.

9

TRUNDLE. Yes, sir.

GRUDGE. Buttered blankets browned—indigestible as the last new novel. But what have we here? "Novel and Extensive Mode of Swindling" Bless me! "Yesterday afternoon—well-dressed man—goes by the name of Brown, but whose real name is supposed to be Dodge, called at house—sent up card—shown into parlor—walked off with property." Why, what a horrid world, Tim, this is. No one is really safe, I declare!

TRUNDLE. Wouldn't it be as well to leave it, sir?

GRUDGE. There, take away these things. But what have you got in your hand?

TRUNDLE. Eh! Yes—a letter, sir, the postman left it this morning.

GRUDGE. *[Taking letter.]* A letter!—for me

TRUNDLE. No, sir—for Miss Emily.

*[Crosses to R.]*

GRUDGE. For my ward? A love letter, now, I'll be bound.

TRUNDLE. Yes, sir, I shouldn't wonder but what it is. Ha, ha, ha.

GRUDGE. You wonder! What business have you to wonder, sirrah? Go and send my ward here directly.

TRUNDLE. Certainly, sir,

*[Exit, R., taking off tea urn.]*

GRUDGE. An impertinent fellow. I suppose because he has heard of my having been a pawnbroker once, he thinks I can take any impudence he thinks proper to spout. But here comes Emily.

*Enter EMILY, followed by TRUNDLE, who crosses to L., taking breakfast things.*

EMILY. You have a letter for me dear guardian, I understand?

TRUNDLE. *[L.]* I told her you got it.

GRUDGE. Yes, and now you've got it. *[Kicking him.]* Yes, my love; *[Exit TRUNDLE, L.]* And as I hate deception, here it is; but let me caution you against these pen and ink missives of Cupid. A letter, my dear girl, is too often like the quill that indites it—the production of a goose.

EMILY. *[Aside.]* Then he must know this comes from Fitz Fudge?

GRUDGE. I am not angry—let me know who this is from, and I am satisfied.

EMILY. You shall know all. The writer of this letter is a professed suitor of mine, and his name is—

*Enter TRUNDLE, L., announcing.*

TRUNDLE. The Honorable Mr. Flamwell Fitz Fudge.

EMILY. Frederick here! then I must retire.

*[Exit, R.]*

GRUDGE. The Honorable! Oh, desire the gentleman to walk up immediately. *[Exit TRUNDLE, L.]* The Fudges are a very numerous and a very ancient family, although I can't say a very noble one.

*Enter FLAMWELL FITZ FUDGE, L.*

FLAM. My dear Mr. Grudge, I cannot describe the pleasure this interview affords me.

GRUDGE. Pshaw, sir! I am an old man, and, as some say, a crusty one, and compliments to me are like strawberries in winter time—deuced cloying, and a great deal out of season. You, sir, I believe, are the last of your race?

FLAM. Yes, sir, unfortunately I am—but the rest of my family got

the start of me, and though I may say the name of Fudge has been well known at every court throughout Europe, particularly the county courts, with me I'm afraid the *race* will be *run out*. But my business here, sir, is to solicit your consent to my marriage with your lovely ward, and such, I trust, I may obtain.

GRUDGE. Harkye, sir, having, in my early life, known what it was to experience poverty, I am determined no one shall possess the hand of my ward without possessing a fortune adequate to the one at her disposal. Now, if you can prove to me that you possess this qualification, she shall be yours; but, until that is done, you must excuse me if I forbid you the house.

FLAM. Sir, I pledge you my word—

GRUDGE. Sir, I have done with pledges—I have shut up shop!

FLAM. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! what's to be done? I must resort to my old dodge of fudging. [*Aloud.*] Thanks to fortune, sir, I am not so unhappily circumstanced. I have a spacious mansion at my disposal, whenever I choose to honor it with my presence. [*Aside.*] That is to say the Queen's Bench, when I'm arrested.

GRUDGE. Well, sir!

FLAM. An ample park and pleasure gardens, with ornamental waters and aquatic birds to diversify the scene and charm the eye of the spectator. [*Aside.*] St. James Park is *public* property, therefore I've a right to it.

GRUDGE. Good, sir; proceed.

FLAM. A gallery of paintings, unequalled for the beauty and variety of its collection, and which the natural liberality of my disposition induces me to place at everybody's disposal. [*Aside.*] That's true enough—for the National Gallery is open to everybody.

GRUDGE. Then sir, for lands—

FLAM. They are as broad as they are long. I go over my acres every day. [*Aside.*] Long Acre and Pedlar's Acre.

GRUDGE. And your monied property?

FLAM. Such that it's impossible to count or have any idea of. [*Aside.*] At least I never had.

GRUDGE. One question more, and I have done. Pray may I ask from whom you derived all this property?

FLAM. [*Aside.*] Now for a crammer. [*Aloud.*] Oh, from my father, of course, he's living down in Devonshire, on his estate, now.

GRUDGE. Why, I thought you said you were the last of your race?

FLAM. Oh, yes, sir, so I am the last—the last but one—but dad's of no consequence—quite forgot dad. A hale old chap! hearty old buck! quite an Old Parr! Indeed, my sister always called him *Pa*.

GRUDGE. [*Crossing to L.*] Well, sir, now if you will have the kindness to introduce your respected parent to me, I have no doubt we can manage matters, and on that day my ward shall be yours.

FLAM. But my dear sir—

GRUDGE I have done, Mr. Fudge. You have my answer, and I don't wish my motives to be called in question. Till further arrangements are made, I wish you a very good morning, sir. [*Exit, L.*]

FLAM. Now all this comes from my foolish propensity to romance. But obtain Emily I must and will, though to get a wife I must first

procure a father. Where the deuce I'm to get one I haven't the slightest idea! Zounds! I must borrow a father of somebody.

*Enter TOM TODDLE, L.*

FLAM. Well, sir, what do you want here?

TOM. Nothing, sir. I thought, sir, perhaps you wanted something.

FLAM. So I do—I wan't a father, as Byron says, "a most uncommon want." Toddle, you must assist me.

TOM. You never said not nothing about finding fathers when you engaged me at two pound ten a year, and find my own tea, sugar, blacking and top-boots.

FLAM. That's true, Toddle, no more I did. I found you, I remember, wasting your sweetness on the desert air.

TOM. That ere being the sanded floor of the "Jolly Sand Boy."

FLAM. True, it was in the tap room of a public house.

TOM. Yes, sir, and then you made me your tiger, and forgot my feeding time.

FLAM. Psha, Toddle! what's the want of a dinner now and then! You should throw off vulgar prejudices—you should turn from the grub state to the chrysalis. However, if I had but a father, my fortune is made.

TOM. I see, sir, you haven't got a parent—a father.

FLAM. No, Toddle, that's not it. I haven't got a father *apparent*.

TOM. Then your *apparent* father is farther off than ever.

FLAM. Never mind, but come along, Toddle. [*Crosses to L.*] Let me go like "Japhet in search of a father."

TOM. Go—where to, sir?

FLAM. Where to? Why, to *Bag-dad*, to be sure. Come along.

TOM. Well, I may go farther, but I can't fare worse. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE SECOND.—*Primrose Hill. Distant view of London. Bank, R.*

DEMOSTHENES DODGE *discovered, sitting on a stile, eating a penny roll.*

DODGE. Here's a pretty go! Go? Stop—I should say no go; for go I can't. [*Comes down.*] Well, I know now what people call a *stylish* appearance and a fine field for reflection that displays, too. What a confounded appetite this air gives one! and here's a paltry breakfast for a man of genius like myself. Some poet has said, "Man wants but little here below;" but poet or no poet, he never could have breakfasted off a penny roll. Eh? who have we here? A gentleman in an excited state of mind, evidently. Guardian of good luck, send that it may be some one that I can dodge out of a dinner. [*Retires up.*]

*Enter FLAMWELL FITZ FUDGE, R. 1 R., excited, without noticing DODGE—he paces thoughtfully and frantically up and down the stage.*

FLAM. What the deuce shall I do for a father?

DODGE. [*Aside.*] A father!

FLAM. *With* one I obtain Emily and her fortune—without one I lose a wife and gain a bailiff. Rather an unpleasant reflection, that.

DODGE. [*Coming forward, L.—aside.*] A gentleman in difficulties, I perceive. May I be permitted, sir, to inquire whether I can be of any service just now?

FLAM. [R.] That voice sounds familiar to my ear. I think you and I have met before. Let me see, were you not one of the directors of that extraordinary joint stock association for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, with limited liability. [*Pause.*] It was a swindle.

DODGE. Very likely, sir, for my lie ability is unlimited, and you, I remember, were solicited to become a shareholder, but refused.

FLAM. True; the wisest thing I ever remember doing. But what became of you and the association afterwards?

DODGE. Why, sir, the association, "with a capital of one million," expecting to be arrested for the rent of the room, walked off, and I, as one of the *directors*, naturally followed them. Since then I have lived on my means.

FLAM. Which *means*, of course, having no *means* at all. But explain yourself.

DODGE. Why, sir, for the last few years I have subsisted by different kinds of "Dodges," or, in other words, by swindling upon philosophical principles.

FLAM. Ha, ha, ha! well, I never heard of anybody swindling philosophically before. How do you manage?

DODGE. Why, sir, the world, you will at once perceive, may be divided into two classes—the *victimisers* and the *victimised*.

FLAM. A novel distinction, at least.

DODGE. Then, as public debt is public security, so private debt must be private security. In other words, the *victimiser* benefits the *victimised*.

FLAM. Sound logic, certainly, but difficult to prove.

DODGE. Not at all. I go to a tailor and order from him a suit of clothes, of course never intending them to be paid for. Well, the tailor gets the cloth, that benefits the woolen draper; foreman makes them, benefits foreman—he, on the strength of the wages he will receive, orders another joint of meat for home consumption, that benefits wife and family; the joint comes, benefits butcher; it's sent to be baked, benefits baker; he gets jolly, brandy and water, benefits publican; friend drops in, benefits friend; both get drunk, go to station-house, benefits station-house; morning comes, fined ten shillings, that goes to the Queen, benefits Queen. And so, by actually ordering a suit of clothes, I diffuse happiness over a whole neighborhood.

FLAM. Upon my word, I never knew getting into debt was so interwoven with philanthropy before. [*Aside.*] A thought strikes me—this fellow would make an excellent father. Pray, were you ever on the stage?

DODGE. Which stage, sir, Richmond or Greenwich?

FLAM. Pshaw! I don't mean a stage coach—I mean the stage of a theatre.

DODGE. What, was I ever an actor you mean? I believe you.

FLAM. But were you ever a father?

DODGE. Don't ask me, sir, it's a tender point.

FLAM. Not a real one—I mean a father in a play.

DODGE. Oh, many a time. Burnt cork, and white pocket handkerchief business—with a sudden start in the corner, and an "Ah! Rosalva, my long lost child! come to my arms!" I understand, sir.  
*[Hugs him in the energy of his affection.]*

FLAM. Capital—nothing can be better. But before we put the grand project into execution you must execute a commission for me. I want this note left, as directed, at a house close by.

DODGE. It shall be done, sir.

FLAM. My tiger has gone upon another errand, and the atmosphere of that neighborhood is rather too *warm* for me; you understand—I'll wait your return here. *[Going, L. 2 E.]*

DODGE. I'm off, sir. Where do you dine to day? I beg your pardon.

FLAM. Where you shall dine with me.

DODGE. Shall I, though; Fish?

FLAM. Yes.

DODGE. Flesh?

FLAM. Yes.

DODGE. Fowl?

FLAM. Yes.

DODGE. Everything else?

FLAM. Yes.

DODGE. Nobody else?

FLAM. No.

DODGE. That's the dodge! Ah! what a world this is! everybody's dodging, and we're all dodgers together.

#### SONG.—DODGE.

AIR.—" *We are all Noddin'.* "

We are all dodging, dodge, dodge, dodging,  
 We are all dodging in the country and the town.  
 This world is but a dodge, when from boyhood we begin  
 To swindle with impunity, and take each other in;  
 And life is like a pack of cards, with knaves and honors; but  
 The game that's played is cribbage, where they shuffle, deal, and cut.  
 For we're all dodging. &c.

We are all dodgers, dodge, dodge, dodgers,  
 We are all dodgers, though in a different way.  
 The politician dodges for a pension and a place.  
 And very oft in parliament we artful dodgers trace.  
 They nail us for our income tax, but well I know he'll be  
 An uncommon artful dodger who can get a rap from me,  
 For we're all dodging. &c.

Everybody dodges, dodge, dodge, dodges,  
 Everybody dodges in their own peculiar way.  
 The debtor is a dodger who his creditor defies,  
 And well he eyes the victim that he means to victimise.  
 The lover is a dodger who to gain a wealthy spouse,  
 Like other precious puppies to his mistress bows and wows.  
 So we're all dodging, &c.



We are all dodging, dodge, dodge, dodging,

We are all dodging, wherever we may be.

The other night a hat that did from the gallery go,

Was picked up by a dodger who was sitting there below;

But surely we can't wonder at the cause of such disasters,

For dodging must go smooth enough, since here it runs on casters.

And we're all dodging, &c.

The manager's a dodger, a very artful dodger,

The manager's a dodger, who to please the public tries.

In dodging after novelty he passes most his days;

And though it may seem singular, works hardest when he plays.

His house indeed a public house, good spirits here he draws;

But the greatest dodge of all is that which gains him your applause.

And we're all dodgers, &c.

[Exit DODGE, L. U. E.]

Re-enter FUDGE, L. 2 E.

FLAM. Egad that fellow's a genius — he'll make a capital father! Well, there are no confounded creditors of mine to annoy me here — all is delicious solitude and quiet suburbanism. The very place seems to invite you to contemplation and reverie. So, whilst that father of mine, that is to be, is away, let me consider what is best to do.

[Meditates, his hands clasped behind him.]

NUDGE and BUDGE, two Bailiffs, appear at back, L., during the above, watching.

NUDGE. There he is! he shan't escape me now. Slip this noose [Showing it to BUDGE.] round his wrists, and then we shall have him safe enough.

FLAM. [Thoughtfully.] As for that fellow, Trinket, he must wait for the settlement of his little account; I shall have so much on my hands shortly, I shan't know what to do.

NUDGE. That's very probable.

[Coming forward cautiously with BUDGE, watching his opportunity.]

FLAM. And Emily, too, she who feels the strength of my attachment —

NUDGE. You'll soon feel the strength of our attachment, I'm thinking.

FLAM. Ought never to forget that there are ties which —

[NUDGE and BUDGE throw a rope round his hands—he struggles.]

NUDGE. Them are the ties, if you like, Mr. Fudge. Now escape us if you can. You floored two bailiffs last week, you know, so this time we took good care to keep your hands from striking first.

FLAM. 'Sdeath! you rascals, unhand me or — [Struggling.]

NUDGE. Now, don't be agitated, and we'll take every possible care of you. Budge, go and call a cab—I'll take care of my gentleman till you returns.

[Exit BUDGE, R. U. E., over stile.]

FLAM. I say, you body snatcher, what's your name?

NUDGE. Ned Nudge!

FLAM. [L. C.] Then, Mr. Nudge, if you will unfasten one of my hands, it will enable me to get at my waistcoat pocket, and put a sovereign into yours.

NUDGE. [R.] It won't do. [Feeling his pockets.] Empty. I've been gammoned before.

FLAM. Confound the fellow! I say at whose suit, eh?

NUDGE. Mr. Trinket's, the jeweller's—he sends his very best respects. [Retires up. R.]

FLAM. Does he? now if Dodge would but return—

*Enter DODGE, L. 1 R.*

DODGE. Right as a trivet. Eh? why—ha, ha, ha, here's an adventure—bailiffs—arrest—hands tied—what a dodge!

FLAM. *[Showing his hands are tied.]* I can't shake hands with you but I'm glad to see you, nevertheless, Dodge, You've got your hands at liberty, use them—you understand!

*[Aside to DODGE—showing that he is tied.]*

DODGE. I do. *[Crossing to R., menacing NUDGE.]* Trot!

NUDGE. Why, here's a rescue. Do you know what you are liable to—

DODGE. Trot!

NUDGE. *[Calling.]* Budge, here!

DODGE. Yes, and you budge there! come, be off!

NUDGE. Vell, I'm going gradually. Von't I drop von upon your tibby, when I catches you, that's all [DODGE drives him off, R. 1 R.]

DODGE. There goes a bailiff in a perspiration. Now, sir, to release you.

FLAM. Thank'ye, Dodge—you came just in the nick of time—it was a hard race between us, I assure you.

DODGE. Yes, and it was a tie at last. [Turning him round.]

FLAM. Bless me, here's Mr. Grudge coming this way for his usual morning walk. Make haste, or else I shall be undone.

DODGE. I wish to goodness you were, for I can't undo you.

FLAM. What, is it *not* unfastened.

DODGE. No, it's fastened in a *knot*.

FLAM. Zounds! what's to be done? I would not have him see me in this predicament for the world. I *must* speak to him, and yet can't use my hands. How can I manage?

DODGE. I'll show you a dodge, sir. *[Putting his arms through the arms of FUDGE.]* There, all you have to do is to speak—leave the action to me.

FLAM. Admirable! being rather short sighted, he will not discover the imposition. Ah, here he comes!

*Enter GRUDGE, L. 1 R.*

FLAM. Good morning, sir. *[DODGE takes off Fudge's hat.]* Quite delighted to see you looking so well.

GRUDGE. Ah! Mr. Fudge, I thought it was you; waiting for your father, I suppose, by the earliest train.

FLAM. True, sir, *[DODGE pulls out watch.]* It is now nearly twelve, I declare. Bless me, how time flies—it's quite astonishing, really.

GRUDGE. I hope, sir, you have no dishonorable intentions towards my ward?

FLAM. *[DODGE puts his hand to Fudge's heart.]* Dishonorable! On my word and honor as a man, none—*[DODGE pulls up shirt collar.]*

I flatter myself, sir, that as a gentleman, I know too well how to conduct myself.

GRUDGE. Well, well, I don't doubt you. So we'll e'en let the subject drop for the present. Do you do anything in this way?

[Crossing to him and offering snuff-box.

FLAM. Sometimes. [DODGE takes snuff-box and gives the nose of FUDGE a pinch of snuff.] This is excellent rappee, upon my word. [DODGE pulls out pocket handkerchief and wipes nose.] Thank you, sir, I'm very much obliged.

[DODGE returns snuff-box.]

GRUDGE. [L.] Wonderful improvements they are making about here, to be sure.

FLAM. Improvements, sir! Call bricks and mortar improvements upon nature. I'm astonished!

[DODGE holds up his hands in amazement.

GRUDGE. But then, Mr. Fudge, you know, London must have its wants attended to. [DODGE taps one hand against the other furiously.

FLAM. Hang it, sir, it needn't want to swallow up every green field we have left. The very trees themselves will soon be obliged to pack up their trunks, take their leaves and emigrate in self defense.

GRUDGE. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I won't argue the point with you now, for I must endeavor to finish my usual distance before dinner. [Crossing, R.] Mr. Fudge, good morning.

FLAM. The same to you, sir!

[DODGE takes off FUDGE's hat.

GRUDGE. I shall expect your father this evening.

FLAM. He will be ready to attend you.

GRUDGE. Well, I must be off—good day.

[Exit, R. 1 E.

FLAM. A pleasant walk to you, sir—ha, ha, ha!

[Coming forward, L., business.

DODGE. That's what I call the Artful Dodge.

FLAM. Dodge, give me your hand! you're the very king of dodgers. Oh, I forgot. Well, in my left hand waistcoat pocket there's a pen-knife which before escaped my memory—and then before these rascally bailiffs return, we'll—

DODGE. Cut it, sir—I understand.

[Takes penknife and releases him.

FLAM. And now I am once more at liberty, let us hasten to accomplish our plan, and trap the old gentleman into his consent.

[Takes stage and looks off, R. 1 E.

DODGE. [L.] With all the pleasure in life, sir.

FLAM. Dodge, look there, [R. 1 E.] who are those fellows coming over the field yonder.

DODGE. Bailiffs—I'd swear to their trot.

FLAM. [Crossing L.] Then there is no time to be lost. Run!

DODGE. Run! I will, sir, like a barrel of beer on half cock.

FLAM. Curse your similes—this way.

[Exit, L. 1 E.

DODGE. Bailiffs come—out of breath—no one here—debtor bolted—that's the dodge?

[Exit, L. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD:—*An apartment in the house of Mr. Grudge—same as First Scene.*

*Enter SUSAN SMUDGE and TIM TRUNDLE, R.*

SUSAN. La, Mr. Timotheus Trundle, I wishes as how you wouldn't keep a following me about so, making such a noise. You're as bad as the elderly lady at *Banbury Cross*, who, as the story books say, had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

TRUNDLE. Yes, and you're as bad as a flat candlestick with an *extinguisher* to it, for directly I begins to blaze away—you're sure to drop upon me and put me out.

SUSAN. Ah! I wish to goodness you were as good a boy as little Jack Horner; but no, you won't be, for instead of remaining in a corner eating a Christmas pie, you keeps a walking after me like one of them ere ogres as we reads of in English history. So go away!

TRUNDLE. I will, Susan, but not for long. *[Exit, L.]*

SUSAN. La, I wish I was a lady! A gipsy did once promise me that I should be. Oh, if I were! SONG—SUSAN—*[Introduced.]* Hush! here comes missus.

*Enter EMILY, R.*

EMILY. Has Mr. Fudge left any note since he called this morning, Susan?

SUSAN. No, miss—he and his *tiger* has been as quiet as the *babes* in the wood.

EMILY. I wish, Susan, you'd leave off that silly habit of yours, mixing up everything with what you read in nursery literature.

SUSAN. Well, miss, it comes nat'ral like just as *Jack the Giant Killer* killed the *Giants*, because he couldn't help it—but bless me, I had nearly offended again.

EMILY. Trundle!

*Enter TRUNDLE, L.*

TRUNDLE. Yes, ma'am!

EMILY. Just step down to the milliner's, will you, and give her this note?

SUSAN. Well, Tim, why don't you go?

TRUNDLE. Oh lor! I'm a reg'lar lapdog to this establishment—I do nothing but *fetch* and *carry* from morning till night. *[Exit, L.]*

EMILY. Are you sure, Susan, that Mr. Fudge didn't call whilst I was out?

SUSAN. Lord, miss, I haven't seen the ghost of his shadow.

EMILY. What can be the plot that he is forming? *[Crosses, R.]* That Frederick loves me I doubt not; but that his scheme will be successful I doubt much. I never heard of his having a father down in Devonshire.

SUSAN. *[Looking out, L.]* Here he comes, ma'am, as punctual as the Wood Demon, and as handsome as Robinson Crusoe.

*Enter FLAMWELL FUDGE, in fashionable drab coat.*

\* FLAM. [C.] My dear Emily, what joy it gives me to see you!

SUSAN. [L.] Bless him, he talks like a dictionary

EMILY. Did you come on foot, Frederick? [*He kisses her hand.*]

SUSAN. I should think he came with a 'buss.

EMILY. Susan, you may leave us.

SUSAN. [*Crossing, R.*] Yes, ma'am! [*aside*] That's always the way whenever there's a nice little bit of love making going forward—I'm sent out of the room, as if there was as much mystery going on as in cave of the Forty Thieves. I'm going, miss. [*Aside.*] I'll listen at the keyhole, for all that, and that's as the French would call being on the *qui vive*. [*Exit, R.*]

FLAM. [*L.*] My dear girl, everything is now arranged, and before another day is over I shall have the inexpressible felicity of calling you mine—ay, and with your guardian's consent, too.

EMILY. Oh, Flamwell, I am afraid your great fault is that of romancing.

*Enter SUSAN, R.*

SUSAN. Please, miss, here's the milliner come; and Mr. Grudge wishes to see you in the library.

EMILY. My dear Frederick, I must leave you, and although I wish you every success, do not compromise either my character or your own honor in what you are about to do. Once more, farwell!

[*FUDGE kisses her hand—exit EMILY, R.*]

SUSAN. [*Who has got round, L., aside.*] They'll never forget sending me out of the way. I didn't leave them long together.

[*Crosses to R., looks at FUDGE—business for SUSAN, who exits, R.*]

FLAM. Confound it! my resolution is shaken. Hang it! they shan't say Fudge was a rascal, however numerous his follies may be. I will go to Grudge, throw myself on his benevolence, and confess—[*Is going, L., when DODGE rushes in, dressed in a white great coat, white bushy wig, etc., with old man's cane—runs up against FUDGE.*] How now, sirrah! who are you that bolt into gentlemen's houses in this way?

DODGE. Who am I? come, that's a good 'un. Don't you recognise me? I know it's a wise child that knows its own father; but the deuce is in it if you don't know a father of your own making.

FLAM. Ha, ha, ha! What, Dodge!

DODGE. Yes, here I am, coat, stick and all.

FLAM. Well, do you think you can play the part you have undertaken?

DODGE. I should think so, sir. What sort of old man should I be? There's the very old style, with his [*imitating.*] "Let me see—five and sixty years ago, when I was a little boy—" And then there's the funny old man with his double mock laugh—"Ha, ha! a capital joke—that puts me in mind when I was—ha, ha! drawn for the militia in the year '78" And lastly there's the sour old man, with his "Bah! I hate these new fangled customs—they're too like the French puppies to please me, and I hate French—I hate puppies, and I hate everything and everybody." Now which will you have, sir?

FLAM. [*L.*] Oh! do it your own way, so that you don't forget the lesson I've taught you.

DODGE. The *less-on* that subject the better.

FLAM. Remember, you must fall in with the old gentleman's peculiarities.

DODGE. Oh, I'll fall in with him, sir, if he don't fall out with me.  
 FLAM. Then the sooner the affair is decided the better. He is very fond of reading, and is now in the library.

DODGE. Then you may consider him booked.

FLAM. Oh, Dodge—but go at once, nor wait for more delay.

DODGE. "My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray."

[*Re-enters* DODGE, R., FUDGE, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Library in the House of Mr. Grudge. [2nd grooves.]*  
*Door, c., books, etc., table and two chairs.*

GRUDGE *discovered, sitting R. of table.*

GRUDGE. So! Fudge hasn't sent me his father yet—zounds! I dare say the fellow never had a father at all. Well, if my ward, Emily, likes him, all very well; and if he really has some property so much the better; and now there is no one to interrupt me—let me—

SUSAN. [*Knocking at door, without, c.*] Please, sir, may I come in?

GRUDGE. Oh! it's Susan—yes, come in, Susan.

*Enter* SUSAN, C.

SUSAN. Please, sir, he's come!

GRUDGE. He—who's he?

SUSAN. Mr. Fudge's father, sir—he's such a funny old man—he's got a red nose and a great stick like Baron Munchausen.

GRUDGE. Well, show him in, Susan.

[*Rising.*

SUSAN. Stick and all?

GRUDGE. Yes, stick and all. [*Exit* SUSAN, C.] A fine old country gentleman, I'll be bound—some English squire—some—

*Re-enters* SUSAN, with DODGE, C.

SUSAN. This way, if you please, sir—there's Mr. Grudge. [*Exit. c.*

DODGE. [*L., slapping him on his back.*] How are you, my hearty?

GRUDGE. [*R.*] Rather a vigorous old gentleman, indeed. [*Aside.*] Quite well, sir—Susan, give Mr. Fudge, senior, a chair.

DODGE. [*Taking chair.*] Glad to hear it—I'm tol, lol, myself.

GRUDGE. [*Sits, R.*] You received your son's letter, I suppose, and came immediately by the rail.

DODGE. Why, to tell the truth, I was on the rail when Fudge first saw me.

GRUDGE. Ah, I see! but for travelling, that style is nothing to be compared to the old plan.

DODGE. I don't know about the travelling, but I found that *style* very comfortable, I assure you.

GRUDGE. Well, sir, after your journey, permit me to offer you some refreshment. Susan, some wine.

[*SUSAN brings decanter and glasses on tray, and exits, c.*]

DODGE. Ah, that's your sort!

GRUDGE. Yes, sir, this is my sort, but would you prefer a light wine.

## THE ARTFUL DODGER.

DODGE. Why, I'd rather have some *heavy*, if it makes no difference.

GRUDGE. This sherry you will find excellent. [*Pointing to wine.*]

DODGE. Well, give us hold.

[*Takes glass and drinks.*]

GRUDGE. Yes, this is *old*; twenty years in my cellar; I assure you.

DODGE. Then it's devilish little of its age. But I have some in Devonshire more ancient than this.

GRUDGE. Indeed! what wine may that be?

DODGE. Why, elder wine, you old fool.

[GRUDGE has the glass up to his mouth at this time, and through laughing, upsets part of the wine.]

GRUDGE. Ha, ha, ha! very good! Umph! now, sir, permit me to speak about the subject more immediately next our hearts. You are quite agreeable to the proposed union, I presume.

DODGE. Oh, quite.

GRUDGE. It has been mentioned to me that the greater portion of your estates lie in Devonshire.

DODGE. Yes, my estates lie there. [*Aside.*] I lie here.

GRUDGE. Freehold, I presume?

DODGE. Oh, perfectly free.

GRUDGE. [*Rises.*] Then, sir, this satisfies me. I'll just step to a notary's, who is a friend of mine, and we will arrange matters. You'll excuse me for a short period, and in the meantime, I leave you to the management of the bottle.

DODGE. You couldn't have left it in better hands.

GRUDGE. Good day, sir.

[*Exit, L. 1 B.*]

DODGE. Same to you, and many on 'em. Well, it's all right now. The contract will be signed—Mr. Fudge will marry the heiress, and I shall get something for my trouble—that's a dodge. Well, here's success to dodging in all its various branches.

*Enter SUSAN, C., cautiously, listening.*

[*Turning round.*] Ah! how dare you, you feminine Paul Pry, listen to what I wasn't saying to anybody?

SUSAN. La, sir! you're as voracious as the wolf with little Red Riding Hood!

DODGE. [*L.*] Now don't tell anybody anything, and I'll give you something. There's a kiss on account. Master's gone out, the wine is in, and so we'll enjoy ourselves.

DUET.—DODGE AND SUSAN.—Air, "Garry Owen."

DODGE. Odzooks! sure a dance is the best of delights.

SUSAN. It lengthens our days, while it shortens our nights.

DODGE. But there's never no pleasure in dancing with frights, or those that are ugly and bony.

SUSAN. A Waltz,

DODGE. Quadrille,

SUSAN. A hop,

DODGE. Or ball—

SUSAN. A reel—

DODGE. Gallopade.

SUSAN. Whether short—

DODGE. Long, or tall.  
But just look at me, and you'll find in them all,  
I'm a regular male Tagliani.

Tol lol, &c.

DODGE. For your new fangled dances I don't care a pin,  
Since your master is out, and his wine is within;  
I'll just show you how I intend to begin.

SUSAN. That care in our hearts shan't be lodging.

DODGE. Upon the light fantastic toe,  
What I can do I soon will show.

SUSAN. And that will be—

DODGE. With a pirouette so.  
The best of all possible dodging!

Tol lol, &c.

*Chorus and dance—Exeunt, R.*

*Enter GRUDGE, FLAMWELL FITZ FUDGE, EMILY, and TIM TRUNDLE, L. 1 R.*

GRUDGE. Well, Mr. Fudge, your candor in acquainting me with  
this frolic, and I must add imposition, before it had gone too far, en-  
ables me to overlook everything else.

FLAM. Sir, I—

GRUDGE. No thanks—she is yours, and may you make her the ex-  
cellent husband she deserves.

DODGE. [*Without, R.*] But I tell you I'm not.

*Enter DODGE between NUDGE and BUDGE, and SUSAN.*

I'm awake! Nabbed on account of the rescue, eh? Well, here, just  
speak to my master about it.

FLAM. [*R. C.*] What, Dodge!

DODGE. Yes, sir, the Dodger's dodged at last. Whilst I was  
enjoying myself with a duet, these fellows were getting ready to join  
in a catch.

NUDGE. [*R.*] Yes, and if Mr. Trinket hadn't made it all right, that  
gemman would have been nabbed too.

DODGE. How could you have nabbed two, when you were only after  
one.

GRUDGE. [*C.*] Stay, on a day like this, when all should be joy, I'll  
have no cause for sorrow. [*Throws purse to NUDGE.*] That, perhaps will  
make some amends.

NUDGE. Sir, it's a *purs*-onal reflection, and as such I takes it—  
thankye.

DODGE. Now trot.

[*Business. Exeunt NUDGE and BUDGE, R. 1 R.*]

GRUDGE. And now harkye, Mr. Dodge, *alias* Fudge, how dared you  
impose on me with an account of your estate in Devonshire?

DODGE. I didn't impose. I have got an estate there—Dartmoor.

GRUDGE. Psha! that's a common.

DODGE. Well, I know its a common—and what is common belongs  
to everybody, and what belongs to everybody, belongs, of course, to  
me, and that's a dodge.



GRUDGE. Skillfully made out, fellow.

DODGE. [S.] Ah, I wasn't a fellow, though, when I was at school with old mother Skinfint, at Pentonville, with my little brother, Tim, playing about like a juvenile mop, with a body to it.

TRUNDLE. [Comes down, L.] Skinfint—Tim! Why, you surely ain't the Bill that went away to seek his fortune?

DODGE. Why, yes, I believe I was a dishonored Bill at that time—but you—

TRUNDLE. I'm Tim, little Tim, that you used to swindle out of his sugar plums and marbles.

DODGE. Come to my arms. [Embraces him.] I've lost a son, but I've gained a brother.

SUSAN. [Comes down, L.] Ain't you going to marry me, Tim?

TRUNDLE. To be sure I will, as sure as eggs is eggs, and that's what I call setting a good eggs-ample to society.

FLAM. [C.] DODGE, you have been of some service to me, though not perhaps as was first intended. Quit your present life, and you shall have a speedy opportunity of benefitting yourself.

DODGE. Depend upon it, it shall be done, sir.

FLAM. And now I have but one thing more to do, and that is—

DODGE. Stop a bit. If there is anything or anybody to be done, pray let me have a hand in it.

[Business of DODGE, putting his arms through as before.

FLAM. Oh, certainly. Ladies and gentlemen, our Dodges for this evening are over—it is for you to say whether they have proved successful. Dodge has kindly lent me his arms, perhaps you will not refuse to favor me with your hands. Should you be willing to come here on any future period, and be robbed of your smiles in the same manner, I can conscientiously lay my hand on my heart—[Business for DODGE,] and assure you that we shall be at all times happy to practice again

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

THE END.



NO. CCCX.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.



# A WINNING HAZARD

*An Original Comedietta, in One Act.*

BY J. P. WOOLER.



WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,

RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.

**ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS. [*A Winning Hazard.*]**

*The Prince of Wales's Theatre, April 15, 1885.*

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<i>Colonel Croker</i> .....	<i>Mr. Dyas</i>
<i>Dudley Croker</i> .....	" <i>F. Dewar</i>
<i>Jack Crawley</i> .....	" <i>Bancroft</i>
<i>Aurora Blythe</i> .....	<i>Miss Lillian Hastings</i>
<i>Coralie Blythe</i> .....	" <i>Bella Goodall</i>

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**Time in Performance—Thirty-five Minutes.**

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**MODERN COSTUMES.**

## A WINNING HAZARD.

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SCENE—*A portion of Colonel Croker's park. Lake at back. Summer-houses, open, and facing audience, R. and L.*

*Enter DUDLEY CROKER, R. 1 E.*

*Dudley* Too early again, no one about—but that's nothing new, it's my confounded fate. Some men are always too late, and come to grief in consequence; I was always too early, with a ditto result. I was born too early. I was the son of my father's *first* wife and all the money came with his *second*, and of course goes to *her* son. I fell in love too early, with my uncle's ward, Aurora; because she certainly was not in love with me then, whatever she may be now, which is somewhat problematical. But as I said before, it is my confounded fate; and I daresay it will last my life—which, by the way, is sure to be shortened, for I am quite certain to die much too early. Now where the deuce can all the people be? For, early bird as I am, I can't even see a stray worm about. Hillo! by Jove, there's some one put in an appearance at last. Hang me, if it isn't my cousin, Jack Crawley. Ah, he's always as much too late as I am too early. The idea of the governor having us down here, to see which he would prefer leaving his money to! that's good, but I'll soon take the curl out of Jack's hair. Well, Jack!

*Enter JACK CRAWLEY, R. 1 E.*

Why, where the plague is everybody? particularly the girls, eh?

*Jack* [R.] Oh, the governor's taken them for a row on the lake—I was to have gone too, but you see I was rather late, and they started without me, so I've been wandering about these eternal grounds, till—till —

*Dud* [L.] Till *now*, I suppose you want to say?

*Jack.* No, that isn't what I was going to say. Till—Well, never mind, I forget now. But what brings *you* down so early in the morning?

*Dud* Ran down to see Aurora; thought I'd come early; and after a rather bewildering study of the luminous "Bradshaw," found I could be here at nine, and here I am! How do you get on with Coralie?

*Jack.* Get on? Well, rather—that is, not at all. I believe I'm just where I was when you left; perhaps, if anything, gone back a little. I was to take her for a drive yesterday, and I'll swear I didn't keep her waiting half an hour at the outside, but she sulked and wouldn't go at all.

*Dud.* Serve you right, but just see how I'm served; last time I was here I had to take Aurora to the archery meeting, twelve sharp—bless you, I was there, dressed like a model Robin Hood, exactly at eleven, and you'd hardly credit it, but she told me I always came bothering—her very word—an hour before folks were half dressed, and as I'd nearly shot three people last meeting I'd better go and practice for an hour or so, as she shouldn't be ready till one, if then.

*Jack.* Sensible girl, that.

*Dud.* I believe they're a precious pair of flirts, and that's a —

*Jack.* Hark! I thought I heard the splash of— Yes, there's the boat, and the governor's helping them out; I believe that conceited old bachelor wants to marry one of the girls himself.

*Dud.* Shouldn't be surprised. He's peacock enough for anything.

*Enter COLONEL CROKER, L. U. E., with a pair of sculls on his shoulder, followed by AURORA and CORALIE BLYTHIE.*

*Aurora.* What, Dudley, you here! [*Crossing to DUDLEY.*]

*Dudley.* Yes, aren't you glad to see me?

*Aur.* Oh, yes, as glad as usual; but you're so early.

*Coralie.* Well, Mr. Crawley, you're a nice young gentleman to make an appointment with a lady.

*Jack.* [*Crossing to CORALIE.*] Come, Coralie, I admit I was a trifle late, but I—I—couldn't find my bootjack.

*Cor.* [*L.*] Oh, it's of no consequence; thanks to our gallant guardian, we did extremely well.

*Croker* [*c.*] Yes, my very dear, but rather imbecile nephews. You see one of you is always too early, and the other's always too late—now I am always just in time, so there's no fault to be found with me, is these, my pretty wards?

*Aur.* [*B. c.*] Yes, a very great one, you're so frightfully modest.

*Crok.* Ahem! thank you. Well, perhaps I am a little so.

*Cor.* So diffident, so timid.

*Aur.* So bashful, so unassuming.

*Crok.* Come, ladies, this is really not fair, two to one.

*Aur.* There are two allies for you there, sir.

*Crok.* Obligated to you; I withdraw from the contest and admit my modesty, diffidence and the rest of it.

*Dud.* [*R.*] I say, governor, I'm not much up in rowing, do you call those things on your shoulder, oars or sculls?

*Crok.* Sculls, sir; wooden ones; there are one or two more about—but I must take them to the boat-house; I see no man about, and they're plaguey heavy. Now, girls, run in and get yourselves up for breakfast, I shall be there as soon as you. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

*Aur.* I wish you'd take your hands out of your pockets, Dudley.

*Dud.* Do you? I rather like them in my pockets.

*Aur* Most vulgar men do!

[*JACK whistles.*

*Cor* Pray, for goodness' sake, Mr. Crawley, don't whistle in that horrid manner.

[*DUDLEY and AURORA go up, R.*

*Jack* Eh! whistling, was I? Ah, I was thinking..

*Cor* Oh, then pray whistle on, if it conduces to such an unusual effort as that.

*Jack* You're sarcastic this morning, Miss Blythe, absolutely biting, I declare.

*Cor* Perhaps so; the fresh air has given me an appetite. If you had been up earlier, you would have found me in a charming temper.

*Dud* Well, I was up early enough, and I don't find Aurora much more agreeable to me than you are to Jack.

*Aur* My dear Dudley, if you had not been up quite so early you would have been absolutely enchanted with me. I am always uncertain in my temper till after breakfast.

*Jack* There, for Heaven's sake, go and have your breakfast, and be sure you make a hearty one.

*Aur* I will try to do so, unless the profound grief I feel at your displeasure takes away my appetite.

*Dud* I tell you what it is, I didn't come down from London to be made a fool of.

*Aur* No, you would have taken a most unnecessary journey, if you had.

*Dud* Now just you look here, Miss Blythe—

*Aur* Where else could I look when in your company?

*Dud* You'll put me in a confounded passion presently, my lady!

*Aur* That will not frighten me much, my lord! [*The girls go up.*

*Jack* It seems to me, Cousin Dudley, you're getting rather the worst of it.

*Dud* You try it on with Coralie, and see if you get any the best of it.

*Re-enter COLONEL CROKER, L. 1 R.—crosses, C.*

*Crok* Now, you torments of girls, are you coming to breakfast? Drinking a lot of cold air instead of hot coffee may be very well for you, but it doesn't suit me, and I'm obliged to come and fetch you.

*Aur* [*R. c.*] Oh, dear guardy, pray forgive us, but these gentlemen, especially Dudley, have been so vastly entertaining, that we could not tear ourselves away.

*Crok* [*c.*] Well, for the novelty of the thing, I must forgive you.

*Dud* [*R.*] It's a parcel of confounded nonsense, isn't it, Jack?

*Jack* [*L.*] Confounded!

*Crok* That I can easily believe.

*Dud* The girls have been behaving in a most villainous manner, haven't they, Jack?

*Jack* Villainous!

*Crok* You pair of rascals, how dare you malign my wards! Go in, my darlings, and leave me to talk to these unmannerly cubs.

*Aur* But won't the dear cubs escort us? I'm sure I shall eat no breakfast if they don't, shall you, Coralie?

*Cor* [*L. c.*] How can you ask? Of course not.

*Dud* Then you may go without it, for you'll go without me.

*Jack* I'm not going!

*Aur* How cruelly you tyrants play with poor women's hearts. [*Crosses to CORALIE.*] Come, Coralie; adieu, marble heart. I am very much distressed, but, at the same time, I am voraciously hungry.

[*Exit AURORA and CORALIE, laughing, L. 1 E.*]

*Dud* Did you ever see such a pair of consummate flirts?

*Crok* [C.] Did anyone ever see such a pair of confounded idiots. You know I have set my mind on your marrying these girls, and I'll be hanged if you know any more how to set about it than monkeys know how to talk Greek.

*Dud* [R.] The deuce is in the women, they won't let us make love to them, will they, Jack?

*Jack* [L.] No, they prefer making fun of us.

*Crok* They'd be cleverer than I think them, if they could extract any fun out of you. By George! it would serve you right, Master Dudley, if I were to run away with Aurora myself, one fine night, and where would you be then? Where would you be then?

*Dud* Well, it would depend upon the hour. In bed, most likely.

*Crok* You cold-blooded simpleton!

*Dud* You're wrong there; my blood happens to be rather over fever heat just now. How's yours, Jack?

*Jack* Oh, about 90 Fahrenheit.

*Crok* Now, look here, you two monkeys—if you don't conduct matters in a more sensible manner, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll first of all marry Aurora—I don't suppose she'd survive it long, and then I'll marry Coralie, and you two precious puppies may go and hang yourselves. [*Crosses L.*]

*Dud* I think you'd be glad enough to do that yourself a quarter of an hour after you'd married that fury, Aurora.

*Jack* If he did I'd cut him down, to give him the pleasure of being sent to Colney Hatch by that demoniacal Coralie.

*Crok* Bah! you're a brace of snipes. I've shot birds far more sensible; but mind what you're about, for if you go on in this imbecile manner I'll kick you off the premises myself. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

*Dud* Urbane old ruffian!

*Jack* Yes, he seems very fond of us. I wonder which of his pet nephews he'll make his heir at last.

*Dud* I wish he'd make up his mind—I'm sick of being trotted down here for inspection—and as for the girls——

*Re-enter COLONEL CROKER, L. 1 E.*

*Crok* [L.] Now look here, you mountebanks—I'm not going to stand any more of this nonsense. You know I've been trying for some time to find out which of you was the more worthy, or rather, which was the least worthless, to inherit my money. Now listen to me, and it's final—whichever of you first gains a promise of either of my ward's hands shall be the man. Now, not a word—when I say a thing, it is a thing, so I advise you to put the few brains you have to as good a purpose as you can. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

*Jack* Dudley, what do you think of this move?

*Dud* Well, I think, as matters stand at present, the prospect of a fortune for either of us is in a thick fog. [*Aside.*] I've a shadowy kind of idea what I'll do, though. If I can't make Aurora marry me, I can at least try and prevent Coralie from marrying Jack. [*Aloud.*] Anything to suggest?

*Jack* Nothing radiant, but as Coralie has not promised to marry me yet, I think I shall carry her off by force, and then she must, you know.

*Dud* Have you ever asked her to marry you?

*Jack* No, but I meant to do it soon. I thought a day or two couldn't signify.

*Dud* You're always so confoundedly behind hand. Now I asked Aurora to marry me first, before I made love to her—I like to be early, and she half promised; my plan's better than yours—I shall threaten her with an action for breach of promise and frighten her into it.

*Jack* [*Aside.*] And I'll frighten her out of it if I can, my friend.

*Dud* Now I shall go and get a glass or two of wine to wake myself up a bit, and put a little life into me. Will you come?

*Jack* Presently. You're always in such a hurry.

*Dud* Oh, I shan't wait—sharp's the word. I say Jack, I shall sure to be the governor's heir, for there's no doubt about your being the tortoise.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

*Jack* Go ahead, my fine fellow—the tortoise beat the hare in the long run. I saw Aurora in the distance coming this way. I'll try and see if I can't disenchant her with her bargain, and spoil his little game.

*Re-enter AURORA, L. 2 E.*

*Aur.* Why, where's your lively companion flown off to, Mr. Crawley?

*Jack* [B.] Oh, he's only gone to get a few glasses of brandy and water.

*Aur* [L.] Mercy! Brandy and water at this hour of the day!

*Jack* Bless you, yes; he generally breakfasts on brandy and cigars.

*Aur* Is it possible?

*Jack* I must admit, with whatever pain and reluctance, that poor Dudley is—a superhuman drinker.

*Aur* How shocking! I am astonished!

*Jack* Are you? Still, poor dear fellow, he is really to be pitied after all, for I believe he is driven to it, his luck is so frightfully bad.

*Aur* His luck?

*Jack* Yes, cards, dice—no matter, all dead against him. He loses fabulous amounts.

*Aur* A gambler, too! You horrify me.

*Jack* It is very much to be lamented, but you see he is in a measure forced to play, in the hope of winning to meet his expenses; his allowance is so ridiculously small—what is it? Why, Lucy Carlton's brougham swallows all that.

*Aur* What, Dudley keep a brougham for a lady. •



*Jack* I blush to say he does, but though Lucy is certainly extravagant, I don't think she is as expensive as the others.

*Aur* Others! Oh! Crawley, this is frightful! [Crosses R.]

*Jack* Yes, it is; but Dudley's rather a favorite with the women, and yet, he has been very fortunate, considering. I don't think he has had more than—let me see, one, two, three—no, four duels, as yet.

*Aur* [Half screaming.] Four duels! You terrify me—the monster!

*Jack* Now I think of it, we may say five. For, if I remember rightly, young Parker died in the hospital.

*Aur* [Grasping his arm.] For mercy's sake, Mr. Crawley, close this catalogue of horrors: a drinker, a gambler, a profligate and a duellist! My stars, what an escape I have had! [Crosses to L.]

*Jack* [R., aside.] I think he is neatly filled up and put by.

*Aur* My nerves are usually pretty firm, but this revelation of atrocities is too much. May I beg your escort to the house?

*Jack* By all means, my dear Aurora, it is very painful to unveil the faults of a friend, but duty—

*Aur* Oh, thank you; thank you a thousand times, but I should never have believed that so young a man could have been guilty of so much depravity.

*Jack* Why, you see, Aurora, he began, as usual, very early.

[Exit AURORA and JACK, L. 1 R.]

Re-enter DUDLEY and CORALIE, L. 2 R.

*Cor* My dear Dudley, you surprise me!

*Dud* [Aside, R.] What's that cousin of mine floating about with Aurora for?

*Cor* Can Mr. Crawley really be so bad?

*Dud* I have no hesitation in saying—although he is my own cousin, and my very dear and particular friend—that I look upon him as the most evil-tempered, unprincipled, mean-spirited, semi-felonious humbug living.

*Cor* You amaze me! I always thought him so mild, so quiet, so—

*Dud* Confoundedly slow, you mean to say—that's his art—deep enough, but mild, quiet. Why, not long ago he pitched a tailor out of the window for asking for his bill.

*Cor* Good heavens!

*Dud* It's true he only broke his arm, but it might have been worse, you know—not his fault that it wasn't; then, as for his principle, there is a tradition in our family—which I happen to know is scrupulously correct—that, at the age of fourteen, he stole his grandmother's teaspoons.

*Cor* What a shameful trick!

*Dud* And for his spirit, why, only lately he was publicly horse-whipped in Hyde Park for winking at a dowager duchess.

*Cor* Can this shameful tale be credible?

*Dud* I speak by the card, equivocation would undo me, but worse remains behind. Do you know why he persists in hiding down here.

*Cor* Hiding! why he's on a visit to his uncle, as you are—you know for what reason, and perhaps I have been partially the cause of his long stay.

*Dud* Excuse me, don't think so—he is my friend, he is my cousin—indeed I regard him in the light of a brother, but truth must out—I believe he is afraid to be seen in London, as he is wanted for a little matter of forgery! [*CORALIE screams.*] Hush! don't do that—he may square it, you know, but I must confess the case seems to be a very bad one. [*Aside.*] There, if that doesn't settle him, why, as the Yankees say, "There's no cotton in Cairo."

*Cor* Oh, my dear Dudley, how very, very dreadful! and how can I thank you enough for this timely warning? and I almost thought I could have loved this wretch!

*Dud* Hush! here he comes with Aurora.

*Re-enter AURORA and JACK, L. 1 E.*

*Aur* Thank you; I feel better now.

*Dud* [*Aside. n.*] Confound him, he has been making her ill.

*Jack* [*L.*] Ah, Coralie. [*CORALIE turns away coolly.*]

*Dud* My dear Aurora.

*Aur* [*L. c., coolly.*] Well, sir. [*Aside.*] How dare he look me in the face!

*Dud* Cool, as usual.

*Aur* Pardon me, sir, I'm rather warm.

*Dud* That's temper, and I'll lay any odds you are in this humor all day.

*Aur* Betting is not one of my accomplishments, sir.

*Jack* [*Aside.*] Ahem! but he won't understand it.

*Cor* [*R. c.*] Well, what is it? eh, Mr. Crawley?

*Jack* Come, hang it, Coralie, give up this absurd conduct, for if I attend it much longer, I'll be—

*Cor* Horsemwhipped?

*Dud* [*Aside.*] Ahem! but he can make nothing of it.

*Jack* Yes, if you like, horsemwhipped—anything—hanged.

*Cor* There are more unlikely things than that.

*Dud* And if I stand it I'll be shot.

*Aur* You have enjoyed a singular immunity from that fate.

*Dud* Have I?

*Jack* [*Aside.*] It's all right, he can't see it. [*Aloud to CORALIE.*] One would fancy a fellow was nothing better than a mere milksop—a regular spoony—a—

*Cor* Fie, for shame! don't talk about *spoons*, pray.

*Dud* [*Aside.*] Ahem! water on a duck's back, he can't feel it.

[*Aloud—crossing to AURORA.*] Come, Aurora, let us be friends—I have a few wise words to say to you, come into the summer house.

*Aur* That's so great a novelty that I will. [*Aside.*] For the last time, to hear what the imposter has to say for himself.

[*DUDLEY and AURORA retire to the summer house, R., in view of audience.*]

*Jack* Do not let the brilliant example be lost on us, Coralie, for if Dudley has wise words to say—I'll be bold to say I have pleasant ones.

*Cor* Oh, you are very bold, I know. [*Aside.*] Let us hear what this mean creature has to say. [*They retire to summer house, L.—JACK and DUDLEY listen to each other's conversation.*]

*Dud* My darling Aurora, you know how dear you are to me.

*Aur* [*Coolly.*] Not so dear as some others, I take it.

*Jack* [*Aside.*] That's Lucy's brougham! [*Aloud.*] My own Coralie, you know you are the only woman I can love.

*Cor* [*Coolly.*] Here, perhaps—but in Hyde Park.

*Dud* [*Aside.*] That's the Dowager Duchess. [*Aloud.*] You are very cruel, Aurora, to say so—the whole game of life is lost if I lose you.

*Aur* There are other games besides the game of life, sir.

*Jack* [*Aside.*] There go the dice down his throat. [*Aloud.*] Hyde, what do I know of or care for Hyde Park, or any other park, but this where you are, and this is paradise!

*Cor* I should be afraid to sit down to *tez* with you, even in paradise.

*Dud* [*Aside.*] That's one for the tea spoons. [*Aloud.*] Plainly then, my darling, my happiness is in your dear hands—I love you, adore, worship you!

*Aur* Mr. Croker, this intemperate language would lead to the belief that you had dined instead of breakfasted.

*Jack* [*Aside.*] That's the brandy and cigars. [*Aloud.*] In short, Coralie, my future is bound up in you, and if you reject my suit—

*Cor* You have such a strange way of dealing with your suits.

*Dud* [*Aside.*] There goes the tailor out of the window. [*Aloud.*] Do not refuse me, Aurora, here at your feet. [*Kneeling.*] I offer my hand and heart.

*Aur* [*Rising indignantly.*] And here on my feet I reject both!

[*Goes down R.*]

*Jack* [*Aside.*] That's the five duels, and young Parker in the hospital. [*Aloud.*] Dearest Coralie, I love you to distraction. Come, now, have mercy, and do take me.

*Cor* You must look for mercy from a very different judge.

*Dud* [*Aside, R.*] There's the forgery out.

*Cor* [*Rising and going down, L.*] For me I must decline both your love and yourself.

*Dud* [*R.*] This is infamous—intolerable!

*Jack* Odious—insufferable!

*Aur* [*R.*] Dudley, I believe I could have loved you, ask your own heart if you merit my love. [*Crosses, L.*] All is at an end between us henceforth—come, Coralie.

[*Exit, L. 1 R.*]

*Cor* [*L.*] Mr. Crowley, I might have been led to love you—examine your past life, and see if you deserve it—our intercourse is at an end, now and for ever.

[*Exit, L. 1 R.*]

*Jack* Dudley!

*Dud* Jack!

*Jack* Settled.

*Dud* Floored! What does she mean by asking my own heart?

*Jack* What does she mean rather by examining my past life?

*Dud* I say, Jack, I've got an idea.

*Jack* Nonsense!

*Dud* Fact! you see how we are treated by these dove-like young females?

*Jack* Quite clearly.

*Dud* Well, it's by no means clear to me that we haven't by some blunder or another, each pitched upon the wrong woman—it's quite clear to me there's a mistake somewhere, and that must be it,

*Jack* By Jove, that idea never struck me before.

*Dud* Dare say not, you're always late with your ideas, and I, as usual, am early with mine. The governor said, "whoever gets the first promise from either of my wards," so it's all right. What I propose is this, that we change partners in this not very lively dance, and try if we can't get on a little better.

*Jack* Well, we can't get on much worse, let it beso.

*Dud* You know, as far as I am concerned myself, I rather prefer Aurora, but what's that to do with it if she doesn't prefer me! and there's another advantage in it. If the girls do like us after all, they'll soon let us see it when they find out our tastes are altering, they may have been only playing with us.

*Jack* Well, they don't choose nice games to play at, I expect that we shall make a mess of it.

*Dud* I expect we have made a mess of it already—I don't like giving up Aurora though, either.

*Jack* Nor I, Coralie. But mind if Aurora says "yes," I shall have her.

*Dud* I'm not quite so sure about that—it depends upon whether Coralie accepts me, in which case, as of course I can't commit bigamy—why, I suppose you must have Aurora.

*Jack* Oh, then, I am to wait till your eminence has tried your chance.

*Dud* Certainly.

*Jack* You're mighty clever young man, then. If Coralie consents, and she's flirt enough for anything, you gain her hand first, and pocket the governor's money.

*Dud* Well, Mr. Dog-in-the-Manger, if you can't get it, why shouldn't I have it?

*Jack* But I don't know that I can't get it—I'll ask Aurora first.

*Dud* Will you? No, no, the idea was mine, and I'll have the first innings.

*Jack* Do you want to quarrel, Mr. Croker?

*Dud* I'm not particular, Mr. Crawley, but I don't see the use of it. I think we'd better toss!

*Jack* Toss!

*Dud* Never mind, here they are again, and the governor with them. He seems in a state, look here, we'll go in together—I'll trust to your not being up to time. [They go up.]

*Enter COLONEL CROKER, in a rage, followed by AURORA and CORALIE,*  
L. 1 R.

*Crok* Come along, you silly girls, will you? Now you dolts. idiots, fools, simpletons, blockheads, owls, puppies, geese, donkies, rascals, rogues, humbugs—

*Dud* [R. C.] You're addressing quite a mixed audience, sir.

*Crok* [c.] No, sir, all these epithets, and five hundred thousand more like them apply to you, and your wooden-headed cousin there! I ask what have you been doing now?

*Jack* [R.] I should rather ask what *you've* been doing, sir, you seem somewhat elevated.

*Crok* If I had my cane with me you puppy, you'd soon find your elevation lowered, I can promise you. I found these poor dear girls half crying.

*Dud* That's the state you ought rather to find us in, sir.

*Crok* Hold your tongue, and I ask what you've been doing to them?

*Jack* You should rather ask what they've been doing to us.

*Dud* The fact is I did Miss Aurora Blythe the honor of offering her my hand.

*Crok* Honor! you puppy! well!

*Dud* And she did me the distinguished honor of declining it.

*Jack* And I conferred the same obligation upon Miss Coralie Blythe.

*Crok* Jackanapes!

*Jack* Which met with the same ungrateful return.

*Crok* [Turning to girls, L.] Why, girls, how's this?

*Dud* Your pardon, sir, a moment:—I now beg leave to withdraw my pretensions from a quarter where they have met with so ungracious a reception, and to make a formal proposal for the hand of Miss Coralie Blythe!

*Crok* }  
*and* } What.  
*Girls* }

*Jack* [Pushing back DUDLEY,] Mr. Croker has forstalled me. I beg, in fact, I meant to have begged first, to withdraw the affection I have wasted in so uncongenial a soil; and to demand your permission, as the young lady's guardian, to ask the hand of Miss Aurora Blythe.

*Girls* Well!

*Crok* I am amazed, stupefied at this stupendous impudence.

*Dud* [Pushing JACK back.] I wait for an answer.

*Jack* [Business repeated.] I pause for a reply.

*Aur* [Earnestly.] Oh, Coralie, dear, don't have him—he breakfasts on brandy and cigars!

*Cor* What!

*Jack* [Aside.] It's coming!

*Dud* That's a wicked fib—I never take breakfast at all.

*Cor* And pray, Aurora, don't have Mr. Crawley, he threw a tailor out of the window for asking for his bill.

*Aur* What!

*Dud* [Aside.] Ahem!

*Jack* That's a palpable invention—I could never find a tailor who'd let me run a bill.

*Aur* And Dudley gambles from morning till night, dear.

*Jack* [Aside.] Her tongue once off, it'll never stop.

*Dud* But this is an infamous libel—a——

*Cor* And Mr. Crawley stole his grandmother's teaspoons.

*Dud* [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil!

*Jack* What? that's a vile aspersion, I never had a grandmother!

*Aur* And Dudley keeps a brougham for Lucy Carlton.

*Cor* Mercy!

*Jack* [*Aside.*] It's getting warm.

*Dud* Hang and confound it, this is too bad. Who the deuce is Lucy Carlton?

*Cor* And Mr. Crawley was horsewhipped in Hyde Park for winking at a dowager duchess.

*Aur* Oh!

*Dud* [*Aside.*] Now for it!

*Jack* Madam—by Jove! this is too infamous.

*Aur* And Dudley has fought five duels, besides poor young Parker in the hospital.

*Cor* Horrible!

*Dud* Mad, mad,—by Jupiter, quite mad!

*Cor* And Mr. Crawley is afraid to go to London because he has committed a forgery.

[*AURORA screams*—*GIRLS go up L.*]

*Jack* What! Oh, hang it, this is too much!

[*COLONEL CROKER has turned from one to another at each separate charge in a state of bewilderment.*]

*Crok* You precious pair—you couple of monstrous villains! Not content with drinking brandy wite a tailor, and stealing his teaspoons, with horsewhipping your grandmother in Lucy Carlton's brougham—gambling with a dowager duchess, and throwing her out of the window, and fighting duels with one another—you must needs commit a forgery upon poor Parker in the Hospital. I renounce, discard, abandon, cast you off, and send you to the devil on the spot!

[*Crores to L., and goes up.*]

*Dud* [*Crossing to AURORA.*] I cannot tell, madam, where you have picked up this budget of confounded, and immeasurable slanders, but I demand your authority.

*Jack* [*To CORALIE.*] And unless your imagination be equal to your perfidy, madam, I cannot think you can have invented this tissue of abominations—be pleased to favor me with your authority.

*Aur* I can have no objection to state mine, Mr. Crawley. [*Goes up.*]

*Cor* Nor I to surrender mine, Mr. Croker.

[*Goes up.*]

*Dud* [*a., fiercely.*] Sir! [*Dud and JACK approach each other menacingly.*]

*Jack* [*L., ditto.*] Sir?

*Dud* Did you say "brandy at breakfast?"

*Jack* Did you say "tailor out of the window?"

*Dud* Did you say "gambling?"

*Jack* Did you say "teaspoons?"

*Dud* Did you say "Lucy's brougham?"

*Jack* Did you say "duchess and horsewhip?"

*Dud* Did you say "duelling?"

*Jack* Did you say "forgery?"

*Dud* What if I did?

*Jack* What if I did?

*Dud* Then I demand satisfaction for your most abominable slanders.

*Jack* And I for your most illimitable falsehoods.

[*They separate, and go up, R. and L.*]

*Aur* Oh, colonel, they will fight. [*Coming down with CORALIE.*]

*Crot* [*Coming down, c.*] Let 'em fight, and it will be a blessing if they come to the same end as the Kilkenny cats. Fight! they daren't fight. Satisfaction! I'm the only one who's likely to get that, for I shall have the satisfaction of seeing them bundled off the premises in less than ten minutes. There, go along, do! [*Pushes GIRLS off, L. 1. R.—looking round*] Oh! you precious pair of rascals!

*Jack* [*Coming down, R.*] Now, sir! [*Together.*] [*Exit, L. 1 R.*]

*Dud* [*L.*] Now, sir;

*Jack* I think you stand a chance of finding your imaginary horse-whip converted into a substantial one, and freely applied to your clumsy shoulder.

*Dud* And I think that your phantom duel may become a reality, and that you may find yourself side by side with the ghost of young Parker in the hospital.

*Jack* What did you mean by inventing all those lies, eh?

*Dud* I meant to induce Coralie to turn her white and cold shoulder to you till I had smoothed the rumpled feathers of my bird of paradise, Aurora. Pray, what did you mean?

*Jack* [*Frankly.*] I meant to play the same game; but all's fair in love and war, you know.

*Dud* Ha, ha! Then it appears we are "arcades ambo—id est, blackguards both." Well, so much the better, it saves our fighting over it, and I've got another idea.

*Jack* I hope it's a better one than the last.

*Dud* It's scaphic, sir, and will test whether these girls ever cared half a kiss about us, or whether they're a pair of heartless, worthless coquettes; in either case—win or lose—we're the gainers. Come along, and I'll put you up to it. But if we meet anyone, you abuse me roundly, I'll return it with interest.

*Jack* That's it; let's begin and quarrel here.

*Dud* All right. [*Exeunt, squabbling, R. U. E.*]

*Re-enter AURORA and CORALIE, L. 1 R.*

*Aur* [*R.*] Did you hear them at one another? I am so frightened, I'm sure they'll fight. You know Dudley's a duellist.

*Cor* [*L.*] Yes; but it takes two men to fight a duel, and if Mr. Crawley has submitted to a horsewhipping, he won't be one of them.

*Aur* I say, Coralie, dear, do you believe all these shocking things about Dudley?

*Cor* Oh, I don't know. Who can tell what men are when they are out of your sight? But I never can think that Crawley would commit a forgery.

*Aur* Oh, I don't know, all sorts of men have done it before.

*Cor* Now, it's not at all unlikely that Dudley may have kept a brougham for a lady.

*Aur* And it's extremely likely that Mr. Crawley robbed his poor grandmother.

*Cor* You spiteful thing, with your "grandmothers!" [*Crosses, R.*  
*Aur* You're just as spiteful, with your "broughams?" [*Crosses, L.*  
*Cor* It's my firm belief you invented all those stories of poor Craw-  
 ley yourself, to make his uncle disinherit him.  
*Aur* Now, I'll be whipped if I wasn't thinking the very same  
 thing of you about Dudley.  
*Cor* If I thought you had. } *Together.*  
*Aur* If I thought you had. }

COLONEL CROKER enters behind, L. U. E.

*Cor* I'd wring the necks of your noisy canaries.  
*Aur* I'd poison your ugly Skye terrier.  
*Cor* Pert!  
*Aur* Peevish!  
*Cor* Mischievous!  
*Aur* Malicious!  
*Crok* [*Advancing.*] Heyday? another rumpus! Have you wenches  
 been at the brandy bottle, too?  
*Aur* No, guardy, but Coralie says— } *Together.*  
*Cor* No, guardy, but Aurora says— }  
 [*Shots heard without, R., GIRLS scream.*  
*Aur* Oh, mercy! what's that? They have fought, and Dudley's  
 killed! Oh! Colonel!— [*Faints in his arms.*  
*Crok* Here, I say, don't do that; they daren't go and get killed on  
 my grounds—confound 'em!  
*Cor* It's most likely Tom after the rooks.  
*Crok* Of course it is! [*Shouts in AURORA's ear.*] It's Tom after the  
 rooks! No use, she's gone, what can I do with her—how heavy  
 women are when they faint! [*Carries and deposits her in summer house,*  
*R.*] Now, I'll go and see about this uproar, and if—[*Goes up, R.*] Eh!  
 whry, by the god Mars! they have been fighting, and my fellows are  
 wheeling them up.

*Cor* Oh, Heaven! then Jack is hurt! Oh, Colonel!—

[*Faints in COLONEL CROKER's arms.*  
*Crok* Here, hang it, you must do it too! Oh, come along and have  
 it out comfortably. [*Deposits her in summer house, L.*] Now for these  
 two mad-brained apes! [*DUDLEY and JACK are brought in on wheelbarrows*  
*by two Gardeners, R. U. E., and down, R. C.—exunt men, R. U. E.*] Why  
 you two Tom fools, what have you been about now?

*Aur* [*Recovering.*] Where am I? What is it?

*Cor* [*Recovering.*] Ah, me! what means this?

*Dud* [*Faintly.*] Aurora!

*Jack* [*Faintly.*] Coralie!

*Aur* [*About to rush to him.*] Dudley!

*Dud* Stay where you are. In that summer house you broke my  
 arm. I beg your pardon, my heart, but my arm hurts me. From  
 that summer house behold the consequences! Say you're rather  
 sorry for it, and I shall depart in peace.

*Aur* Oh, Dudley, Dudley, don't talk so.

*Jack* Don't stir, Coralie. You spoke words on that spot which



have led to this fatal result. Only say you don't think I stole the teaspoons and I can die quietly.

*Cor* Dearest Jack, I do not believe it.

*Jack* Enough, Dudley, I withdraw the brandy and the brougham.

*Dud* And I withdraw the tailor and the teaspoons.

*Aur* [At his side.] Dudley, dear Dudley, please live, for my sake.

*Cor* [By JACK.] Jack, dear Jack, please don't die, for mine.

*Dud* [Very feebly.] If I should ever recover, will you marry me?

*Jack* [Very feebly.] Stop a minute! If I should ever get well, Coralie, will you marry me?

*Aur* }  
and } Yes! ~  
*Cor* }

*Dud* [Eagerly.] Aurora said "yes" first.

*Jack* No, Coralie.

*Dud* I say she didn't.

*Jack* I say she did.

*Dud* You're a —

*Jack* You're another.

*Dud* [Fiercely.] What? .

*Jack* [Fiercely.] What?

[They struggle to get at one another.]

*Aur* Oh, Heaven!

*Cor* Pray take care.

*Crok* Hold hard, you lunatics! [Wheelbarrows overturn and upset them.]

*Aur* [Crossing to L.] Mercy! In their state it will be their death.

[DUDLEY and JACK grapple.]

*Dud* Did Aurora speak first? }  
*Jack* Did Coralie speak first? } Together.

*Dud* No! }  
*Jack* No! } Together.

*Crok* Be quiet, you fools, they both spoke together.

*Dud* Oh, very well, let's shake ourselves together, then.

[Crossing to AURORA.]

*Aur* What! are you not hurt!

*Cor* Not wounded?

*Dud* [Crossing to AURORA.] The only wound I have received is from your eyes, dear, and your lips will cure that. . [Kisses her.]

*Jack* [To CORALIE.] A very neat sentiment; couldn't be mended. I say ditto. [Kisses CORALIE.]

*Crok* [Crossing to c.] Come, matters have got square at last—I'll keep my word, boys, you've got my wards between you, you shall have my money between you.

*Dud* All's right, here, then? [Coming forward.] If all be right here too, we have served you up a very light dish, merely to whet your appetite for the more substantial fare which is to follow. We hold your verdict as without appeal—we have attempted to amuse you—a hazardous attempt, perhaps, on our parts, but if we have succeeded we shall certainly have played "A WINNING HAZARD."

THE END.

NO. CCCXI.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

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# A DAY'S FISHING

*A Farce—in One Act,*

*John Maddison*  
BY J. ~~N~~ MORTON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "BOX AND COX," "LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS," "THREE  
CUCKOOS," "CATCH A WEASEL," etc., etc., etc.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—(*A Day's Fishing.*)

WIMBLEDON WAGGS.....	Mr. G. Belmore
DOCTOR JELlicoe.....	" C. J. Smith
MR. BOBBINS.....	" C. H. Stephenson
MAJOR O'LIFFEY.....	" Travers
CAPTAIN O'JIFFEY.....	" Locksley
CUMMING, a <i>Landlord</i> .....	" B. Romer
SHARP, a <i>Wailer</i> .....	" W. H. Eburne
JULIA TEMPEST.....	Miss Lennox Grey
CHARLOTTE BOBBINS.....	" Turtle
MRS. COMPASS.....	Mrs. H. Lewis
PHOEBE.....	" Leigh Murray
TWO CHILDREN.....	

TIME.—Present.

SCENE.—An Hotel at Tunbridge Wells.

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COSTUMES.—Modern.

## A DAY'S FISHING.

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SCENE.—*A large room at an hotel at Tunbridge Wells. Large door c.—doors R. and L. 2 and 3—entrance R.—doors R. and L. 2 and 3—entrance L.—window in R. flat—fireplace between doors R.—table R.—table and two chairs L. with decanter and two wine glasses.*

O'JIFFEY and O'LIFFEY are discovered seated at table L. drinking.

O' Liffey. [*Raising his glass.*] Here's to the beautiful darling.

O' Jif. Here's to the iligant crature.

O' Liff. The first time I saw her I said that woman must be Mrs. O' Liffey!

O' Jif. I had no sooner beheld her than I booked her for Mrs. O' Jiffey.

O' Liff. And yet I'm not a bit nearer carrying off the prize than I was.

O' Jif. And I'm as far off the winning-post as ever. You're always in my way.

O' Liff. And you're niver out of mine! however, you remember our compact, the moment Miss Tempest decides which of us she prefers, we go out and fight for her.

O' Jif. [*Rising.*] Exactly; and now suppose we take a stroll?

O' Liff. [*Rising.*] With all my heart—come along.

[*going up c., arm-in-arm.*]

Enter PHOEBE, hurriedly, c., she is dressed as a country girl, straw hat, cotton gown, &c.

Phoebe, [R. c.] Oh, gentlemen! good gentlemen, do tell me, have you seen him?

O' Liff. [L. c.] Seen who?

Phoebe. Bobby!

O' Jif. [L. c.] Who's Bobby?

Phoebe. My Bobby, Bobby Grimes, old Farmer Grimes's son, a short chap, lives down at Sevenoaks, with curly red hair, he left our place last night, with a cast in his eye, and nobody can tell me nothing about him.

O' Liff. Faith, no more can I.

Phoebe. Then you be as big a fool as the rest on 'em.

O' Liff. Ha! ha! ha! here's the waiter, you'd better ask him.

## A DAY'S FISHING.

*Enter SHARP, R. 1 E.**O' Lif.* Here, you're wanted. [*Exeunt O'LIFFEY and O'JEFFEY, C. to R.*]*Sharp.* What may you please to want, ma'am? any refreshment, cold chicken, pigeon pie, leg of lamb?*Phæbe.* Keep your legs to yourself, young man, I only want my Bobby.*Sharp.* [*Aside.*] Bobby? a relation in the police, I suppose. [*Aloud.*] You see, ma'am, we have so many bobbies; do you happen to know his particular beat?*Phæbe.* [*Aside.*] Here's another fool—blest if they don't swarm in these parts. [*Aloud and quickly.*] Do you happen to have a young man here called Bobby Grimes, just come from Sevenoaks? There, you can manage as much as that, can't ye?*Sharp.* The Sevenoaks train isn't in yet.*Phæbe.* Ain't it; then I'll go back to the young 'uns, poor little dears—they're a bellowing after their mammy in fine style, I warrant—I left 'em with the old woman at the greengrocer's shop round the corner. You'll let me know if my Bobby comes, won't you?*Sharp.* Certainly.*Phæbe.* Thankee, young man, you've a good heart, pity you be such a fool, it be indeed. [*Exit C. to R.*]*Sharp.* [*Crossing to table, sees decanter, L.*] Hollo! here's a drop of sherry left. [*Pours out and drinks.*]*Enter CUMMING, R. 1 E., carrying three portraits.**Cumming.* [*Seeing SHARP drinking*] I hope you like it. [*SHARP splutters out wine nearly choking himself.*] Well, you take it coolly, I must say.*Sharp.* [*Drinking.*] I take it as I can get it, sir.*Cum.* Here, take these pictures and dust 'em. [*SHARP takes the pictures to table, R., one represents a young man in modern costume—the second, a military officer in regimentals—the third, a Swiss female peasant in national costume—the portraits are small half-lengths.*]*Sharp.* [*Dusting them.*] Picked 'em up at a sale, sir?*Cum.* [*R.*] No, there's a queer story about those pictures. A young fellow from Canterbury, an artist he called himself, ran up a bill here some time ago, and couldn't pay, so he left those pictures with me as security, with the understanding, that if he didn't redeem them in two months, I should be at liberty to dispose of them; the time's up to-day, and I mean to find a customer for them if I can.*Sharp.* [*L., Looking at pictures.*] Lor, sir, only look! hang me if all the three faces ain't exactly alike!*Cum.* Yes; there's a queer story about *that*; the young fellow told me he used to amuse himself by making sketches of another young fellow who lodged in the opposite house.*Sharp.* But, sir, in this picture he's dressed up in woman's clothes.*[Showing the portrait of the Swiss peasant.]**Cum.* Yes; it seems he had been to a fancy dress ball the night before, and I suppose hadn't had time to take off his masquerading

dress, before he was taken off himself; [*imitating action of sketching,*] there now, you know the long and the short of it. Place the pictures by that table there, [*pointing to table, R.*] right side up, so that anybody can see them. [*SHARP places the pictures, the Swiss girl on chair L. of table, R., the officer against leg of table, R. C., the private portrait against R. leg.*] And now go about your work—come, bustle about.

[*Exit SHARP, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter DOCTOR JELlicoe, C., he looks carefully about him, goes and looks off at different doors.*

*Cum.* [*Aside, watching him in surprise.*] What the deuce is the matter with the doctor this morning?

*Jellicoe.* [*Brings CUMMING very mysteriously forward.*] What have you done with it? Where have you put it to?

*Cum.* [*R. C.*] It! What?

*Jel.* [*L. C.*] I've just looked into your little back parlor, and she's not there.

*Cum.* She! Who?

*Jel.* [*In loud whisper.*] The Swissess.

*Cum.* The what?

*Jel.* Swissess. The female Swiss, or rather her portrait that I saw there yesterday.

*Cum.* Eh? Do you mean this?

[*Bringing down the portrait of the Swiss.*]

*Jel.* It's she. [*Looks round mysteriously.*] Listen! But first, this is a secret—a tremendous secret. I wouldn't have cousin Euphemia know anything about it for the world, she's so awfully jealous. By-the-bye, you don't know cousin Euphemia, do you?

*Cum.* No.

*Jel.* Her gallant husband, Captain Compass, has lately died in his country's service, caught cold catching cod off the Mother Bank. When his disconsolate widow considers she has sufficiently lamented her "first" I've promised to be her "second."

*Cum.* Then what business have you with a Swissess, as you call her? Fie! fie! doctor!

*Jel.* Hush! Suffice it that under the maddening influence of an extra half-pint of sherry I was induced to attend the last fancy dress ball at Canterbury.

*Cum.* Eh, what's that? Fancy ball—Canterbury?

*Jel.* Hush, not so loud. And there I first beheld my beautiful Swissess!

*Cum.* [*Aside.*] Ha, ha! Poor doctor, if he only knew.

*Jel.* My "Ketly"—I call her my "Ketly"—and in my dreams I picture her to myself feeding her flocks. [*Singing.*] "On the margin of fair Zurich's waters, ya, hoo, hoo!" Now, I must have that portrait—you hear, *must* have it, at any cost! I'll give you seventeen and sixpence for it—there!

*Cum.* For such a work of art as this? No, no, another half-crown and its yours.

## A DAY'S FISHING.

Jel. *[Giving sovereign.]* There!

Cum. *[Giving portrait.]* There!

Jel. *[Looking tenderly at portrait.]* My "Ketly!"

Mrs. Compass. *[Without, c.]* Now, cousin Jellicoe, where have you got to?

J.J. Zounds, here's cousin Euphemia! What the deuce shall I do with my Swissess? I have it, I'll put it up my back, there's lots of room. *[Hastily puts portrait up the back of his coat.]* Does it show?

Cum. Not much.

*Enter Mrs. COMPASS, c., she has a rough pilot jacket on, and round tarpaulin hat, and carries a basket with a strap.*

Mrs. C. Oh, here you are! a pretty starn chase you've led me.

Jel. Yes, I only dropped in to—— *[To CUMMING.]* You're sure it doesn't show? *[To Mrs. COMPASS.]* I'm quite ready. *[Suddenly to CUMMING.]* It's slipping down, I'm sure it is.

Mrs. C. Here, cousin, I'm not going to freight myself with this cargo of provisions any longer. *[Holding out the basket to JELICOE.]* Stop a bit, just turn yourself round, and I'll sling it behind your back.

Jel. *[Quickly.]* No, no, my back's full. I mean, give it me.

*[She hangs it round his neck.]*

Mrs. C. Now, then, cousin, heave ahead.

Jel. *[Walking backwards.]* Very well, then, this way. *[Keeps both hands behind his back.]* Zounds!

*[Giving picture a push up.]*

Mrs. C. Well, if you prefer walking backwards like a crab.

Jel. I do, it's a way I've got.

*[Backs out at door, c., followed by Mrs. COMPASS laughing at him.]*

Cum. Come, I've found a customer for one of the pictures, that's more than I expected.

*Enter JULIA TEMPEST, L. 2 E.*

Cum. *[Aside.]* Miss Tempest, by Jove, I'd quite forgotten her letter.

Julia. *[L.]* Has the postman been yet, Mr. Cummings?

Cum. Yes, ma'am, an hour ago—I mean five minutes, I was coming to you with this letter. *[Giving her a letter.]*

Julia. *[Aside.]* From my lawyer at last. *[Opens letter and reads—CUMMING dusts pictures, R.]* "Dear madam, I regret to say that all my efforts to trace the individual you are so anxious to discover, have been utterly fruitless, &c., &c." *[She seats herself and reads letter again, L., O'LIFFEY looks in at door, R. 2 E., beckons CUMMING, gives him a note, points to JULIA, then cautiously retires—as soon as he is off O'LIFFEY enters from door, R. 3 E., beckons CUMMING, gives him no'e, points to JULIA, and retires again.]* Poor cousin Wimbledon, but I'll not despair of finding him yet, and restore to him the fortune which justly belongs to him, for although his follies and extravagance so offended his poor Aunt Briggs that she bequeathed her fortune to me, her god-daughter, still, while a hope remains of discovering him, I'm resolved to look upon it only as a deposit.

*Cum.* Two letters, ma'am. [*Gives them, takes up portrait of Officer to dust.*  
*Julia.* [*Opens notes and reads.*] This is intolerable. [*Crumples them up.*]  
 Daily, almost hourly, I am persecuted with the obtrusive civilities of two men—gentlemen, I presume they call themselves! If I were married, I should be protected from their offensive attentions, but one can't get a husband at a moment's notice. [*Rises.*] Unless it were indeed an imaginary one, that would act as a scarecrow. [*Sees CUMMING dusting portrait of officer.*] The portrait of an officer, Mr. Cumming?

*Cum.* Yes, ma'am.

*Julia.* Do you know the original?

*Cum.* Oh, no, ma'am, it's only just a—

*Julia.* [*Quickly.*] A fancy sketch?

*Cum.* Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] A fancy ball one.

*Julia.* [*Aside.*] There can be no risk—yet how shall I— [*suddenly*]  
 The fact is, Mr. Cumming, this portrait bears so wonderful a resemblance to my husband, Captain Tempest —

*Cum.* [*Astonished.*] Your husband, ma'am? I wasn't aware that—

*Julia.* [*L.*] That I was married? Oh, yes! The reason which has hitherto rendered a temporary concealment of our marriage necessary no longer exists, as this letter informs me. And until my husband returns from India, it is but natural that I should wish to possess a portrait which so strangely, yet so faithfully recalls his dear image. [*Aside.*] I had no idea I could fib so well.

*Cum.* [*Aside.*] Here's another bit of luck! [*Aloud.*] Certainly, ma'am, and if you don't think a couple of guineas too much —

*Julia.* Certainly not. [*Aside.*] If it only answers the purpose I intend it for, it would be cheap at double the amount. [*Aloud.*] May I trouble you to bring it to my apartment?

*Cum.* Certainly, ma'am. [*Exit JULIA, door L. 2 E.*] Two of 'em gone. As I said before, I'm decidedly in luck. [*Exit after her, L. 2 E.*]

*Enter BOBBINS, C., followed by CHARLOTTE.*

*Bobbins.* [*R.*] Now, my dear, come along! I wonder if the train from Sevenoaks is in yet?

*Charlotte.* [*L.*] Uncle Bobbins, that Sevenoaks train seems to run strangely in your head, you've been talking of nothing else ever since we left Canterbury this morning. By the bye, perhaps you'll tell me why we did leave Canterbury, and in such a hurry too?

*Bob.* To meet your intended husband, my dear.

*Char.* Oh, uncle

*Bob.* Yes, yes, I know what you mean, you're still thinking of that artist chap, who, I'm told used to ogle you as you served in the shop. A beggarly fellow, without a sixpence, I'll be bound.

*Char.* I'll never, never marry anyone I don't love.

*Bob.* Nonsense. My old friend Grimes and I have settled the matter between us to our entire satisfaction. Here's his letter. [*Taking out letter and reading.*] "Dear old Bobbins, I've broken the matter to my son Bobby, who kicked a little at first —"

*Char.* I hope he'll keep on kicking.

*Bob.* Silence! [*Reads.*] "However, he has at last consented to meet you and your niece at Tunbridge Wells to-morrow—" that's



to-day! "on condition that I do not apprise you of his coming; from which I infer he wishes to judge of his intended bride without your knowing who he really is." The sly young dog! [*Reads*] "However, in order to put you up to his little game. I have forwarded his portrait, which you will find directed to you at the railway station." Ha, ha, ha! a capital idea of old Grimes; but, by Jove! there's no time to lose—I must send for the portrait at once. [*Calling.*] Waiter!

*Sharp.* [*Entering, R. 1 R.*] Yes, sir!

*Bob.* Can you run down to the railway station for me?

*Sharp.* I dare say I can if I try, sir.

*Bob.* You'll find a parcel there from Sevenoaks addressed to Mr. Bobbins—that's me; look alive, and I'll give you half-a-crown. [*SHARP runs out C., off R.*] Now, my dear, I vote for a bit of lunch.

*Char.* [*Sobbing.*] I can't eat anything.

*Bob.* But I can; now go along.

*Char.* But uncle, dear—

*Bob.* Go along I say. [*Pushes CHARLOTTE out, L. 3 R., loud laughter and shouts heard outside.*]

*Waggs.* [*Without C.*] What are you laughing at? Perhaps you'll oblige me by telling me what you're laughing at. [*Laugh repeated and shouts. The end of a fishing rod is first seen beyond door C., then WAGGS appears carrying it—he gets stuck in the door by his landing net, which is slung at his back. At last he effects an entrance—the rod is very long—he has also a fishing basket on his back, a minnow kettle in his hand, an umbrella and a camp stool under his arm, high pair of fishing boots, a large wideawake, and suit of shepherd's plaid—going to table R.*] I'm not going to be laughed out of my day's fishing; a day's fishing I came for, and a day's fishing I'll have, but I'll never come out with such an absurdly long rod again. In the first place, the chaps at the railway station wouldn't let me get into the train with it unless I took it to pieces! Just as if I couldn't have held it out of the carriage window, and a deuced job it was—in fact I don't know which was the deucedest, taking it to pieces before I got in, or putting it together again after I got out, and then having to thread my way with it through the crowded streets was anything but a joke. If my top joint had had a sharp point to it I'm sure I should have run at least fifty people through the body with it between the station and here. Now to see if I've everything ready before I start. Where the deuce shall I put my rod? I won't take it to pieces again, dashed if I do! [*Stands fishing rod against the table, then takes off his fishing basket and opens it.*] Good gracious! here's a pretty mess my fishing line's got into; [*takes out a line, which is in a perfect web,*] and yet it was warranted not to kink. If this isn't a kink, I don't know a kink when I see a kink. [*Throws line on table, and the rod falls on stage.*] Both the rod! I do believe I've come away without my float. [*Rummaging basket about.*] No, here it is. [*Produces a very large float.*] I tried to get a bigger one, but couldn't. What's this? [*Takes out small folded paper.*] I see, an extra bottom in case I should lose mine. Hallo! where's my box of gentles? [*Rummaging basket again.*] What the deuce has become of that box of gentles? Oh, here it is. [*Taking out a tin box and opening it.*] No.

that's worms, that is. I remember now, I put my gentles in my pocket along with the sandwiches; here they are. [*Taking out tin box from coat pocket.*] I wonder if they are alive. They ain't a bit of use unless they're alive—all alive, O! [*Trying to open the tin box.*] How infernally tight they do make these boxes, to be sure. [*Gives box a violent wrench and lid comes off, throwing the sand and gentiles on the floor.*] There go all the gentles on the floor, it'll take me a month to pick 'em up again. [*Goes down on his knees and begins picking up gentiles during the following dialogue.*] I shan't be sorry to get back to Canterbury again. Luckily, I have had lots of pianos to tune during my month's fishing excursion, so I shall be able to pay my debts and wait patiently till aunt Briggs dies and leaves me her money, poor old girl. Hallo, sir, where are you off to? [*Making a long arm and picking up gentle.*] And there's old Bobbin's sweet pretty niece, I shan't be sorry to see her again. No, you don't. [*Makes another long arm and picks up gentle.*] I used to buy a pen'north of pins of her regularly every morning in order to have a chat with her. I dare say she wondered what on earth I did with them all. Ah! would you! [*makes another long arm, &c.*] By the bye, I devoutly hope that young fellow who used to live in the second-floor opposite me, will have changed his quarters when I get back; the sole aim, object, and occupation of his existence seemed to be to stare at me with a pencil in one hand, and a sheet of paper in the other; there! [*Getting up, puts things back into basket and picks up rod.*] And now I'd better be off. [*Turns, sees CHARLOTTE BOBBINS, who enters, L. 3 E.*]

Char. [*L. aside.*] The young man who used to buy such heaps of pins.

Waggs. [*Hurrying to her and running the point of the rod against her.*]

Beg pardon, lovely creature, behold me at your feet. [*Kneels.*]

Char. Get up this moment, young man!

Waggs. Never! I love you! my name is Wimbledon Waggs—pianofortes tuned and repaired—twenty-five come Tuesday last—with a rich old aunt, whose nephew I happen to be! Will you have me?

Char. Hush! not so loud—Uncle Bobbins is here.

Waggs. Where! ah! [*seeing BOBBINS, who enters L. 3 E., hurries to him running the end of fishing-rod into his stomach.*] Beg pardon—my name is Wimbledon Waggs—pianofortes tuned and repaired—twenty-five come Tuesday last—with a rich old aunt, whose nephew I happen to be. Will you have me? No, I don't mean that. [*Picks up gentiles.*]

Bob. [*Aside, c.*] Who's this young fellow, I wonder? Eh! [*Suddenly.*] By Jove! if it should be Grimes, Jun., from Sevenoaks. Why not? [*Aside to CHARLOTTE.*] Do you know him?

Char. [*Quickly, L.*] Oh, dear, no, uncle, not I.

Bob. What the deuce is he bobbing up and down there for? [*Observing WAGGS picking up stray gentles, R., aside to CHARLOTTE.*] It's my belief it's he! Your intended—the youthful Grimes—hush! [*CHARLOTTE laughs—aloud, in a knowing manner, to WAGGS.*] Oh! a piano-forte tuner, eh, Mr. Waggs? Why not that as well as anything else, eh, Mr. Waags? ha! ha! ha!

Waggs. [*Aside.*] What the deuce is he grinning about?

Bob. Well, perhaps you won't mind calling occasionally and tuning my niece's piano? Eh, Mr. Waggs? ha! ha! ha!

Waggs. I shall be delighted.

[Suddenly pushes BOBBINS aside and picks up a gentle—BOBBINS stoops to pick up some, they thump their heads together.]

Bob. Zounds, I say! [Aside.] If that fellow would only make haste back with the portrait I should soon know if Grimes it is, or Grimes it isn't, I'll run down to the station myself! [Aloud.] Well, we'll talk the matter over presently. Waggs, I shan't be long, come along, my dear. [To CHARLOTTE.] Ha! ha! ha! sly dog!

[Gives WAGGS a poke in the ribs and shakes his head at him knowingly.]

[Exits with CHARLOTTE, c. to R.]

Waggs. What a queer old fellow! Never mind, I shall be able to see my beautiful Bobbins now, without ruining myself in pins!

Enter CUMMINGS, L. 3 E.

Cum. [Seeing WAGGS.] A strange gentleman. [Going to him.] What can I do for you, sir? [WAGGS turns to him, CUMMING starts and looks at him intently.] Eh! no! it can't be! yes, it is!

Waggs. [Very quickly.] Is it? Well, having apparently settled that point to your satisfaction, perhaps you'll let me have something to eat.

Cum. Yes, sir. [Aside.] It's the original of the three portraits. Who the deuce would have thought of his turning up? [Looking again intently at WAGGS.] There's no mistake about it.

Enter SHARP, running, c., carrying a picture the same size as the others.

Sharp. [c.] I've got the old gentleman's parcel, it turns out to be a picture after all. Hang me if it doesn't rain pictures here to-day. [Puts picture on chair, L. of table, R., with its back to audience, turns and sees WAGGS close to him, face to face.] Eh! no! it can't be. Yes, it is.

[Looking intently at WAGGS.]

Waggs. [R.] Now he's at it!

Sharp. [c., aside to CUMMING.] I say, sir, blest if it aint the very identical.

Cum. [Aside to SHARP.] Hush!

Sharp. Look at his eyes, sir.

Cum. Hush!

Sharp. Twig his nose, sir.

Waggs. [Very quickly.] When you're quite done, perhaps you'll condescend to let me have something to eat.

Cum. Yes, sir. Sharp, attend to the gentleman. [Aside.] He mustn't see his portrait, I'll put it away and sell it after he's gone. Goes to chair and hastily snatches up portrait SHARP has just brought on without looking at it, then with another look of astonishment at WAGGS.] Well, if ever. [Exit, c.]

Sharp. [At door, R. 3 E.] This way, sir, if you'll step in here, sir, I'll wait on you in a minute, sir.

[*Opens door, R. 8 E., and with another stare at WAGGS, hurries out door, L. 8 E.*  
*Waggs. [Following SHARP to door, L.]* Well, of all the extraordinary proceedings.

[*As he turns he finds himself face to face with JELlicoe, who enters, C.*  
*Jel. [Starting and looking at him intently.]* Eh? no! it can't be. Yes, it is!

*Waggs. [L.]* Now he's at it! Hark'ee, old gentleman—

*Jel. [R.]* Hush! [*Bringing WAGGS mysteriously down, C., then looking at him tenderly.*] Oh, "my Ketly, my Ketly!"

*Waggs. [Aside.]* What does he mean by "my Ketly, my Ketly?"

*Jel. [In the same mysterious and tender tone.]* I've never forgotten you, "my Ketly." I've carried your image in my heart, "my Ketly." I've even had it up my back, "my Ketly," and very uncomfortable it was, "my Ketly."

*Waggs. [Aside.]* He's a lunatic! I'd better humor him a little. [*Aloud and in a soothing tone.*] Dear, dear, have you, though?

*Jel.* But tell me, my Ketly, why this masculine attire, so unbecoming to your sex?

*Waggs. [Rather alarmed.]* Do you think so?

*Jel.* Why not assume your national garments, my Ketly? that exquisite costume you used to wear. [*Singing.*] "On the margin of fair Zurich's Waters." Yeo, hoo, hoo!!!

*Waggs.* Yes, yes. [*More alarmed and looking about.*] I wonder where his keeper is.

*Mrs. C. [Without, C.]* Now, cousin Jellicoe—

*Jel.* I'm coming! [*Hastily aside to WAGGS.*] I must leave you now, "my Ketly," but we shall meet again, swear it, my Ketly! [*Runs out, C., puts head in at window.*] Here's my card—hush!

[*Gives card, blows a quantity of kisses at WAGGS, and disappears.*

*Waggs. [Staring after him.]* Well, I've only met with three samples of the male species in this house yet, and out of the lot two are slightly cracked and the other's a maniac. [*Exit, R. 8 E.*

*Enter BOBBINS, C. from R.*

*Bob.* I've been down to the station and the waiter had just fetched the parcel away, he must have got back by this time; where the deuce can he have put young Grimes's portrait to? [*Seeing the last of three portraits originally brought on by CUMMING, which is leaning against leg of table, R.*] Oh, here it is. [*Takes it up and looks at it.*] Now I'm ready for him—I'll humor the joke just for the fun of the thing, ha, ha! I'll teach the young rascal to come masquerading here!

[*Crosses to L.*

*Enter PHOEBE, hurriedly, C., carrying a Baby.*

*Phoebe. [Down R. C.]* You don't happen to know if he be come, do 'ee, sir?

*Bob.* He? who?

*Phoebe.* My Bobby—Bobby Grimes of Sevenoaks.

*Bob. [Starting.]* Grimes of Sevenoaks!

*Phoebe.* Yes, sir. [*Speaking to Baby.*] Don't 'ee cry, darling, daddy will soon be here.

Bob. Daddy!

Phæbe. Yes, sir. There be three on 'em, all boys, sir—Jemmy, Tommy and little Jackey. This be our little Jackey, sir.

Bob. Our little Jackey! Whose little Jackey?

Phæbe. Bobby's and mine.

Bob. *[Aside.]* Here's a stupendous discovery.

Phæbe. We've been man and wife more than five years—on the sly, mind 'ee; but I don't care who knows it now, 'cause everybody says Bobby's going a courting some one else—some fine stuck up Miss down at Canterbury.

Bob. *[Shouting.]* Never!

Phæbe. Thank 'ee, sir—say it again, sir.

Bob. Never—never shall my niece set eyes upon the fellow again!

Phæbe. Your niece, sir?

Bob. Yes, now listen to me. Your Bobby's here—I've seen your Bobby, and you shall have your Bobby—leave everything to me, and now hand me over your offspring.

Phæbe. My what?

Bob. *[Shouting.]* Your progeny—the baby.

Phæbe. Lor', sir!

Bob. *[Shouting.]* Hand me over the baby, I say! *[Taking child away from PHÆBE.]* I'll rather astonish his weak mind.

Phæbe. Whose? Baby's?

Bob. *[Shouting.]* Bobby's! now, go along—when I want you I'll call you. Now go along.

Phæbe. Please to take care of the baby.

*[Exit, c.]*

Bob. Now, Mr. Bobby Grimes, *alias* Waggs, I'm ready for you.

*[Hides child behind him.]*

Waggs. *[Entering, R. 3 E.]* Come, I feel all the better for my lunch.

Char. *[Entering at c.]* Oh; here you are, uncle.

Bob. *[Turning round and seeing WAGGS, who has taken CHARLOTTE'S hand, and is kissing it.]* Ah, would you! *[Seizes CHARLOTTE by the arm, and drags her down, WAGGS pulls her the other way—at last BOBBINS pulls her over to L.]* Now, Mr. Waggs—I repeat, Waggs! I say it again, Waggs—suppose we four have a little conversation. I repeat—suppose we four have a little quiet conversation. *[Shouting.]*

Waggs. *[Looking about him.]* We four? You mean us three.

Bob. Four!

Waggs. Three!

Bob. *[Vociferating.]* Four! Do you call this nothing! *[Holding the child's face towards him.]* What do you say to this?

Waggs. *[Quietly, R.]* Well, I've no hesitation whatever in saying it's somebody's kid.

Bob. *[c.]* Somebody's kid! He actually doesn't know his own little Jackey.

Waggs. My little Jackey! I never had a little Jackey.

Bob. *[Satirically.]* Of course not, nor a little Jemmy, eh—nor a little Tommy?

Waggs. Never!

Bob. Silence, unnatural parent! In a word, she's here.

Waggs. She? who?

Bob. Their mother!

Waggs. What's that to me?

Bob. What's your wife to you?

Waggs. My wife?

Bob. Yes, your lawful wedded wife, Mrs. Bobby Grimes.

Waggs. *[Aside.]* Here's another lunatic! *[Aloud.]* I tell you once more my name's Waggs.

Bob. *[Shouting.]* Grimes!

Waggs. *[Shouting.]* Waggs!

Bob. Grimes! *[Crosses and takes picture from leg of table, &c., holds it before him.]* There, what do you say now?

Waggs. My portrait, by Jupiter.

Bob. I don't know who it's by. So you confess, do you! Fie, fie, Grimes.

Waggs. *[Shouting.]* Waggs!

Bob. Grimes! Here, take your little Jackey. Take him, I say, *[Throws child into WAGGS's arms.]* and now go back to Sevenoaks at once, throw yourself, with your wife, your Tommy, and your little Jackey in a lump at the feet of your aged sire and sue for pardon.

*[Taking CHARLOTTE by arm.]*

Waggs. But, confound it—will you—

*[Advancing.]*

Bob. *[Motioning him off.]* Back, sir! Backer, still!

*[Hurries out, L. 3 E., dragging CHARLOTTE after him, slamming door in WAGGS's face, who has child in his arms, whose head is caught in door—child cries.]*

Waggs. Hollo, stop! Oh, the child's head! This can't be a public house, it must be a private lunatic asylum. What the deuce can I do with this dreadful child? *[Child cries.]* Hush! hushaby baby on the tree-top—catchee, catchee—ride a cock horse. *[Walking about.]* Don't kick up such a row.

*[Shakes child violently, L. PHOEBE runs in, c., with two little boys—sees*

*WAGGS, whose back is turned towards her, &c., tossing up the child.*

Phoebe. There be daddy.

*[The two little boys run to WAGGS, and cling to his coat tails calling out*

*"Daddy, daddy!"*

Waggs. Hollo! Zounds, keep off!

*[Turns round.]*

Phoebe. *[Looking at WAGGS.]* Eh? ah—no—it isn't.

*[Children run back to PHOEBE.]*

Waggs. Now she's at it.

Phoebe. It isn't you.

Waggs. She says it isn't me!

Phoebe. You're not my Bobby.

SHARP enters, running, c.

Sharp. Where's Mr. Bobbins? I want Mr. Bobbins.

Waggs. *[L., shouting.]* So do I. Bobbins, you're wanted.

Sharp. *[C.]* Here's a letter for him just come from Sevenoaks.

Phoebe. Sevenoaks! *[Snatches letter from SHARP.]* It's Bobby's writing. *[Tears open letter.]*

*Sharp.* Hollo, young woman!

*Phoebe.* [Reading letter.] "Being provided with a wife and three youngsters already, I can't marry your niece." There's your letter, young man. [Gives letter back to SHARP.] And now I'm off to Seven-oaks—come along, young 'uns. [Taking the two little boys by the hand and running out with them, c.]

*Waggs.* Hollo! stop, young woman, you've forgot your little Jackey, [running up c. and bawling.] Come back for your little Jackey. Ah, there's old Bobbins. [Looking off, R., at back.] Hollo! he's got his carpet bag under one arm, and his niece under the other. Here, Bobbins, stop! [shouting, then throws child to SHARP, who catches it—WAGGS runs off, c., shouting.] Here Mr. Bobbins! Mr. Bobbins!

*Sharp.* Hollo! I say! Come back, will you? [Runs up at back.] Zounds! how am I to give Mr. Bobbins his letter.

*Enter O'LIFFEY, R. 2 E.*

*O'LiFFEY.* Where the deuce is the landlord—I wonder if he has delivered my letter.

*Sharp.* [Turns, sees O'LIFFEY.] Here's a parcel for you, sir.

[Puts child into O'LIFFEY's arms, and runs off, c.]

*O'LiF.* Hollo! Zounds and the devil! [Runs up c.]

*Enter O'LIFFEY, R. 3 E.*

*O'LiFFEY.* I'd like to know if the lovely Miss Tempest has received my tender epistle?

*O'LiFFEY.* [Seeing him.] Here's a parcel for you.

[Pushes child into his arms and runs off, c.]

*O'LiF.* Eh! stop! [Runs up c. after him.]

*Enter CUMMING, R. 1 E., with tray full of articles to break.*

*Cumming.* What's all this noise about?

*O'LiFFEY.* Here's a parcel for you. [Throws child on to tray smashing tin's, and runs out, c.]

*Cum.* Stop him! stop him! [Rushes out, c.]

*Enter JULIA, L. 2 E., carrying the portrait of the officer.*

*Julia.* No one here? Now then to try the effect of "my husband's portrait." Ha! ha! it will be hard indeed if it does not put an end to the attentions of my two Irish admirers. Luckily, as it is only a fancy portrait, there is no danger of the original presenting himself. [Places portrait over fireplace, R.] There.

*Enter WAGGS, c., hurriedly.*

*Waggs.* [L. c.] Wheugh! I can't find Bobbins.

*Julia.* [Turning round and finding herself face to face with WAGGS—looks intently at him then at the portrait, then at WAGGS again.] Eh? no! it can't be! yes it is.

*Waggs.* [Aside, L. c.] Now she's at it.

*Julia.* [Aside, R.] The original of "my husband's portrait." [Looking again at WAGGS.] Yes, eyes, nose and mouth exact. [Suddenly Seizing WAGGS's arm.] Oh, sir! leave the house this instant—fly! begone! for my sake! for yours!

Waggs. [*Aside.*] Here's another lunatic. [*Aloud.*] But my dear young lady—

Julia. Yes, yes, I'll explain everything! But go, go—ah! [*seeing O'JIFFEY and O'LIFFEY entering at back.*] Too late! [*Aside to him.*] Agree to all I say—don't contradict me, or I am lost, hush!

O' Lif. Here's a pretty discovery! She's married after all!

O' Jif. Actually got a husband! [*Seeing the portrait on mantelpiece, R.*] Oh! by the powers, this must be the husband's portrait. [*As they turn they see WAGGS and JULIA, L., they both look intently at him. JULIA is leaning against his back, L., he is facing towards R., she L.*]

O' Jif. } Eh? no! it can't be! yes it is!

O' Lif. }

Waggs. [*Aside.*] Two more lunatics!

Julia. [*With a look of intention at WAGGS.*] Gentlemen, allow me to present to you my husband, Captain Tempest.

Waggs. [*L. c.*] Eh? Poo, poo!

Julia. [*L., with intention again.*] Just returned from India?

O' Lif. [*R. c.*] Bengal?

Waggs. [*Bothered.*] Umph?

O' Jif. [*R.*] Or Madras?

Julia. [*Quickly.*] Bombay!

Waggs. Yes, of course—Bumbay.

O' Lif. Bom!

Waggs. I said bum, I mean bom.

O' Lif. [*Walking up to him.*] Hark'ee, captain, I'm sorry for you, but I love that lady.

O' Jif. [*Walking up to him.*] I doat on that lady.

O' Lif. [*Repeating bus.*] I adore that lady!

O' Jif. [*Repeating bus.*] I idolize that lady!

Waggs. [*Quickly.*] Well, what's that to me? No! [*Seeing another imploring look from JULIA.*] I don't mean that—you love my wife! You adore the faithful partner of my bosom! You would tear us asunder. Never! [*Clasping JULIA in his arms*] I repeat, never! [*Hugging her again.*] I say it again, never! [*Embracing her again—aside.*] I rather like this.

*Enter BOBBINS and CHARLOTTE, C., down L.*

Bob. [*L.*] Hollo! What do I see?

O' Lif. [*R.*] Captain Tempest embracing his wife.

Bob. Captain Tempest, pooh—you mean Grimes, of Sevenoaks! Oh, you good-for-nothing profligate, you! Go to your Phoebe, sir—go to the mother of your three little ones, sir. [*Pulling WAGGS away.*]

*Enter JELICOE, hurriedly, C.*

Jel. Ah! my Ketly in danger. [*Rushes down and seizes BOBBINS by collar.*] Unhand her, ruffian!

[*Throws him over to R., then embraces WAGGS.*]

Bob. [*L.*] Her. Who?

Jel. [*L. c.*] My Ketly!

Bob. [*Shouting.*] Grimes!



*O' Lif.* { [*Together, R., shouting.*] Tempest!

*O' Jif.* {

*Jef.* [*Shouting.*] Ketly!

*O' Jif.* [*Shouting.*] Tempest!

*Bob.* [*very loud.*] Gr-imes!

*Waggs.* [*Shouting, c.*] Go it! ha! ha!

*Sharp.* [*Running in, c.—to BOBBINS.*] Oh, I've found you at last. Here's a letter for you from Sevenoaks.

*Bob.* Sevenoaks. [*Opens letter and reads.*] Eh—what? [*to WAGGS.*] Then you're not Grimes, after all—and if you're not Grimes after all, who the devil are you, after all!

*Waggs.* Well, really, I've been so many people that I'm not quite sure who I am, but to the best of my belief my name is Wimbledon Waggs, [*JULIA starts,*] pianofortes tuned and repaired, twenty-five come Tuesday last, with a rich old aunt whose nephew I happen to be.

*Sharp.* [*L. c.*] Then, Mr. Waggs, here's a telegraph message for you, just come from Canterbury.

*Waggs.* [*Opening it.*] What's this? "Aunt Betsy dead." Huzza! No, I don't mean that, poor old girl.

[*Taking out handkerchief and wiping his eyes.*]

*Bob.* And you step into her money, then my niece is yours, bless you

[*Joins their hands.*]

*Waggs.* Here's something else—hollo! What's this? [*Reading.*] "Left all her money to your cousin Julia."

*Bob.* [*Suddenly.*] Then you don't step into her money. Then my niece is not yours, and I don't bless you.

[*Dragging CHARLOTTE away to L.*]

*Julia.* [*R. c.*] One moment. I am cousin Julia.

*Waggs.* [*c.*] You?

*Julia.* Yes, and now that I have succeeded in finding you, cousin Wimbledon, I restore to you Aunt Betsy's fortune, which is justly yours.

*Bob.* Then you do step into the money, then my niece is yours, and I bless you again. [*Joining their hands.*] But what about the portraits—why did you have three of them taken in different disguises?

*Sharp.* [*Coming down, L. c.*] I can explain all that.

*Waggs.* Then I wish you would—all I know is that I've lost my day's fishing! No, I haven't! on the contrary, I think you'll agree with me. [*Taking CHARLOTTE's hand.*] that I've had very fair sport. I've caught a wife—I've landed a fortune, and if I could only hope secure your approval, that will indeed be the greatest catch in all our "DAY'S FISHING."

THE END.

# DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

*An Original Farce,*

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE,

AUTHOR OF

The Home Wreck; The Little Rebel; Black Sheep; The Love Knot;  
Presented at Court; What will they say at Brompton? Man of Many  
Friends; My Wife's Daughter; Box and Cox Married and Settled;  
Binks the Bagman; How to settle Accounts with your Landdress;  
A Duel in the Dark; Leo the Terrible; Mrs. Bunbury's  
Spoons; The Water Witches; An Unprotected Female;  
The Pas de Fascination; The Hope of the Family;  
Willikins and his Dinah; The Old Chateau;  
Fraud and its Victims; Catching a Mermaid;  
The Secret Agent; Samuel in Search  
of Himself; That Affair at Finchley;  
&c., &c.

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SAMUEL FRENCH,  
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SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
132, NASSAU STREET.

**DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO  
CAMBERWELL?**

*First performed at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, on Monday,  
March 16th, 1846.*

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**Characters.**

HONEYBUN	...	...	...	...	Mr. WRIGHT.
CRANK	..	...	...	...	Mr. O. SMITH.
MRS. HONEYBUN	...	...	...	...	Miss WOOLGAR.
MRS. CRANK	...	...	...	...	Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS.
MRS. JEWELL	...	...	...	...	Mrs. LAWS.

---

*Time of Representation, 45 minutes.*

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**Costumes.**

HONEYBUN.—Buff dressing gown; white waistcoat; fancy red plaid trousers; cuff slippers.

CRANK.—Dark green trousers; boots; double-breasted fancy waistcoat; light short cut shooting coat; pearl buttons; brown wig with tail; old large white hat; white neck cloth with long ends; green spectacles.

MRS. HONEYBUN.—Pink high morning dress; lace cap and collar; green French fancy apron; straw bonnet; black silk scarf.

Mrs. CRANK.—Fancy high travelling dress; straw bonnet; cloak, &c.

Mrs. JEWELL.—Dark silk dress; fur tippet; black silk bonnet, &c.

## DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

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SCENE.—*A Chamber poorly furnished, with practicable lattice window opening on the parapet of the house at C. back. A closet with practicable door L., and further back same side, a bed with cotton curtains; a fire-place with lighted fire, R. 3 E.; a chest of drawers at back, R. 1 E.; door of entrance, R.; table, with writing materials, R. C.*

CHESTERFIELD HONEYBUN *discovered sitting writing at table, R. C., and smoking a clay pipe, in a shabby morning gown and cap. MRS. HONEYBUN in a plain cotton dress, seated, L. C., darning a stocking and singing "We may be happy yet."*

Mrs. H. "Oh, never name departed years," &c.

HON. Mrs. Honeybun, my love, I wish you would cut that dreadful song; it gives me a headache, my dear——

Mrs. H. Oh, very well, Mr. Honeybun, I'll be silent—but I remember when that song used not to give you a headache!

HON. When was that, my love?

Mrs. H. Before we were married!

HON. (*smoking*) Before we were married! Blissful recollection! Bright days of satin waistcoats and lobster suppers! Why did I relinquish ye for—(*puffs*)

Mrs. H. For what sir?

HON. For love and sheep's trotters, my dear! (*puffs*)

Mrs. H. Well, it's all your own fault, look at me, your wife, Mr. Honeybun—a perfect object of compassion in a paltry cotton gown—fourpence-halfpenny a yard, not a farthing more as I live—

HON. And look at me, Mrs. Honeybun, a terrible example of matrimony—a dead beggar is entitled to six feet of earth, while I, a living gentleman, am reduced to a miserable "yard of clay." (*shuts up his pipe*)

Mrs. H. Oh! I have been cruelly deceived by you. When I ran away with you from Elm Grove Boarding School, you led me to believe you held some high situation——

HON. So I did—a high situation on a tall stool in an attorney's office.

Mrs. H. Then your dividends that you regularly went to receive—

HON. Quite right, went every Saturday regularly to receive my weekly dividend of one pound one.

Mrs. H. And you were never tired talking of your fine prospects!

HON. Well, my love, no man has finer prospects—six church steeples, and no end of chimney-pots from that window there.

Mrs. H. And now here we are living up four pair of stairs in miserable chambers, in Clements Inn, on a paltry guinea a week—

HON. And free stationery—don't forget the stationery, my life!

Mrs. H. What's the use of stationery, when the butcher says he won't supply us with any more meat till his account is paid?

HON. How I no more legs of mutton? Then as Shakespeare says, "The times are out of joint."

Mrs. H. There's the milk account too!

HON. I'm afraid there's a serious *chalk* to us in that article; but where's the use of totting up our misfortunes? Something must be done to mend our condition, and I've been thinking of appealing to the feelings of my Aunt Jewell, who, you know, is as rich as—

Mrs. H. Yes, *you've* told me she has ever so many thousands in the bank, or the Thames Tunnel, and that she hasn't a friend in the world or a relative, except a green parrot and a ring-tailed monkey.

HON. And a handsome nephew, my dear. All very true, and though aunt and I, haven't been on terms since I married—I have written her a pathetic letter, imploring a little advance in the way of *tin*:—here is a passage that would move a beadle to shed tears. (*reads*) "It is not for myself I complain—but the sight of my beloved Matilda"—that's you, my dear—"the uncomplaining share of my last sheep's trotters, drives me to distraction and desperation; I have purchased a quart of laudanum—"the deadly potion is at hand." I'll trouble you, my dear, for that pint of porter. (Mrs. HONEYBUN *hands him a pint of porter, which has been placed on a chair*) Thank you! (*reads*) "the deadly potion is at hand—but I shall wait for your answer before I drain the fatal bowl. Should it be unfavourable, consider me as defunct, and bury like a gentleman, your late unfortunate nephew—Chesterfield Honeybun." *He drinks the porter with great gusto*)

Mrs. H. (*deeply affected*) Beautiful! Never heard anything more cutting on the stage.

HON. Ah, my love; but that's not all—I have another grand idea—you shall go to Camberwell and deliver the letter yourself to my aunt this evening. Nothing like striking the iron while 'tis hot.

Mrs. H. You don't mean that, Chesterfield?

HON. I do, upon my life—and I know you'll not refuse me. (*aside*) I must contrive to get her out of the way this evening. (*aloud*) Here's your bonnet, let me put it on? (*puts bonnet on Mrs. HONEYBUN*) There—there's a look of angelic innocence—bless you—you can't think what a heap of suffering virtue there is in a Dunstable bonnet, and a pair of blue eyes.

Mrs. H. But what's the use of this violent hurry—would not to-morrow do as well?

HON. No—no—no time like the present—you'll catch the Camberwell omnibus at the corner—sixpence all the way. Where's your shawl, ah? (*takes a shawl and wraps it round her*) What a charming figure! There—there! Take care of your precious health, my angel—don't forget the letter. (*goes to table for letter—aside*) I hope she don't suspect—

Mrs. H. (*aside*) Humph! He wants to get rid of me, it's plain enough. And how do you mean to pass the evening in my absence, Mr. Honeybun?

HON. Oh—I—a—I shall amuse myself by being a—very miserable till you return, my love.

Mrs. H. (*shakes her finger at him*) No, Chesterfield—Chesterfield, you don't deceive me—you're never miserable but in your wife's company.

HON. There, now, you're at your old jealous fancies again—I see how 'twill be, you'll break my heart, and miss the omnibus!

Mrs. H. Oh, don't be afraid, I'm going; (*aside*) but I'll be back sooner than you expect, my gentleman.

HON. Good-bye, my love—adieu, my soul's delight—oh!

*Exit Mrs. HONEYBUN, door R.*

Gad, she's off at last. (*listening at the door*) Pat, pat, pat, pat, down the stone stairs, and across the court. Well, it's a horrid bore to have a jealous wife, always suspecting an innocent husband. (*clock strikes seven*) Seven o'clock! I shall scarcely have time to make myself adorable, and keep my appointment with Fanny Shinnars in the park. (*takes a note out of his pocket which he kisses*) Poor little Fanny. 'Pon my life we good-looking fellows should never marry.

*Goes into closet, &c.*

ISAAC CRANK *puts in his head, door R.*

CRANK. I beg your pardon, sir—hem! (*enters and taps on the table*) Sir!

HON. (*in the closet*) Who's there? If it's the milk, put it on the shelf where the cat can't get at it.

CRANK. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm not the milk.

HON. (*inside*) If you're the taxes then, you may call to-morrow.

CRANK. Sir, I assure you I'm not the taxes; my name is Crank, and I live in the chambers opposite.

HON. (*enters without his coat, mixing up a lather in a shaving box*) Oh, excuse me, how d'ye do, Crank? (*aside*) This is the new tenant of the chambers. (*to him*) Happy to have so handsome a neighbour on the same floor.

CRANK. (*bores*) Oh, sir! I have intruded to beg the loan of a pair of bellows for a few minutes, my fire's gone out.

HON. Bellows? Bellows? Well, I don't think I have one; but there's a coal scuttle, if it will answer you.

CRANK. Oh, you're particularly kind, but never mind—I should beg pardon for troubling—

HON. Don't mention it, my dear fellow. (*takes his arm*) I hate ceremony. By-the-bye, Crank, you've not been long in London?

CRANK. No—only four days; I have lived all my life in the village of Stoke Pogis.

HON. Stoke Pogis! I know that sweet spot well. (*aside*) Never heard of it in my life. (*to him*) The romantic pump—the gothic ruins of the market house—the ancient pound—

CRANK. (*delighted*) Yes, that's it—that's it!

HON. And the magnificent church clock!

CRANK. Do you know the clock?

HON. Do I? I've travelled fifty miles to set my watch by that clock!

CRANK. My dear sir, allow me to shake your hand. (*shakes HONEYBUN's hand*) I have regulated that clock for the last five-and-twenty years!

HON. You amaze me!

CRANK. Yes, sir, I'm the principal, and only clock and watch maker in Stoke Pogis.

HON. The parochial timekeeper! What, then, brings you to London?

CRANK. (*mysteriously*) Hush! That's a secret—but I don't mind telling you; you must know I'm come up to take out a patent for a hydro-galvanic locomotive steam engine on a new principle—I'm constructing the model in my room there. (*points to door*)

HON. You don't tell me so?

CRANK. I do, and the best of the matter is, my wife knows nothing about it!

HON. My dear sir, there are some matters that our wives should know nothing about.

CRANK. Why, the fact is, I once blew the roof off the wash-house making experiments with my new safety gas apparatus, and nearly burnt the whole family in their beds, proving the efficacy of my novel fire extinguisher. In consequence of which, Mrs. Crank won't permit any more of my inventions on the premises:—so one morning before she was awake, I got into the first train, ran up to London, and took these chambers, where I can work away at my model without interruption.

HON. (*aside*) Pleasant neighbour this, a fellow that blew up his own wash-house. (*to him*) Excuse me, Crank, (*lathering his face*) proceeding with my toilet—I have to shave for the Countess of Hammersmith's *soirée*; but I'll be polished off in a few minutes—meantime make yourself at home in my humble saloon, my dear fellow.

CRANK. Thank you. But a moment—allow me to ask you, which do you prefer, the broad or the narrow guage?

HON. Eh? Broad or narrow guage? Oh, well, I should say, taking a wide view of the matter, give me the *broad*; but looking at it the other way, I should certainly vote for the *narrow dodge*.

CRANK. Oh! I perceive. One word more, sir. What power do you consider the most effective?

HON. What power? hem? well, I think you can't have anything stronger than—a power of attorney!

*Exit into closet.*

CRANK. Eh? a power of—bless me, what did he say?—power of attorney. I'll just take a note of that, and then write to Mrs. Crank, to let her know that I am safe and well. (*sits at table and writes*)

HON. (*coming out of the closet half shaved*) I say, Crank, have you any knowledge of the Terpsichorean art?

CRANK. The what, sir?

HON. The Terpsichorean art.

CRANK. Not that I'm aware of.

HON. What a devilish slow coach you must be, old fellow.

*Re-enters the closet with a shirt, which he takes off a chair near the fire.*

CRANK. Slow coach! (*HONEYBUN singing the polka in the closet*) A very odd young man—I'll go and write my letter in the next room. *Exit, leaving his hat on table.*

HON. (*coming out of the closet*) I say, Crank, d'ye think



opening our oysters with a razor improves it much? Hey! gone! Well, it don't much matter. A man who can't dance is no loss to any society.

*Takes a shirt collar from chair, and enters the closet dancing the polka.*

*Enter MRS. CRANK in travelling dress, she carries an INFANT in her arms, and an umbrella in her hand.*

MRS. CRANK. So, a pretty chase I have had of it, after that runaway husband of mine. However, I have traced him out at last—I can't be mistaken—the Guard of the coach knows Crank as well as he knows the stally at Charing Cross—and he told me confidentially that he was living up atop of the house here. So I've travelled all the way from Stoke Pogis to catch my old fox at his tricks—for I'm sure it's no good he can be after, to desert his innocent babe—and his virtuous wife, that any man might be proud of. (*sees CRANK's hat on table*) Oh, I knew I couldn't be mistaken, here's his hat, and his name "Isaac Crank" inside it. Soh—soh! He's pretty comfortable here too. Well, I suppose a wife has a right to make herself at home in her husband's chamber. So I'll just put baby to bed—blees the dear little fellow, he's fallen asleep in my arms—he's the living picture of his unnatural father, he is! (*kisses the CHILD which she places in bed, and throws her cloak over him*) And now I'll sit down and rest myself, for I'm tired to death. (*sees a woman's cap on the chair, and utters a scream of horror*) Oh! What's this? a cap—a cap—a woman's cap! Oh, Crank, you old reprobate—I see it all now—real lace too—and his lawful wife obliged to put up with bobbinet—that's an aggravation no woman couldn't stand, and I won't stand it—real lace! (*tearing the cap to shreds*) There—there, and there—oh, dear, I'm a wretched-insulted woman—I don't care what becomes of me now—I'll put an end to myself—I'll throw myself into the river—*real* lace! Oh, I could forgive anything but that. Where is the villain? I'll leave my death on him, and have him hanged for it, I will.

*Rushes out, and in her exit, snatches a plate from the table, and dashes it on the floor.*

HON. (*in closet*) Ha! puss, ha! (*flings a brush into the room*) Hush! cat, hush! That infernal cat is breaking all my Dresden china—*hunting for her dinner*, I suppose. I only hope she may get it! Ecod, a cat's is quite a superfluous animal in this establishment.

*Re-enter CRANK.*

CRANK. I must have forgotten my hat in this room. (*perceiving it, and taking it*) Yes, yes, here it is; and now to pop

my letter to Mrs. Crank into the post. (*the CHILD cries in bed*) Oh! there's a child here—poor little creature! how it cries! I wonder where its nurse is? (*goes to bed and looks at CHILD*) Eh! bless me—am I dreaming? No, as I'm a Christian clock-maker—'tis my own blessed little cherub, my precious Tommy. (*snatches the CHILD out of the bed and kisses it rapturously*) Bless his little heart, how like his father—the Roman nose—the Grecian mouth—the roguish eye—ha! the feelings of a paternal parent overcome me; but ecod, now I think of it, how did it come here? I left it in Stoke Pogis, with its mother, and now I find it in this stranger's apartment. (*sees the umbrella which MRS. CRANK has left*) Ha! the family umbrella too, and that cloak—my wife's! I'll swear to it—phow; she's been here! Oh, I see it all—took advantage of my absence—came to London—Oh, a horrid thought strikes me—that handsome fellow—she's a pretty woman, and I—oh, Crank! (*CHILD cries*) Go, you juvenile impostor—now that I look at you, you're not a bit like me—there. (*throws CHILD into bed*) Oh! the mainspring of my peace is broken, and my happiness wound up for ever. But I'll be revenged upon the vampire of my domestic hearthstone—I'll do for him. (*rushes out*)

*Enter HONEYBUN from closet, polishing a boot.*

Hox. Somebody has been blackleading the stove with the polishing brush, or else Warren disdains to shine to-day. (*CHILD cries*) Hallo, that vagabond cat has got into the bed! (*throws the brush, and runs to the bed*) What this? Ecod, it's a live baby! (*takes CHILD up*) What the devil brought it here? I wonder who owns it, or where it came from! I hope nobody means to leave this little responsibility on my hands. (*child cries*) Hush—h—h—ha! They hear it all over the chambers, and my character will be completely destroyed. (*sings and dandles CHILD*) A pretty rabbit I've caught! Hush—a—a—a! Cock a doodle doo! Hold your tongue, you young vampire, or I'll strangle you. (*sings*) Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jump'd over the moon. The poor little wretch is hungry—it's no use your looking for anything there, my little dear—bye, bye—we'll have the third floor running up to see what's the matter with the attic. But what am I to do with it? I must get rid of it some way before Mrs. Honeybun returns, or there'll be a royal row in the buildings! (*knock at the door*) Now, who the devil is this? I shall be discovered in an interesting situation—I've a great mind to throw it into the next yard—the man there has twelve children, this will make a baker's dozen. (*goes to window*)

Head though if I do, I may kill the child, and he hanged for it! *(knock again)* Stop, I have it, I'll pop it behind this chest of drawers, and get into the closet myself. *(he lays a pillow behind the drawers, wraps the CHILD up in the counterpane, and places it on the pillow)* *Exit into closet.*

*Enter MRS. JEWELL, door R.*

MRS. J. Dear me, a body might knock their knuckles off at this door before they'd get an answer—careful housekeeping this, doors open and nobody at home. That ride from Camberwell has tired me. *(sits)* So! Well, I wonder where that graceless nephew of mine is, and his young wife? They don't expect a visit from old aunt Jewell; but I think they have been sufficiently punished for their imprudence, so now I'm come to make the undutiful pair happy by my forgiveness. What a surprise it will be to the poor things, who don't seem a bit too well off here. But it's always the way with young folks—they fall in love and marry without ever thinking of—*(CHILD cries)* Bless me, I didn't know there had been a child already; well—well, but where is the little innocent, eh? Good gracious! If they haven't thrust it like a bundle of old clothes behind the chest of drawers—what barbarity! *(takes up the CHILD)* A sweet little creature too—and the wretch of a mother to leave it so. Bless its dear little heart! It shan't want a mother while I live, that it shan't—I'll take it away with me, and get a nurse for it directly—they shall never have it again—never—or my name's not Jewell!

*Exit, door R., carrying the CHILD which she has wrapped up in her shawl—CHESTERFIELD HONEYBUN peeps out of the closet.*

HON. *(entering)* So the coast is clear—I thought I heard some one moving about here, but I was afraid to look out and see who it was. Very likely the laundress, or the baker, or perhaps the greengrocer *expecting* to be paid. What a very green grocer he must be. *(goes up)*

*Enter CRANK, door R., he appears greatly agitated.*

CRANK. I can't wait, I must see this destroyer of my happiness! *(sees HONEYBUN)* Oh, sir, Mr. Boneyhum.

HON. Honeybun—Chesterfield Honeybun, rather a picturesque name; though as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name, if it's not good on a sixpenny stamp."

CRANK. Sir—Mr.—Wretch! Look at me, behold your victim, the injured Crank!

HON. What the devil's the matter with the man? Has the *Gin-! ydct-! looeyngo biler bust?*

CRANK. Matter! How can you look me in the face? Villian! Seducer! (*seizes him by the throat*) Where's my wife—my Mary Anne?

HON. Your Mary Anne! How the devil should I know—there, what are you about—let me go—would you destroy my character and my shirt front? (*shakes CRANK off who again seizes him—they struggle towards the chest of drawers*)

CRANK. No, I'll never leave you, 'till I have satisfaction—never! (*a struggle in which the chest of drawers is thrown back—CRANK holding HONEYBUN down on the drawers*)

HON. Hollo! Do you mean to murder me—let me up—if you want satisfaction, take it like a gentleman, and don't break my back bone—

CRANK. Get up then, I have pistols in the next room—I'll go for them—you must fight me—one of us must fall.

*Rushes out, door R.*

HON. Well, I hope it will be you, down four flights of stairs. Ecod, that's a lunatic. I might have known it when he talked of his gallows hydro-loco-moco-foga-tive steam engine. (*suddenly perceives the end of the counterpane appearing from beneath the chest of drawers*) Oh! Oh! Here's a horrid business! I've squashed the baby—oh! I daren't look at it—it's as flat as a pancake—what shall I do! (*comes down*) There'll be an inquest—and twelve gentlemen will sit upon that small child's body, and I shall be hanged as a public example—where shall I fly? If I try to escape by the door, I shall encounter that lunatic—I'll get on the roof, and take refuge on the tiles.

*Gets through the window on the roof, and disappears as CRANK opens the door—rain heard.*

*Enter CRANK, door R., with a very large and a very small pistol.*

CRANK. Now, sir, here they are, take your choice—are you ready? Where is the wretch—what, hiding! (*goes to closet*) Come out and meet your doom! (*looks in*) Not here! But he shan't escape me—I'll follow him to the world's end, and from there to Stoke Pogis.

*Exit door, R.*

*Rain heavy—HONEYBUN is seen peeping in at the window as if afraid to enter. He manages to reach a bonnet which he puts on, and afterwards a woman's cloak which hangs near the window.*

HON. (*sneezes*) I shall take my death of cold here in the rain. I wish I could get at the umbrella (*gets partly in at the window, when foot-steps are heard outside the door*) Lord! here's somebody coming.

*Gets out on the roof.*

*Enter MRS. CRANK, door R.—During this scene the evening closes, and the stage becomes dark.*

MRS. C. So he's not here yet. Well, second thoughts are best. I had quite made up my mind to drown myself, but the water was so damp I didn't like it, and after all, I may have been wrong. I'll stop and see how he'll account for himself. Dear me, how tired and sleepy I am, and it's raining as if it never meant to give over. (*shivers*) Baby's fast asleep, so I'll lie down without disturbing it, and make myself comfortable until he comes home. *Gets into bed and draws curtains.*

*Rain—HONEYBUN appears at the window and listens anxiously—he is thoroughly wet with the rain which is falling heavily—he enters cautiously, and listens at door R.*

HON. (*in a low voice*) All's quiet—that lunatic's gone to sleep—when shall I sleep again? Never! who could sleep with a squashed baby beside their pillow. (MRS. CRANK *snORES*) What horrid sound is that? again! (*snore*) Oh—h—h—horror! (*snore—approaches bed*) I thought it was the groan of crushed innocence, but 'tis only a gentle snore—I know it—Matilda has returned—ah! she little dreams that her cherished Chesterfield is a murderer. I cannot bear this horrid darkness—where are the matches? (*lights a candle with matches*) Talking of matches—I shall be hanged, and Matilda will then be looking for another match. (*approaches the bed with lighted candle, and starts*) Eh! Who's this? Ecod, that's not my Matilda—this is not the legitimate Mrs. Honeybun—who is the female that has taken this remarkable liberty with me—it's rather a delicate situation though.

MRS. H. (*outside*) Chesterfield! Chesterfield! Hold a light, will you?

HON. My wife! What the devil's to be done now? Nothing will convince that jealous woman that I am innocent, if she finds this anonymous female in her place. (*pulls the curtains round the bed—puts on his dressing gown hastily—places chair at side, and sits with his back towards bed, in a disconsolate attitude*)

*Enter MRS. HONEYBUN.*

MRS. H. Well, I think you might have lighted me up stairs, Mr. Honeybun.

HON. (*affects to start*) Ha! Is it you, my angel? I hadn't an idea that you could be back from Camberwell so soon!

MRS. H. Why, I haven't been at all! I missed the seven o'clock omnibus, and as I knew you would be so miserable in my absence, I returned home.

HON. And so it came back to its own solitary Honeybun—dear soul! Sit down—sit down—for, as the song says, "We may be happy yet."

MRS. H. No, I shall go to bed, I'm dreadfully fatigued. (*takes off her bonnet and goes towards bed, HONEYBUN jumps up and takes the bonnet*)

HON. Allow me, my dear—allow me—there, never mind going to bed yet; in fact, my love, I have come to the conclusion that going to bed is a very unnecessary practice.

MRS. H. Chesterfield, what nonsense you do talk! There, hang up my shawl.

HON. (*aside*) Hang up! Hah! I shall be hung up myself some of these days. (*hangs it up—to her*) Matilda, my love, sit down; I have an important observation to make: you haven't had your supper yet. (*she sits at table—aside*) If I could only get her out of the way for five minutes! (*to her*) What do you think if you were to step to the cook-shop round the corner for a knuckle of ham?

MRS. H. I don't want ham, and I hate knuckles, Chesterfield.

HON. Well, then a little cold beef and pickles; I know you love pickles.

MRS. H. No; I'd rather have a sleep than all the pickles in the world. (*she rises*) If you wish, you can sit up; I shall go to bed.

HON. (*starts up and pushes her back in the chair*) To bed! No, no; oblige me, stay up a little longer.

MRS. H. How tiresome you are, Chesterfield! Well, I'll just get my nightcap out of the drawers. (*rises*)

HON. (*aside*) The drawers! (*aloud*) Excuse me, Matilda, I hate you in your nightcap; it makes you quite a fright.

MRS. H. (*seeing drawers*) Good heavens! what have you been about? The drawers overturned, and I dare say my best cap crushed to atoms!

HON. (*holding her*) Matilda, forbear! There's something more than a cap crushed beneath those drawers!

MRS. H. What is it? I shall, and will know, that's flat.

HON. Flat! Ha! That's the word,—flat as the ace of spades.

MRS. H. What do you mean? I—I insist upon knowing, sir! (*MRS. CRANK sneezes in the bed*) What was that? A sneeze!

HON. A sneeze? Very likely, our cat has been out and brought home a remarkably bad cold in her head. (*aside*) How the devil am I to get out of this scrape?

MRS. H. A cat indeed! (*MRS. CRANK in bed, as if awaking, yawns, and says*) "Oh, dear me!" I suppose that's the cat too, sir! (*rushes to bed, draws back curtains, and discovers MRS. CRANK—screams*) A woman!



Mrs. C. Yes, mum!

HON. Well, it really is very like one.

Mrs. C. (*getting out of bed*) Good heavens, where am I? Where's my child?

HON. (*aside*) Her child! Then that's the mother of the victim!

Mrs. C. Where's my child?

HON. How should I know? Let everybody mind their own children.

Mrs. H. What! There's a child, too! Oh, you reprobate! But I'll leave you; the same roof shan't cover us another hour; I'll be separated, I'll be divorced; I'll—I'll—I'll go home to my mother. Oh, oh, oh! (*sinks into chair, sobbing hysterically*)

Mrs. C. Where's my precious babe? Tell me what you have done with it.

HON. Have patience, ma'am, have patience. 'Pon my life I didn't mean it; do forgive me. (*drops on his knees, and takes her hand*)

*Enter CRANK.*

CRANK. Ha! Then my worst fears are confirmed: my faithless wife here with the destroyer of my happiness. (*rushes at him*) Now, villain, you shan't escape me!

HON. (*retreating*) Zounds, it's the lunatic again! (*brandishing a chair*) Keep off; don't come near me. (*gets behind the chair*)

Mrs. C. A lunatic! No, no, 'tis my husband—'tis my runaway Crank. (*about to embrace him*)

CRANK. Stand off, woman! Go to your paramour there!

HON. Mrs. Honeybun, will you sit there and hear your handsome husband called a paramour?

Mrs. H. Wretch, don't speak to me!

CRANK. Scoundrel!

HON. Come, come, I'll stand this no longer—every Englishman's house is his castle. Get out of my attic, Crank! (*flourishes chair*)

Mrs. C. Why, Crank, isn't this *your* room?

HON. Certainly not, madam, it's *my* boudoir!

Mrs. C. Why the guard of the coach told me you lived here!

HON. Then that guard must have been a blackguard, ma'am.

CRANK. I *do* live here, but in the opposite chambers. But pray, what brought you here?

Mrs. C. When I heard where you were, I followed you to town, with our dear baby, and finding your hat on the table *there*, I naturally thought this was your apartment, so being

fatigued, I lay down to rest; but I protest, I never set eyes upon this gentleman until I just now awoke—

CRANK. Oh! That sets matters in a new light. (CRANK and MRS. CRANK retire up, and converse earnestly apart)

HON. There, Mrs. Honeybun, you heard that—now how can you look your injured husband in the face?

MRS. H. (throwing herself into his arms) Dear Chesterfield, forgive me! I'll never suspect you again!

HON. Don't, Matilda, don't; it wounds my feelings! (they embrace)

CRANK. (coming down) But where is the child?

MRS. C. I left it asleep in this bed. (to HONEYBUN) Please, sir, where is my dear baby?

CRANK. Aye, where is our child?

HON. (in a hollow voice and pointing to the drawers) There—under that chest of drawers—

MRS. H. }

CRANK. }

Under the drawers!

MRS. C. }

HON. Yes, flattened, and I fear it will never come round again.

(ALL utter an exclamation of horror—CRANK and MRS. CRANK endeavour to raise the chest of drawers which slips from their hold; both call "Police!" MRS. CRANK sinks on bed)

Enter MRS. JEWELL with the CHILD.

MRS. J. Bless me, what's all this confusion? Nephew Chesterfield, what is it all about?

HON. Oh, Aunt Jewell, is it you? I'm charged with babycide, but I'm innocent. I put a baby behind that chest of drawers, and it was squashed by accident.

MRS. J. Don't be alarmed. I found this baby there this morning; isn't it yours?

HON. No; I repudiate the allotment.

CRANK. It's mine, it's mine! (snatches it from NURSE) My little Tommy! Ain't it like me? There's my Roman nose, plain enough.

HON. Of course, it's plain enough, if it's like you.

MRS. C. Now, Crank, my dear, let's go back to Stoke Pogis; all the clocks there have run down since you left.

CRANK. Never mind, Mrs. Crank, I'll wind them when I get home.

HON. Aunt Jewell, hem! your little innocent to-day. (exit)



Mrs. J. Ah, naughty pair! I ought not to forgive you, for you have both acted very foolishly.

HON. We know it, aunt; it was wrong of us to get married, but we've been very sorry for it ever since—

Mrs. J. Well, well, I won't be obdurate; I forgive you. You shall both come home and live with me. (*embrace*)

HON. Well, upon my life, this kindness deeply affects me! Matilda, my love, we've been snatched by our aunt from the jaws of our uncle.

Mrs. H. Then, Chesterfield, we may indeed "be happy yet!" It shan't be my fault if we're not; for, from this moment, I give up all my jealous ways.

HON. Do you, then Matilda—I—a—yes—(*takes note out of his pocket which he looks at for a moment and then tears up*)—I promise to give up all my other ways. (*to audience*) Are there any married men in the house? Yes! I think that gentleman there looks very like one—I beg your pardon, sir—did you ever send your wife to Camberwell? I'm not inquisitive—but if you ever should do so—mind and see her off in the omnibus; or she may return unexpectedly as mine did—and make herself remarkably jealous and particularly disagreeable. However, as we are all friends here—I'll tell you confidentially that—with your approbation it is my intention to send my wife to Camberwell every evening till further notice.

HONEYBUN.

Mrs. CRANK.

Mrs. HONEYBUN.

CRANK.

Mrs. JEWELL.

B.

L.

Curtain.

2

CRANK.

pray, what brought

Mrs. C. When I heard w  
town, with our dear baby, and in the Court. Holborn  
there, I naturally thought this was y











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